THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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APRIL 2, 1927

Garet Garrett — Marjory Stoneman Douglas — Joseph Hergesheimer — Marion Talley
Jesse Rainsford Sprague — James Warner Bellah — Sam Hellman — Ben Ames Williams

This month's
Health Interest Poster

* * *

Watch for new one next month

HANG THIS IN YOUR CHILD'S ROOM

This boy can knock it out of the lot. One reason is that every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat.*

MY RECORD					
1st Week					
2nd Week					
3rd Week					
4th Week					

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This personal appeal gets results

In dealing with your children you know that the personal appeal works with them just as with grown-ups. No amount of general teaching on the subject of the hot cereal breakfast all growing children need, can accomplish results like this personal appeal plan. Put it into work in your home. Hang this poster on the wall and send to us for free package of gold stars. Every school day your child eats a hot cereal breakfast, let him keep his record by pasting in a star. It's easy, entertaining and so productive of results! We will also send sample package of Cream of Wheat and helpful booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." All free. Write today to Dept. A-12, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE NEW *Lucile, Paris — Holeproof* STOCKING

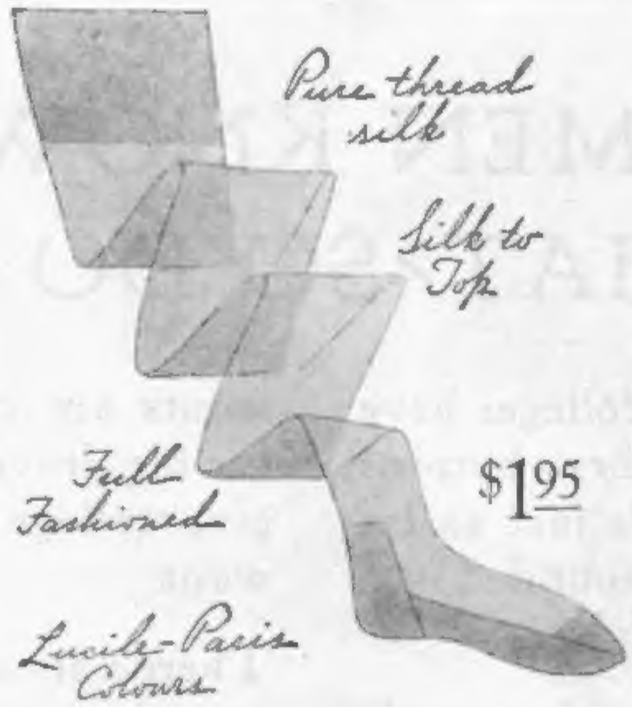
A clinging, filmy chiffon of pure thread silk . . . coloured by Lucile in chic and tantalizing hues for spring and summer modes

These sketches are reproductions of originals from Lucile's studios in Paris. The one above is a chic afternoon model in rose crêpe de Chine, trimmed in soft-toned gold lace. With it Lucile suggests the shades Fleur de lis, Celeste, Valerie.

A famous doorway in the world of fashion—11 Rue de Penthievre—through which step the world's most smartly dressed women to select Lucile-Paris costumes.

© H. H. Co.

This dainty afternoon frock is distinctly different and its lines are proving immensely popular. It will be modeled from crêpe Georgette in a charming mole-gray shade. With it Lucile recommends one of the new shades: Delis, Petale, Fleur de lis.



This lovely stocking is offered you in every one of Lucile's new colours. In sheer chiffon it is extremely smart for evening wear as well as afternoon. In its heavier service weight it is chic as well as serviceable for daytime use.

Holeproof Hosiery

Milwaukee, and London, Canada

HERE is news to every woman in America. A new and "Frenchy" stocking that, this season, we believe will be worn more than any other. A great hosiery maker and a celebrated *couturière* collaborated in its making.

TO PARIS FOR COLOUR

The science of knitting flawless, cob-web chiffons is best known in this country. But the flair and inspiration for exquisite colour rests in Paris. So, for the first time, a world-famous maker of America joins with the master artist of *le beau monde* . . . Lucile.

Now there comes a new conception of the stocking mode. A new sense of correct colours, proper shades —and how to choose them. For Lucile forecasts the mode and then creates new Holeproof shades to correspond. Thus American women by the thousands, today, wear colours seen along the world's most fashionable promenades in Paris.

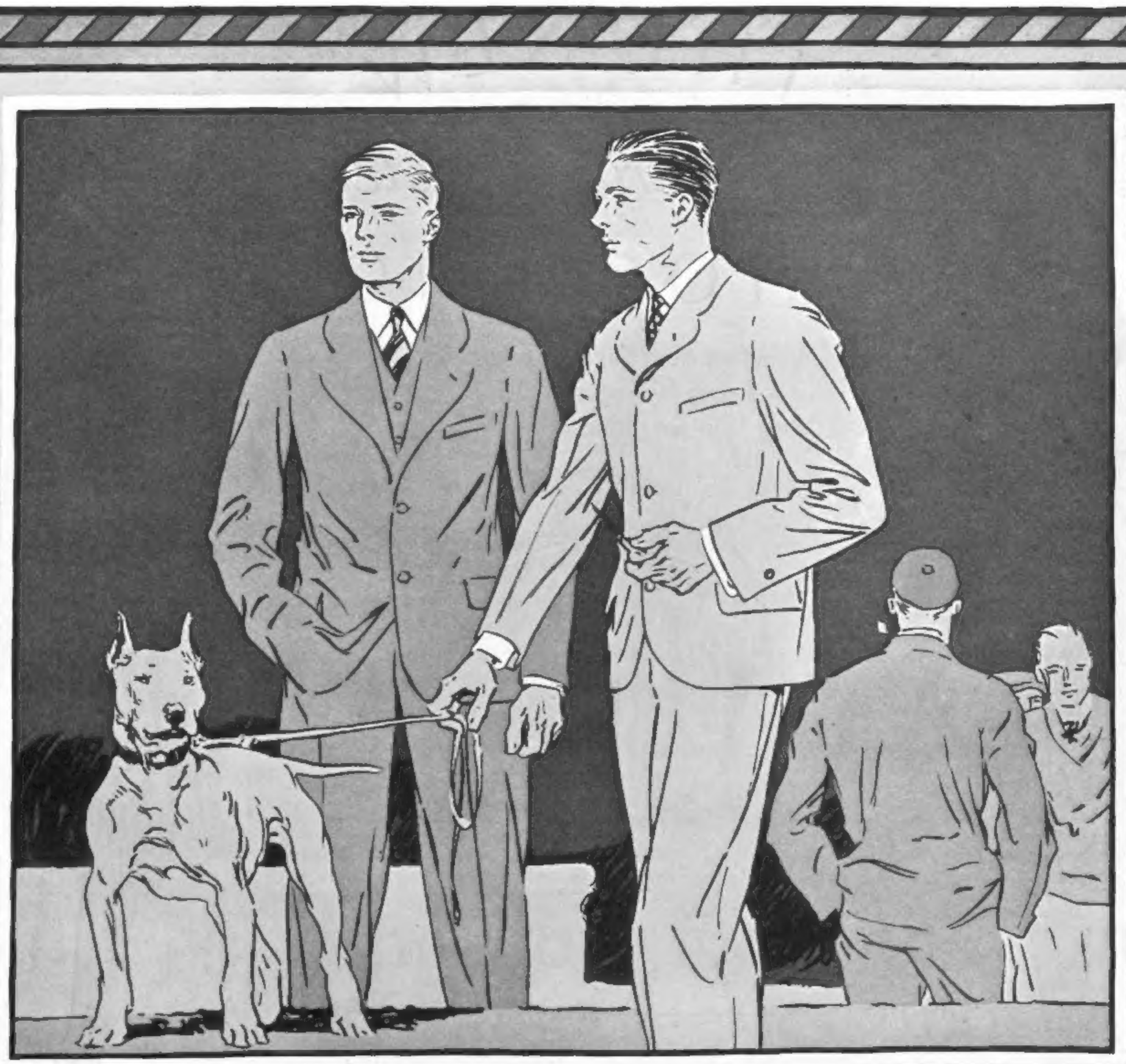
MANY COLOURS—FEW CORRECT

Ordinary shades may seem to match the mode, but Lucile asserts that in twenty nudes often one alone will be correct. That's why there is *one* Lucile pink, Fanchon; but one Lucile beige, Riviera. So in Lucile you have a colour authority that Holeproof, alone, of all fine hose can offer you.

THIS STOCKING COSTS $1.95

The Lucile-Holeproof stocking pictured here comes in transparent, sheer chiffon as well as heavier service weights. Free from imperfections. Free from streaks or shadows, as are all Holeproof styles. Dyed in new shades by a non-fading process. Invisibly reinforced at toe and heel for extra weeks of wear. Full-fashioned —slenderizing and delicately alluring.

See this number at your Holeproof store. Other styles range from $1.00 to $2.95. All are of the same flawless texture. All give the same long wear.



COLLEGE MEN KNOW WHAT'S WHAT—SO DO WE

The men at our leading colleges have decided ideas about clothes—buttons just so far apart; pockets just so far from the bottom; lapels rounded in a certain way; coats just so long

It's a matter of fractions of an inch. We know these fractions. Our style scouts are constantly in touch with the big universities and our designers give college men exactly what they want

There's another advantage which may appeal to college men. Certainly it will to "Dad"—the prices

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MCNARY-HAUGENISM

By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

AS IN the name of farm relief, the Congress of the United States on February seventeenth last enacted a bill to partition the annual product of wealth between the people of the cities on one hand and the people of the country on the other hand, under a theory of economic equality. To this end it devised a new Federal agency invested with all the power and some of the means necessary to achieve the intent. That is to say:

A Federal Farm Board of twelve men nominated by and responsible to agriculture, with a mandate to confer prosperity upon the farmer.

Power: The power to corner basic agricultural commodities and thereby create an artificial scarcity within the country in order to increase prices.

Means: A fund of $250,000,000 to begin with, to be taken from the United States Treasury.

Intent: Forcibly to redistribute the national income by taking from the industrial part of the population and giving to the agricultural part an amount of money—one, two or three billion a year—which in the opinion of the Federal Farm Board will raise agriculture to a plane of profit equal to that of machine industry.

There, starkly, is McNary-Haugenism—the simplest generalization that can be made of it.

That the Congress expected this bill—the McNary-Haugen Bill—to be vetoed by the President is a fact of provisional importance. Otherwise, it is true, there might have been fewer ayes to spare, or the bill might have been defeated again as it had been twice before. Nevertheless, the ideas embodied in it have come to be widely accepted for a great variety of reasons, rational, irrational, sentimental and false.

Why is this so?

This now is a country 45 per cent rural and 55 per cent urban. The number of people directly engaged in farming is less than three-tenths of the population. How politically improbable therefore that a bill to redistribute the national income by law in aid of agriculture and at the expense of the urban population could pass at all!

You would think that such an adventure in public policy, to be even seriously proposed, had thrown the country into a kind of uproar. Yet of a sudden it stood engrossed as a law, subject only to the signature of the President, and not only had there been no popular excitement—there had been no adequate discussion of it. Probably not one person in a hundred throughout a society of over 110,000,000 people knew what it meant. There were members of Congress who had no idea what it meant. The debate upon the bill was shrill and artificial. Witness the record:

MR. QUIN, of Mississippi: Some of these people living around smokestacks, with nothing but wheels turning around—poor people, working to earn their living in the sweat of their face, are against this bill because they are afraid it will raise the price of wheat a few cents or the price of cotton a few dimes, when there are thousands and thousands of people in this republic who need more clothes, when over yonder in Asia and Africa and in various parts of Europe there are people going half naked and people that are entirely naked. They could have cotton garments on them. You could have cotton garments in China, with its 400,000,000 people; you could have cotton garments all over Japan; you could have cotton garments in Java and everywhere else; and you could have the flag of this republic, with its commerce, carried to the uttermost quarters of this earth, and the American farmer would then receive a fair and just price for what he produces, whether it be wheat, corn, lard, cotton or what not.

So, raise the price of cotton and spread the cotton garment.

MR. MCKEOWN, of Oklahoma: A few days ago, in this city, the proud capital of the nation, a poorly clad old man and woman were walking along looking into various trash cans. The woman said, "I knew you would not find it." This attracted the attention of a passer-by, who made inquiry as to what they had lost, and the reply was that they were looking for something to eat. It was disclosed that they had lost their little farm and everything they owned. Not all farmers are poor, not all farmers are in needy circumstances, but the great majority face bankruptcy. They have asked you for bread. Will you give them a stone?

THE RESULT WILL BE A DELIRIOUS INFLATION OF ALL PRICES

This in support of a bill to redistribute the national income by law!

MR. FULMER, of South Carolina: You remember last fall when the Government gave out its first estimate that we would have a cotton crop amounting to about 15,000,000 bales the price of cotton was eighteen to twenty cents and everybody was happy and satisfied. With this size crop and the world needing at least 15,000,000 bales, why, Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, and myself and others believed that no doubt the price would eventually go to twenty-five cents and we held our cotton off the market. Shortly, however, the Government came out with another report showing 16,000,000 bales, and later 17,000,000 bales and finally 18,000,000 bales, and in every instance the price of cotton kept going down. What would have happened if we had passed the Haugen bill last year? If this machinery works like I believe it would work, this agency—the Federal Farm Board—would have gone out on the market last fall and commenced buying cotton at the market price, in a competitive way to the mills and commercial buyers, bidding, buying and taking off the market just whatever number of bales that it would take to bring a legitimate demand and fair price. I can see at this stage of the game that the speculative interests, the interests that today largely manipulate the marketing of farm products, thereby fixing the price, would no doubt go into the market so as to take advantage of the holding of this cotton and put the price up for speculative purposes. Then this agency would immediately feed back into the market this cotton, or so much thereof as would be required to put the speculator out of business and stabilize the price. Therefore, with this surplus on hand, they could use it as a stabilizer in connection with prices and have a long line of stabilized prices, which would be very satisfactory to the producer and should be satisfactory to the manufacturers of cotton.

A Federal Farm Board gambling with the professional cotton speculators—and beating them! And thereby a great surplus of actual cotton is somehow consumed at a higher price.

MR. ADKINS, of Illinois: As I observed the gentleman pulling off his little vaudeville stunt here to help defeat the Haugen Bill, after hearing what he had to say about my mental limitations, it occurred to me that he certainly had a bad case of overdeveloped comprehension. I have always thought that that attribute of the mind found a seat up here in the head, but as I observed the gentleman's anatomy as he pranced back and forth, I could only conclude that as his comprehension overdeveloped it overflowed and went down into another part of his anatomy.

That was the low point.

On a higher plane of debate the McNary-Haugenists proved to be adroit dialecticians. They had written and rewritten their bill until it was a marvel of verbal sinuosity. They had called it for short the Surplus Control Act. That reveals nothing. They had put at the head of it a declaration of policy, saying: "It is hereby declared to be the policy of Congress to promote orderly marketing of basic agricultural commodities in interstate and foreign commerce, and to that end to provide for the control and disposition of surpluses of such commodities, to enable producers of such commodities to stabilize their markets against undue and excessive fluctuations, to preserve advantageous domestic markets," and so on.

To "provide for the control and disposition of surpluses" turns out to mean that a Federal agency shall cause the surplus of wheat or corn or cotton or pork to be bought up and dumped abroad for what it will bring in order that the price may be increased to the American consumer.

"To stabilize their markets" means to fix the value of agricultural commodities in relation to other commodities, so that the exchange value of a bushel of wheat or a bale of cotton shall be constant, regardless of how much wheat or cotton there may happen to be.

Price Fixing Under Another Name

"TO PRESERVE advantageous domestic markets" means to keep an American market as much higher than the world market as the tariff will permit, or, in the case of cotton, on which there is no tariff, as much higher as the Federal Farm Board shall deem proper.

If you say here is price fixing, the answer is that of Senator McNary, who said, "I challenge anyone to point to one place in the bill where the subject of price fixing is referred to." That is so. It is not referred to—it is only provided for.

It is not the price that is to be fixed, says the McNary-Haugenist; it is only the ratio. So, by not referring to it in the bill, and then changing the name for purposes of argument, they have, as they all say, eliminated the fact of price fixing. Like the primitive people who see the lion and shout, "He is not there!" or defeat a terror by refusing to name it.

Between fixing the price of a thing in terms of money and fixing its exchange value in terms of other things, there is merely a difference of statement, none whatever of fact. And that, as will appear, is what the bill was meant to do—fix the value of agricultural commodities in terms of other things. If you say in any case it is interference by the Government to increase prices, call it what they will, the answer is: Not at all. It is merely that the principle of tariff protection, already established, shall apply to agriculture as it applies to industry.

If you say—still trying to find one simple definition that may stand—if you say then it is merely a scheme whereby a Federal agency shall add the amount of the tariff to the price of agricultural commodities, the answer again is no. The tariff is not mentioned in the bill. Find it if you can. And that again is so. There is no mention of tariff in the bill. The reason is quite simple. There is a tariff on wheat, flour, corn, hogs and pork products, and therefore it makes sense to speak of increasing the price of those commodities by creating an artificial domestic scarcity which would cause the tariff to become effective; there is no tariff on cotton, wherefore it would not make sense to speak of adding the amount of the tariff to the price of cotton. Yet the cotton people had to be got into the scheme.

In all the exposition, tariff was at the base of the argument. Senator McNary said: "Anyone familiar with world trade and world economic conditions knows that when the board—and I speak of the board"—the Federal Farm Board—"as the operating agency of the bill—shall remove or withhold the accumulated surplus, on account of that fact alone, through economic pressure, the price of that commodity will go to a point where it would reach the level of the tariff wall."

Except again as to cotton, for which there is no tariff wall. In writing, talking and moving their bill, they had to step softly among troublesome facts. Some they avoided, some they suffocated, some they capitalized.

No Elevator

There was first of all the fact that nobody knew where the farmers stood, or in what proportions they stood divided for and against the scheme. The wheat farmers were known to be diversely minded about it. The corn farmers undoubtedly were for it, though not unanimously. Iowa is the corn state. A government bureau made a survey there of 400 farmers and 100 bankers and found this curious result—that while 20 per cent of the farmers assented, 80 per cent of the bankers were definitely for it. This might mean very little as to the farmers, since some would be against it because it was unsound and some because it was not unsound enough; but as to the bankers, it was significant. They knew what they wanted. Kansas farmers were indifferent or skeptical. Three days before the bill passed in the Senate, one who had just returned from Kansas asked Senator Capper why there was so little McNary-Haugenism there. He said: "Well, we have had good crops and are doing pretty well in Kansas. It's funny. I'm not getting any letters about the McNary-Haugen Bill. I am getting a lot of letters about the radio bill."

There are 3000 radio sets on Kansas farms. The Secretary of Agriculture is a Kansas man; he was against the bill. The Kansas State College of Agriculture was against it. Yet both the senators from Kansas voted for it.

Those Who Were Back of the Bill

THERE was the fact that the McNary-Haugenists, to pass their bill, put the farmer to bed with a company he would not trust in his sleep. They could not have passed it without the support of those who, caring nothing for it in principle or actually disbelieving in it, nevertheless voted for it with the thought that while it worked, if it did work, and before it could bankrupt the United States Treasury, they would be able to turn it to their advantage.

An invisible land interest gave powerful assistance, and it was never mentioned. This is not merely the normal interest of individual landowners and speculators who want to see the price of land come back; it is the pressing interest of banks that have unsalable farm land in their assets; it is the interest of farm-loan companies holding the bag of a busted land boom; it is the interest of insurance companies having enormous investments in defaulted farm mortgages. Since the collapse of the great land boom in 1920—a delirium that caused farm values generally to double in ten years—millions of acres of distressed land have passed into the possession of banks, insurance companies, loan companies and private investors because the last owners of the land were unable to pay the interest. It is both marginal land that ought not to have been brought under cultivation, because it can be worked profitably only when prices are very high, and good land so inflated in value that the buyer could not under average conditions make interest on it.

The land situation is not the agricultural situation. The land situation is financial and temporary; it represents the disinclination of those who loaned money on land at inflated values to take their losses. They wish to pass these losses back to the farmer, or to the Government, or both. To reinflate land values by McNary-Haugenism would cure the land situation—that is, it would let the banks and the mortgage holders out—and let the farmer in again. This he must not believe.

All that land interest, passively or actively, was for the McNary-Haugen Bill, hoping it would restore land values. Many country banks in the West were for it, some openly, some secretly, in higher proportion than farmers.

There was the fact that some meat packers, were for the bill. Some flour millers were neutral. What they said privately was that if the Government would undertake at the public's expense, or maybe at the farmers' expense, to guarantee their export business in hog

products and flour—well, they would be subnormal in common selfishness to object.

Notorious was the fact that certain master political farmers thought McNary-Haugenism the right seed to sow for the ambition harvest of 1928. They were like many other farmers—all running to one thing. That is how they get a surplus.

The bill passed suddenly. It was a strange event, transacted in dimness, singular in our lawmaking history.

Three weeks before it passed, the McNary-Haugenists themselves thought it was impossible. Their notion, as a matter of tactics, was not to press it upon a Congress that was about to expire and had already once voted it down.

The Land and the Profits

THEN unexpectedly the situation changed. The cotton people, who did not care for it when cotton was twenty cents in 1926, now were willing to try anything that had Federal money to it, with cotton at thirteen cents and a great surplus on their backs. They came around. The anxieties of the land interest had increased. The Western bankers were saying, "Anything at all, if only it will move the land." The big city bankers had a fish to fry. They wished to pass a bill renewing the Federal Reserve Bank charters in perpetuity and to legalize branch banking in the Federal Reserve System, and they were fearful of bitter opposition from the farm bloc, because the one thing farmers do agree about is that in the deflation period beginning in 1920 the Federal Reserve System squeezed agriculture more than it squeezed business. They were waiting to take revenge when the Federal Reserve people should come before Congress to get their charters renewed. Here therefore was a chance to trade. The McNary-Haugenists agreed to vote for the bank bill if the bank people would vote for the McNary-Haugen Bill. Pennsylvania votes for the McNary-Haugen Bill were exchanged for an undertaking on the part of the McNary-Haugenists to sit on a coal bill that the Administration wanted and the coal people did not want—a bill giving the Federal Government power over circumstances in the emergency of a strike.

Trading votes is deemed an honorable practice, provided it is done reasonably under some sign of reflection. Trading *en bloc* in this wholesale manner was new. In the excitement of it men forgot to examine what they were giving for what they received, and so in some cases they voted for a bill to redistribute the national income without knowing more about it than the title, which was nothing like that.

Basically, McNary-Haugenism is delusional.

Visualize it in the aspect of a steed bearing the farmer, the banker, the landlord, the mortgage holder, meat packer, miller and politician, each pursuing an image of his own advantage—the farmer believing agriculture can be made horizontally profitable by law, the banker expecting his frozen land assets to be made salable, the landlord thinking the price of land will be reinflated, the mortgage holder hoping to get himself out whole, the meat packer and the miller willing for the Government to guarantee their export business, as it is obliged to do under the bill, and the politician at the tail exerting himself to conceal the fact that he knows no solution of the farm problem. Your intuition will tell you it is fantastic.

The horse is represented as a belonging of the farmer. He did not invent it.

To the public it is represented that in any case the farmer will have to feed it. That may well be. Yet he does not expect to feed it. He expects the public and the Government to do that; and if, as it turns out, he shall have to do it, he will drive it into the wilderness.

Agriculture cannot be made profitable by law, for if you should succeed temporarily in making it so, the pressure of people to engage in it would be such that you would have to restrain and limit them, which would be the beginning of tyranny and the end of profit. Nor can the national income be redistributed by law, as by any means to take from one part of the population and give to another part, without making it necessary to set the Government in power of dictation over the prices to be charged and paid for all things, and there again is tyranny.

To prove these matters to the reason it is needful to have clear premises. Therefore McNary-Haugenism must be examined as an idea. What is its life history? Out of what conditions was it born?

The Life History of a Delusion

REMEMBER, on the way, what the subject is. It is not agriculture. Why agriculture as a whole is unprofitable, if it is, and what the problems are—these are questions that belong to another essay. Here is merely to be established as a background what may be called the statistical condition of agriculture, meaning by that the condition that gave rise and plausibility to McNary-Haugenism. What follows is an examination of the idea itself, and a discussion of the main question: Will it work?

The statistical picture of agriculture is this:

In six years, from 1914 to 1920, the average value of farm products doubled. Some commodities much more than doubled. Wheat rose to $2.50 a bushel from a dollar. Corn rose to $1.50 a bushel from 60 cents. Cotton rose to 33 cents a pound from 12 cents. Those were war prices. The demand for food was unlimited. The public treasuries of all the great governments of the world were buying it. There was no fear, no possibility, of a surplus, but wild fear of a deficit. The agricultural plant was enormously expanded.

The American area in wheat was increased from 54,000,000 to 75,000,000 acres. The total farm area was increased in a reckless manner. Range land, fit only for grazing, was broken open, plowed and laid under tame seed. Marginal land, dry land, land that nobody had ever heard of, was put to crops, for there was profit in it.

(Continued on Page 217)

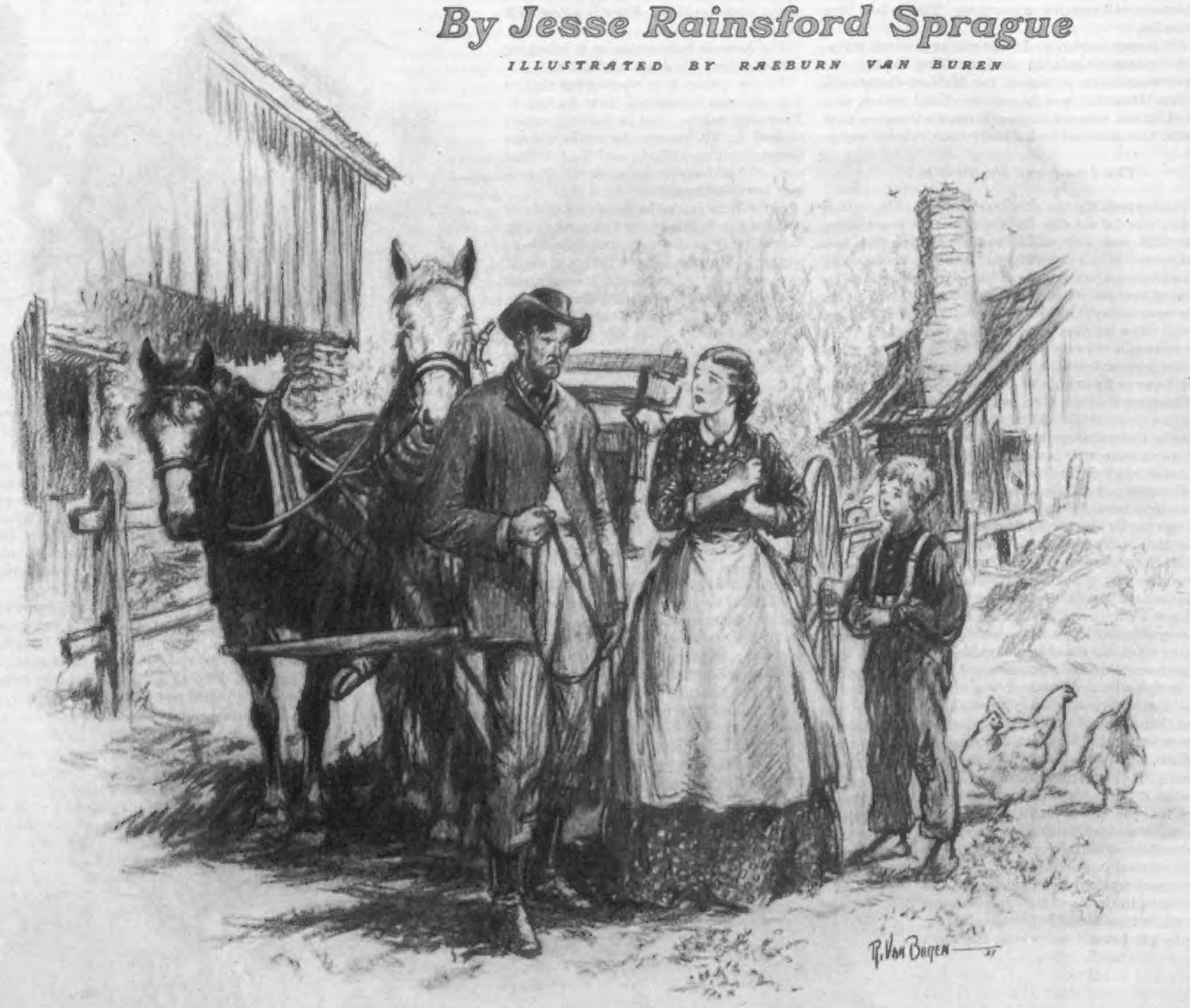
In Writing, Talking and Moving Their Bill They Had to Step Very Softly Among Troublesome Facts

"Say, Where Do We Come In?"

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



Sometimes When Father Was Hitching Up to Go Away on One of His Auction Trips, Mother Would Try to Argue Him Out of It, But Seldom Succeeded

AS THINGS go in a city of 150,000 like Centreton, I suppose I am what is called a "big man." The Peter Sherwood Company is the largest department store in this section of the state; as its owner I am responsible for the salaries of more than 300 people. I have got past the point where I have to worry about money; I am a director of two banks and own a winter home in Florida. I have served a couple of terms as president of the Centreton Chamber of Commerce. In one way or another, the name of Peter Sherwood gets attached to pretty nearly all the public movements of the city.

There seems to be a general idea that a man who has made a good deal of money must have some kind of success formula, and every once in a while I am asked to explain my system to the members of some organization. On such occasions it is a temptation to fall back on the time-honored generalities and say that success is the result of honesty, or the application of the golden rule, or the study of the life of Benjamin Franklin. But such observations answer nothing. Plenty of men do these things and fail. A man's success depends on so many little things that it is impossible to count them. Every hour of the day he has to face decisions that in the aggregate make or break him. No man was ever smart enough to decide right every time. But if a man averages just a few more right decisions than wrong ones, nothing in the world is going to stop him. I guess that is what I have managed to do.

There is one thing every American ought to remember in all reverence and gratitude. Success comes easier in this country of ours than in any other country on earth. We Americans of this generation inherit a condition that has never obtained before and in all probability will never obtain again—a condition wherein the hard pioneering work has been finished, but so recently finished that our munificent natural resources are practically intact. The danger now, it seems to me, is that we may get the idea we are smarter than any other race because we are richer and can live on a higher scale of luxury, when in reality we owe most of it to the hard-living pioneers who came before us and who organized a continent in a fraction of the time such a territory was ever organized before.

Last summer I took a trip to England, and going down from Liverpool I got into conversation with a man who said he was a manufacturer of silverware in London. He was a red-faced, choleric sort of man, with a grudge against all Americans, which arose, I judged, from the fact that so many American firms are going after British business; and in the course of his remarks he said some pretty caustic things about our easy prosperity and our habit of parading it. I asked him, finally, how long his family had been established in the manufacturing business, and he said since 1798.

"That was the year," I told him, "that my people moved from Connecticut out into Central New York State in an ox wagon and built a log house ten miles from any neighbor. Your family lived in London where Sheridan's comedies were being played at the theaters, and gentlemen wore silk coats, and business men took week-end holidays just as they do now. The only difference between us is that your people have had their good time spread out over a century, while mine are just coming into theirs. You'll have to excuse us if we make a little fuss over our prosperity, but just give us time and we'll learn to take it as a matter of course like you do!"

Naturally, you have got to hit back when a foreigner criticizes your country. Still, as I go around the United States I sometimes have the feeling that we of the present generation are letting our prosperity go to our heads just a little, forgetting what hard, plugging lives our forefathers lived in order to fix this country up for us. Too many people, it seems to me, are inclined to throw over tradition; to believe a thing must be good because it is new. Constantly you hear the expression, "I'll try anything once"; and it is usually said as though it was proof of pretty keen business enterprise.

Personally, I have always had a high regard for tradition as a help toward making the correct decisions outnumber the mistakes. Most of the reading I have done in my lifetime is history; and I suppose because I am of Anglo-Saxon stock, English history has always interested me most. Especially as merchants the English seemed marvels, the way they managed to get a hold on world trade and to keep it, without, apparently, any better chances than any one of half a dozen other nations. Twenty years ago I took my first trip to England to study the supermen at close quarters. I spent only a couple weeks in London, putting in most of my three months in towns like Newcastle, Bradford, Bristol—places big enough to study from a

business standpoint, but not so big but that it was fairly easy to get acquainted with the merchants and manufacturers.

I was never so disappointed in my life. I thought I was going to pick up some clever ideas, but instead I found everywhere old-fashioned practices and methods in vogue that I was used to back in the 80's and 90's right here in Centreton. All I heard was tradition. I talked with all sorts of business people in their stores and offices and on railroad trains, but no one seemed especially live or resourceful. It was all how father or grandfather did it. It is no exaggeration to say that I could spend six hours in any Pullman smoking compartment in America and hear more up-to-date business talk than I did during that whole three months in England.

A Safe Hitching Post for Business

YET those English were going right ahead and doing business. If they had been doing business only among themselves, it might be set down to the fact that they were all slow and old-fogy together, so everyone had an even chance. But they were selling their merchandise all over the world in competition with all comers, and their only active policy seemed to be to stick as long as possible to traditions handed down by their fathers and grandfathers. The more I thought the thing over, the more puzzled I was, until finally I figured out what I believe is the answer:

Tradition is a pretty safe thing to stick to—safer than most people realize. If you are a genius you may be able to throw tradition out the window and still make a high enough average of correct decisions to get you by. But so few of us are geniuses that we need some help in making these everyday decisions, and tradition supplies just that. Anything that becomes a tradition must have something sound about it. Otherwise it wouldn't live long enough to become a tradition!

I'm not the one to decry enterprise or to hold that a business man must follow the methods of his grandfather in order to be successful. During the thirty-three years I have been a merchant I have done a few original things myself. But in these latter years of quick changes, it seems to me, a good many men have somehow got the idea that old rules no longer apply; that human nature in an automobile is different from human nature in a horse-and-buggy.

Every Main Street is a world in little. The business houses are like nations; they come into being, have their rise and fall. Occasionally some Napoleonic character flashes across the scene who succeeds through sheer originality; but I have noticed that, by and large, those merchants last longest who stick fairly closely to the old-time rules. Thirty-three years is not such a long time; but here in the city of Centreton there are just five other merchants who were in business when I started, and none of them, I am sure, has more of the genius about him than I, which isn't a great deal. They represent a variety of lines; for only one of them—Henry Gilder—is a department-store operator like myself. The rest are: Jim Watson, of the Watson Shoe Company; Abe Morris, clothing; Scott Fentiman, the druggist; and John Gazley, furniture. When you've been on the same street with a man for a third of a century you get to know his habits pretty well, and all these old friends of mine go along pretty much on the same policies we had drilled into us back in the 1890's, and which might be summed up in two sentences: "Keep your expenses down and mark your merchandise low enough so the public will want to buy it," and "Before you buy a bill of goods be sure the money will be in the bank when the account falls due." I don't know any better rules for the beginner to follow than these, even in this present six-cylinder age.

Perhaps as I approach sixty I am inclined too much to put a halo around the old days. I don't do that, really; in my secret heart I know I would be the first one to set up a howl if I had to go back to the 1890 manner of life. Still, there are some things in which I think we old-timers have a bit of an advantage, because we were trained in a school not far removed from pioneer conditions, when every man looked out for himself and did not usually call for outside help if he was getting a little the worst of it.

I thought of this just the other night at the meeting of the Centreton Merchants Association. Like every other community, Centreton has been a mark for a lot of outside concerns that send squads of canvassers around from door to door, selling to consumers. There was a lot of indignant oratory let loose at this meeting over the injustice of outsiders coming into our territory to take away our trade, and a number of the association members wanted to take strong measures to stop it. Mainly the idea was advanced that we ought to get some laws passed, and there was a motion before the meeting that we should send a delegation to call on the mayor and city council, when up popped seventy-two-year-old John Gazley, whose furniture business, as we all knew, is being hit pretty hard by the door-to-door outsiders.

The Bout With Competition

"I DON'T favor this newfangled idea of getting laws passed to cure everything under the sun," he barked. "How do we know this door-to-door thing isn't really the best way to sell merchandise? All of us merchants have been thinking that the best way to sell is to have a store, but we may be wrong. Whichever way is the best will be adopted in the long run anyhow, and personally I think we storekeepers ought to be pretty glad that these fellows are trying it out at their own expense!"

Business is like prize fighting in one way. Always, I have noticed, the man succeeds best who keeps his temper in the face of competition. It has been proved so in all the innovations that have cropped up in merchandising—the

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"I'll Put You on Trial for a Month for Your Keep, and if You Turn Out Well I'll Take You as Apprentice for Three Years and Teach You the Business"

THE BEAUTIFUL AND BELOVED

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

WHEN Marian Locklin's husband had been dead three months, she went to the hospital to have his last child. She had forced herself to postpone grief until after this moment. But now, feeling the soft, fuzzy, small head within her limp arm, she had no strength at all for any emotion beyond a rueful, half-humorous dismay. For this was not the woman infant she had pinned her faith to against a masculine world. This was the third of Lawrence Locklin's red-headed, Florida-loving sons.

There was searing anguish in the thought that now there was no burly, dynamic husband to come charging around the screen with his broad hand for her hand and his wide laughter for this new small red thing she had produced to mock him. But she was not yet the woman to waste valuable strength in water from the eyes. She clung rather to the safety of that other, deep-channeled emotion which had for so long run curiously parallel to her devotion to Lawrence Locklin and his children. There was release now in recreating her persistent, unchanged loathing of pioneering in Florida.

If this had been a daughter, she was certain, she would have had an ally and a reënforcement in this hatred of hers for these flat white acres which were her husband's as only a land can be which a man has as good as discovered and created for himself and for his sons. A daughter—a black-haired daughter with a chin shaped by generations of blizzard-facing ancestors—would have strengthened her defiance of this aggregation of beloved male wills. Because of her, Marian had hoped to yank up her sons' tropic, unnatural roots and transplant them in the North where they belonged—the North that she had hungered for all the blazing weary summer, more passionately than she had longed even all these ten years.

It seemed to her wearily now that it had been a lifetime since Lawrence had first brought her to the naked frame shack on stilts in the middle of the rough, scarified field, ringed round by the outlandish pine which he loved and which he had actually hated to cut down to make way for the broad groves he planned. It seemed to her a long lifetime she had spent under that blazing, brilliant sky, whose rays beat down at her when she tried to walk in the long afternoons, whose constant light reduced her to a sort of mindless vegetable. From her hammock in the breeze-way between the house and the kitchen she had watched listlessly the eternal softness of sky swelling tremendously over the flat land and the pine trees, impatient at the suave, unnatural air that weighed upon her eyelids, feeling her wiry Northern fiber grow lax in spite of her own protest.

She hated the seasons that ran softly one into another, so that there was no difference between them except for the long drumming of September rains, the flare of poinsettias about her kitchen door in the early warm dusk of Christmas, and the burning, immoral beauty of the flame trees in a June of no reticence whatever. The tiny yellow and purple blossoms of the wild flowers that hid among the blossoming palmettos in a brilliant April were no substitutes for her memories of May-flowers among wet brown leaves, and dog-tooth violets in moss, and the pink delight of ladyslipper on a shady hill. Stars that spattered their points of green and electric blue from a vast plum-colored sky beyond palm fronds reminded her, by contrast, of the snap and crackle of their tight white pin points on a Northern night of no moon, when the runners squeaked in hard dry snow and the wind was sugared ice water in the lungs. So much softness simply could not be good for people, she insisted.

Try as she would, she could not get used to any of it, but especially to the negro women in her kitchen, the alien color of their skins, their brown-black eyes watching her behind their own sense of difference. Their rich, crooning voices around the wash kettle in the yard, their slow, heavily graceful movements, the sense they gave her of an assumed humility that was really carelessness, made the whole place alien to her. Their easy laughter was alien, and their inattention; the very fires blazing by their shacks at the grove edge, their distant voices and their singing, coming down the wind. On such nights as she drove with Lawrence to the colored town by the railroad tracks to take home some girl who was washing for her, Marian found the narrow dirt road crowded, with lamp-lighted cabins in the humming dark, a very bypath into Africa. It even frightened her a little. Around the lights of the car shadows moved in a sudden silence beyond which laughter rose, and voices crooned and called. She was not the woman to be terrorized by her own imagination, but she insisted that she could simply never grow used to them.

She could not grow used to a number of things: Roosters crowing through nights of blue-white moonlight; twilight that was no twilight at all, but only an immense moment of sunset before the smoke-pearl veils of evening; bare earth where grass, if any, grew rank in thousands of bristling emerald swords, or, for lack of water or working, gave way entirely to the choking profusion of the weeds.

And land crabs. In that first year or two when Lawrence was struggling with his grapefruit grove and the lumpy, harsh soil cut into her shoes as she ventured out to meet him down the rows of uncertain young trees, it seemed to her there were hundreds of land crabs, hordes of land crabs; scuttling, sidling, sinister things, slab gray and livid blue and purple, staring at her out of holes with their malignant dead eyes, slinking away before her, with a ghastly parody of grace, on the tips of their claws like horrid finger nails. They were to her the very emblems of the fear she had, of something lurking under all this suspicious warmth and softness, this too lavish brilliance of a land to which she could not, would not, render her loyalty. In those days the crabs were truly evil, pinching off the tender shoots of seedling trees, nipping clean to the ground the gentle Northern flowers she tried vaguely to induce to grow; destroying, it seemed to her, with the same intensity of the sun, everything that was not ceaselessly sheltered.

The Pleasant Acres Her Husband Had Left Were a Churned Mass of Broken Trees and Mud and Débris

The Dreadful Saffron Light Deepened in the Yelling Heavens as She Hurried Into Her Clothing

Her dislike ran parallel to her devotion to her husband and to her babies. It grew articulate just in proportion as that other passion deepened and steadied. It might be a good country for men and mules, she insisted often, quoting the old saying, to her husband's delighted laughter, but it was certainly bad for women and horses. She emphasized the analogy. But Lawrence never seemed to mind if she did not share his enthusiasm, so long as she was there when he wanted her, idling in her hammock, swung in the breeze-way between the kitchen and the open living room, moving down the veranda to meet him with a baby on her arm, when he came back from some day-long trip down the grove lands. He was sure of her steadfastness. He could even enjoy mischievously her embattled hostility to this land which he had made his. Year by year she watched his seedlings grow into glossy, great trees, extending their straight ranks for acres, laden with delicate tropic gold, and his sons turn from soft weights in her arms to thin, eager little boys, with skin the color of well-baked bread crust under their sun-bleached hair. And still she loathed it.

Somehow, green deepened about the house and flowering vines overran it with shade and color. Somehow, there were money and conveniences. Somehow, her sons were infinitely at home here, friendly with the alien black people who were their nurses and companions, and whose speech they shared. Somehow, year by year, even the hordes of land crabs dwindled and grew scarce, only emerging by fours and fives down the long roadway on those moonlight nights of late spring when the mocking birds grow quite mad and old Bahama negroes say it is time for the crabs to dance. In spite of all that, in spite of the changes her husband wrought by the very depth and doggedness of his satisfaction in the country, to her the land was still strange under its brilliance. She still fought it bitterly.

Now all these fragments of her fixed mood returned to her, lapped as she was in a flood of tender weakness for the small new son beside her. He would undoubtedly love it as the other two did, in defiance of his Pilgrim ancestors, to whom warmth out-of-doors was only a brief suspicious vacation from the Lord's own handiwork, man's righteous wintry lot. At the same time it was dreadful to love anything as she did this small bundle, and be made so desperate by it. For as her mind grew clearer in its familiar resentment a conviction was forming there. If she allowed herself to be dominated by Duncan's and Robert's prejudices, if this new Lawrence Locklin should be allowed to grow even a few years older here, she would never get away, all the rest of her life. She would never be able to uproot them permanently. Before this one could add his voice to theirs, before he could change from a sweet warm heaviness against her breast to another sun-browned boy, with a trick of softening his accent to a negroid singsong, a passion for outlandish tropic fruit and a belief that a Christmas with firecrackers under a honey-colored moon was right and proper, she would sell the place and take them North.

The idea was a blinding revelation. Of course she could sell the place and go North. It had never occurred to her before this moment that she could. But of course she could. It was ridiculous to concern herself with the preferences of small children. She was free to do what she chose.

As if the sudden knowledge untied a deep-hid tension, she slid then gently into a healing half doze that was more a reverie of crowded winter streets in the blue of five o'clock, of autumn hills crisp with crimson against a thin, high sky, of new snow in sunshine muffling a long slope where three small boys in red caps and mittens and warm coats and proper leggings could tumble and shout in the blowing snow dust, their cheeks bright pink.

She felt herself as she had been, alive and tingling, bodily and intellectually, to the stimulus of cold weather and of people who came into long rooms and to tea tables in candlelight from frozen streets outside; people who brought in with the cold air the electricity of their assurance among paintings, at concerts, about books, people who had opinions and could talk about them brilliantly through cigarette smoke and the fragrance of florist violets and the alert dip and rise of more voices beyond. It could not be possible, now that she looked back on it, that she had been deprived of New York and the North in winter for ten years.

It could not really be ten years since she had been Marian DeMuth, herself one of the voices, assistant editor of a new poetry magazine which was to be the climax of the return of poetry to America. She felt herself becoming again what she had been—the tall black-haired girl, vivid with the sense shared by all her group, that they were the inner circle of inner circles, whose thinking was more significant than anything ever thought before.

She saw herself striding down Eleventh Street that crisp November night when Terry Seton and Flavel the cellist first took her to meet Mrs. Hutton—the Mrs. Hutton and of all that Cornelia Hutton's friendship meant to her thereafter. She glowed with the wood fire in Mrs. Hutton's long drawing-room, where any night you could find coffee and cigarettes and old friends and new celebrities emerging from the leaping shadows, and high discussion of everything that was new and advanced and significant, such as trial marriage and polyphonic prose, and the immortality of the soul, and the George Junior Republic, and Mr. Wells' ideas of aristocracy, and impressionism and settlement work and the war in Europe that would end in four months. But chiefly she remembered feeling alive—vibrantly, thrillingly alive. Her life danced on tiptoe to some supreme event.

There was that night when her third article on the future of free verse in America had appeared, when Cornelia Hutton had asked Theodore Woodman especially to meet her. She remembered the long white room and the firelight and the candlelight leaping on the friendly faces of people she knew—Terry Seton and Alice Ladue and Flavel and Robert Holloway and Marguerite Moorehouse and loads of others—the smell of coffee and bayberry, the pure silver sound of dear Cornelia's voice, and the sight of Theodore Woodman's impressive profile by the fire, his dangling eyeglass ribbon and his long suave hands, as he read smoke-colored bits from his new volume that was to be so epoch-making—The Bough Against the Stars. She remembered it vividly—vividly, with a strange poignance. And then, with the recurrence of that searing pain which for the baby's sake she must not let herself feel, she saw why she remembered it like that. Over in the farthest corner, in silence, his red hair flaring intolerantly in the candlelight, she had first seen Lawrence Locklin. His eyes were on hers with something dynamic and eager already in his look. If she had been able to turn away her glance from his glance—if she had been able to turn away

But she had not been able. Already something of that vividness had leaped to her, and had held. When, as she was putting on her coat, he had moved toward her down the room, as if he recognized a right, she had been certain that he would.

It seemed to her, walking down the dark street with him, that this man who had been silent through all the talk at Mrs. Hutton's had a most strange eloquence in him. His words were eloquent, stirring in her vibrantly; and his shoulder, speaking to hers, and their footsteps mingling, and the very frost on his breath that misted into hers. It was as if this compact tall man beside her, with his lowered voice, through which a kind of easy force burst in a crackling phrase or two, and his good laughter, were the moment, the event even, to which all this gathering of her own forces had led. She could not have guessed that he could be like this. She had not ever imagined the packed dynamics of him, the uniqueness of his look and gesture, his inflections, the strength of the arm he put under her arm at the street corner and did not take away again for several minutes. Yet now that he was here, now that he had come from nothingness to stand in the snow of her own vestibule, with that bright look bent searchingly upon her, which seized and was humble at the same moment, she could not think why she had not anticipated him always.

She was aware of him already in past times, as if he had hurried to show her himself as he had been before this—as a

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Nights He Pored Over Old Books of Exploration, Looking Up to Laugh at One of Her Searching Diatribes Against the Tropics

Looking Back With Pershing Ten Years After—By Frederick Palmer

WE BEGIN to see the forest despite the trees, now that ten years have passed since our entry into the war in April, 1917. Significant details grow vivid. Superfluous details melt away, leaving the big facts clear. And the big fact of all, which runs like a straight line drawn through all the records of marches and countermarches and grilling labors, was the American plan, which was our guide to victory.

How many of those who fought overseas understood the plan then? How many understand it today? It was not made in the field as Foch moved his chessmen, in the fall of '18, but in June, '17, in the offices of our Army in the Rue Constantine before we had a single division in France. It grew dim to many of high rank who understood it, but never to its author. Salutes, drills, regulations, soldiers packed in horse cars, billets over manure piles, over the top out of lousy dugouts into sprays of machine-gun bullets and barrages and the strength of America pushing from behind—all was to carry through the plan

As we pass a landmark of reminiscence, the veteran from whom we have heard least is the man who knows the most about the A. E. F. and who made the plan and stuck to it against all appeals for detours and over all obstacles as the main road of his purpose. In his office of the general of the armies, with only his secretary under his personal command, he looks back to the time when he had unprecedented arbitrary power over the largest personnel and plant in our history.

America's Greatest Army

THE authority to hire and fire is a faint simile. From major generals down, he could send any member of the personnel where he pleased and then send him back if he pleased without bothering about personal explanations. No one might resign or strike or kick except in private. Everyone had to work overtime without extra pay, and no one was working just for pay or worrying about his pay. All were working for America under the commander in chief

He had to organize a plant to supply the personnel with food, clothes, shelter and ammunition, 3000 miles from home. Each division required twenty-five carloads a day.

We brought 20,000 cars and 1500 standard-gauge locomotives from home and repaired 57,000 French cars and 1900 French locomotives; built piers and ports, 1000 miles of railway, 3000 miles of telephone and telegraph wire, 20,000,000 square feet of storage warehouses and 4000-bed convalescent camps; developed terminal facilities to handle 1,145,000 tons of freight daily and cut 200,000,000 feet of lumber and 4,000,000 railroad ties Also, we fed 1,200,000 men in the course of six weeks into the final battle. I mention these details early as a reminder to those who listen to any cross-Atlantic intimations that we arrived in France only in time for the victory parades and to supply orderlies in attendance on the Peace Conference.

General Pershing Speaking to the Troops Overseas. Above—About to Land in France, June 1917

"You say you have seen Pershing's eyes twinkle," remarked an officer. "I know better. They can only bore."

I saw them twinkle even in France, as I had seen them in the days when our common fondness for exercise made companionship with Capt. John J. Pershing, one of our military attachés in the Russo-Japanese War, 1904–05, in

General Pershing and the Prince of Wales Reviewing United States Troops in Hyde Park, London

tramping over the Manchurian hills. It was within the range of probabilities then that one day the German walls of steel would move on Paris, but never in the range of fantastic possibilities that one day Capt. John J. Pershing would lead an American army to the Rhine, or that I should be one of the 2,000,000 serving under him as an officer back and forth between the Front and headquarters. I did far and away the most of the talking on our tramps.

He was not the kind who thought aloud then; but when he did speak, what he had to say was grounded in hard common sense. He did little thinking aloud in France; but listened, formed his conclusions and made decisions.

To his men, in France, he was a remote figure of mystery. Where Washington's small family saw him often, when Pershing was working himself and others overtime, he had few moments to spare from looking after so large a plant to stop to gossip with individual members of so large a personnel. Washington never had an army in action that was more than two-thirds the size of one of our big divisions in France; Andrew Jackson or Scott or Taylor an army equal to one; Stonewall Jackson, who exercised such a direct personal influence over his men, never had the equivalent of two; or Grant and Lee together in their armies in Virginia more than a quarter of our total in France.

A Mutual Inspection

WHEN his men saw Pershing it was usually on inspection. They will not forget that the commander in chief indulged in no soft deferential accents to a soldier who was not in order from tin hat to shoes. If the thoughts of many doughboys could have been spoken on such occasions, they would not have been printable if passed by the censor. I have in mind a concrete example of personal opinion in 1918 by a doughboy whom I had known before we entered the war.

"I'll not forget that he kept us in line, waiting for an hour, when he inspected us," said that doughboy. "I remember seeing him riding by when our battalion was marching back from the Front. The chill rain of sunny France was washing off the trench grime as it soaked us to

the shivering skins. He was the cause of all our misery. What did all the saluting and regulations have to do with beating the German? I wanted to make him get out and walk too. I swore if I ever got out of uniform and was a free man again, my one ambition would be to thumb my nose at fellow citizen John Pershing and tell him just what I thought of him—and then some."

He might now tell John Pershing through a second person, ten years after.

The twinkle appeared in the general's eyes. "I can understand how he felt. I have marched too."

And why the ruthless discipline? The general has a habit of asking questions to answer a question.

"Was he a good soldier?" the general asked.

"Excellent."

"Did he want to keep on fighting through 1919?"

"Nobody did."

General Pershing Photographed With General Dumas and René Besnard on His Arrival at Boulogne

"If he had had to keep on fighting through 1919," the general continued, "he might not be alive now. Did he return home well?"

"Hard as nails."

"How has he been getting on in civil life?"

"Remarkably well. He has built up a business of his own and has three lusty children."

"That's good," said the general, and his smile signified that he considered all the salutes and the regulations justified.

I recall having told my friend the doughboy at the time of his comment that I had heard the general say of his men in the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne: "I love them. They are magnificent—the best in the world. How hard I have had to push them, and how they have stood up to it!" But the doughboy said: "Pershing loves us! Slush! Loves us!" The rest I will not quote, and I'll leave what I heard him say about Pershing in 1927 until later.

The High Sign of Obedience

THE general played no favorites as between officers and privates. "Are you an officer or not?" When Pershing put that question—whew! And that memorable day in the summer of '17, when he appeared unexpectedly in the disorganized aviation headquarters in Paris! The wrath of God strode in flaming erectness through the rooms

"So that's Pershing," said a young officer who knew all the best restaurants in Paris, and had been thinking of modern war as a merry pastime of the good old free-style D'Artagnan kind. "Well, he need not come often, the ill-mannered brute." But there was quite a change, and quite promptly, at aviation headquarters.

"As a soldier who had been trained by his country and who had long served his country," the general continued, "my duty was clear. We had 6000 regular officers to drill and command an army of recruits which was to fight beside the veteran Allied Armies against the veteran German Army. The standards of our regular officers were those which had stood the test of the war experience of all time.

"To salute is to say 'I obey!' It develops the instinct of obedience, which is the first principle of military uniformity, homogeneity and efficiency. Every regulation had this end in view. Human nature is bound to be irritable under war strain. Authority is bound to go to some men's heads and its interpretations must be sometimes unreasonable. But the individual could not be a law unto himself, superior to regulations. There must be no compromise, no weakening, if we were to keep the men well and send the survivors home well, if they were to be ready and have food and ammunition ready and we were to utilize to the full American zeal, energy, intelligence and resources in forming an aggressive skilled whole which would win the earliest possible decision at the least possible cost in dead and disabled. This is the economy of war, which is a hard business, particularly against German military efficiency."

The day of that decision seemed far away on May 28, 1917, as I saw Major General Pershing come on board the steamer Baltic from a tender off Staten Island. It was a typical American start, in keeping with that of Washington taking command of the little band of Colonial militia after the repulse of Bunker Hill; in keeping with the unpreparedness which led to the burning of our capitol by the British while Perry built his ships in wartime to win the Battle of Lake Erie, and Andrew Jackson formed his battalions which were to conclude the business behind the cotton-bale breastworks at New Orleans; with Grant marching on Donelson with raw regiments that, fortunately for him, were against raw regiments; and with the rush to the training camps of the Spanish War days

General Pershing at Salute

After every war, we are sure we shall never have another. Then why, as a practical people, prepare for another when there will not be another? When another war does come, we are fighting mad if we are unprepared to fight

Major General Pershing, tanned by the Mexican sun, was setting forth, with a little group of staff officers, clerks and orderlies, to the assistance of the millions of the Allied Armies. His departure was a secret lest a submarine should send him to the bottom of the sea before he reached France. The little expedition would have seemed a Babes-in-the-Woods fantasy if you forgot all the industrial power between Staten Island and the Golden Gate, and, more important than that, all the man power which was clamoring to be shown how to fight when that part of its education had been so neglected.

The Man to Deliver the Punch

HOW were we ever to make all that power felt 3000 miles away? If we made an army, how were we ever to get it across to lonely John J. Pershing? A punch in the air was no use. It must strike the German, and very hard, as he had shown he could stand a lot of punishment. Every Allied ship was in use, submarine sinkings were on the increase We had to beat down the submarines and find ships for transport, since 10,000,000 men as finely trained as the West Point Cadet Corps, marching up and down at home, could not end the war

The officers of the pioneer group, as they talked it over, agreed that John J. Pershing had a whale of a job before him. Those who had not served under him before wondered if he had mental energy. They saw him as a slow man, not the snappy sort. Yet Grant was not the snappy sort

I had thought of Pershing as a slow man until we were practicing with a

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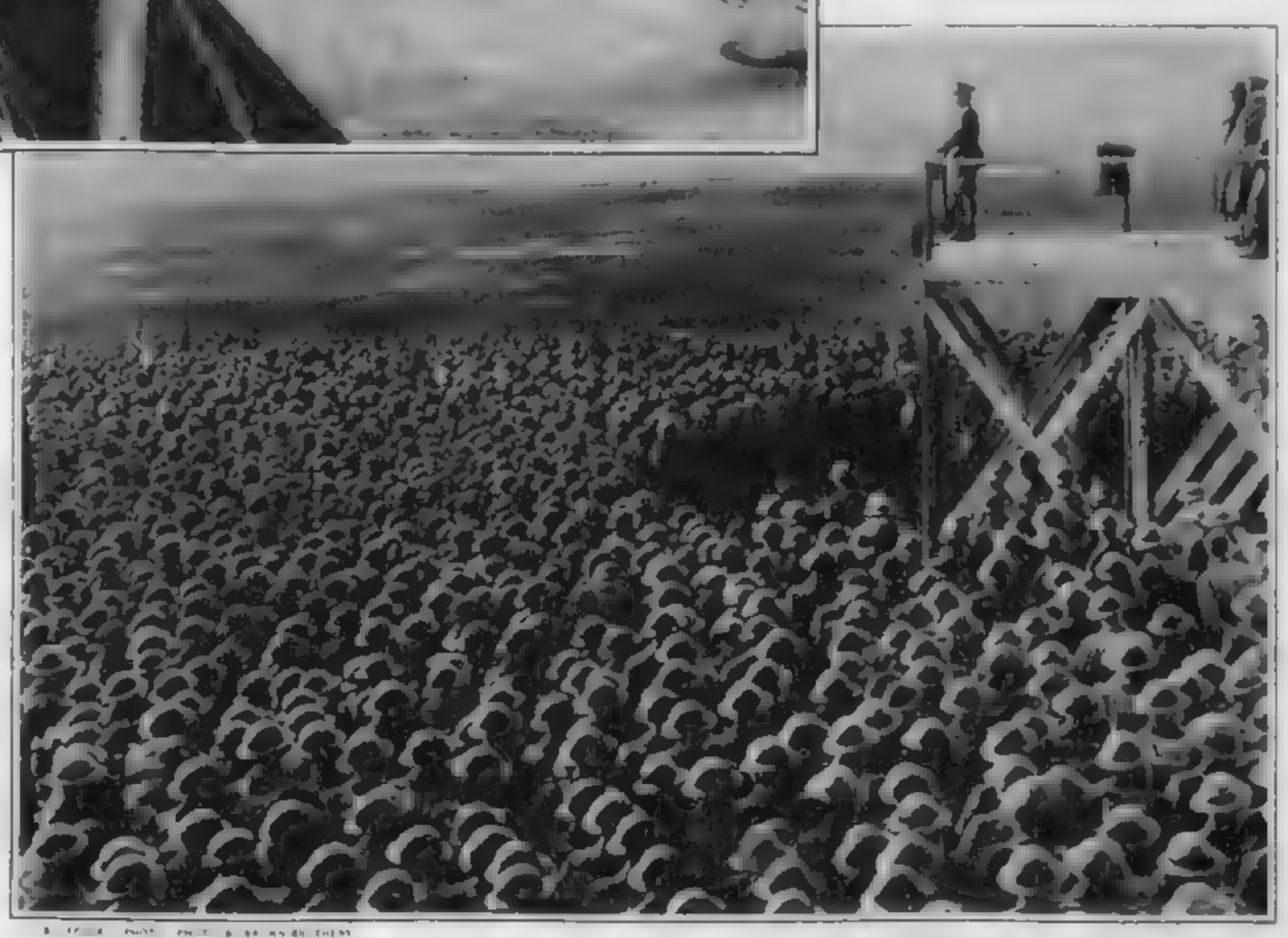


General Pershing Addressing Men of the 4th Division. Above—Leaving French Soil, September, 1919

THE SUPERCHERUB

"Oh, the Darling! It's Little Roger, Isn't It?"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ROGER EWALD SIPP manfully opened the heavy ornamental iron-and-glass door before him and descended the concrete steps leading to the sidewalk. Above, on the façade of the imposing building he had just left, was a sign in heroic letters: Roger Ewald Sipp Pictures. Roger, eight years and a month of age, had curls like heavy shavings of gold, wide limpid blue eyes, and a mouth, it was maintained, for all the world like a rosebud. In addition, he was a graceful child, perhaps small for his years, and he habitually wore black velvet. At the curb an important-looking limousine was waiting, Roger Ewald Sipp's dignified chauffeur was standing in readiness; everything apparently was wholly propitious; but the shadow of a frown invaded Roger's powdered brow. He had seen two women quickening their pace toward him. Roger hurried, but it was useless; it was too late. One of the women was tall and thin, bony; the other was just the reverse, short and astonishingly thick. She exclaimed rapturously:

"Oh, the darling! It's little Roger, isn't it? Agnes, isn't he too precious? With his gold curls and those cheeks!"

Agnes completely agreed with her. "He's a sweetheart," Agnes pronounced. "A sweetheart is what he is."

Roger Sipp bowed slightly. "Thank you, ladies," he said, in a reduced mechanical replica of adult tones. "I am glad that you have seen my pictures and find them worth while. We hope you will continue to enjoy them and we pledge ourselves—clean entertainment—highest ——"

His words were confounded through the fact that, unable to contain herself longer, the short thick lady had picked him up, clasped him to her bosom and was rapidly kissing him. "You let me down!" Roger Ewald Sipp screamed. He kicked her as hard as possible in the region of the knees. "You let go of me, you old stinker!" Tears of rage streamed over his celebrated cheeks. "I don't have to be kissed by just anybody on the street, I don't! Particular if they look like you!"

"My, ain't he a little spitfire!" the thick one observed, at last permitting Roger to return to his feet. "He kicked right sharp."

The bony woman audibly reversed her first judgment. "If you were mine," she said to Roger—"if you were, I'd learn you different. Kicking and yelling like you did! Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Handsome is as handsome does. You're spoiled," she informed Roger Ewald Sipp.

"It's none of your business what I am," he retorted, "you old yellow sardine! Go home and wash your hair!" Gravely assisted by the chauffeur, he stepped into the fawn-and-gilt interior of his car. There he thought of something more; he leaned forward to deliver a final, a conclusive, period; but the door shut quickly and smoothly upon him.

With the assistance of a hand mirror and no more than a handkerchief, he attempted to repair the damage to his mouth. He'd have to keep a make-up box in the car, Roger reflected. He rather preferred himself as he appeared before the camera. That crazy fat thing had spoiled his tie, too; she had got powder on his jacket. Roger Ewald Sipp decided that he hated women. He felt talkative, and with a degree of trouble, he lowered the broad pane of glass that separated him from Gorgas.

"Gorgas," he said, in his precise metallic voice, "I've decided I hate women. I don't like it when they kiss me."

Gorgas replied, "No, sir."

Roger persisted, "I don't want you to like it either."

The chauffeur's reply was a brief and comprehensive, but mechanical, "Very well, sir."

"Now in the Little Lonely Lord," Roger went on, "I have to kiss Miss Violette Main, but that's only a picture. In the next one, though, I won't even do that. I'll tell Mr. Binder I won't kiss anyone, not even my mother. In my next picture, Gorgas, I won't have a mother. I guess that will show them. It will be a Western, that's what it will be. I will ride a horse and maybe I'll shoot. And there will be Indians. I'll get stole by them and then I can wear just paint and feathers too." Gorgas replied by asserting that he, Mr. Roger, didn't need anybody to write his stories for him. Roger unfolded his latest idea at the supper table.

"You Let Me Down!" Roger Ewald Sipp Screamed

At the nominal head his father sat, a presence without any distinguishing mark whatever. He was, in the common habit of Los Angeles, a dealer in real estate. Abner Sipp had a small mustache, a watch chain with an emblem, and an expensive diamond ring. He wore dark clothes and plaid neckties pinned by a question mark in diamonds; and his speech, his comments, had all withstood the test of universal national repetition. Mrs. Sipp, however, except in bulk, in years and sex, was pictorially like her son. She had naturally golden-blond hair, there was an actual basis for the pink flush liberally spread over her cheeks, and her eyes were a limpid blue. She wore innumerable bracelets with variegated large opaque red and green stones; about her fat and powdered neck she wore, in a current descriptive phrase, a slave necklace in diamonds. On her right Roger Ewald Sipp sat, and between Roger and his father there was an aunt—Aunt Ella—whose husband had died, leaving her a pauper. The other side of the table was entirely devoted to the Sipps' elder son, Henry, who had practically reached the age of seventeen.

When Roger had declared that his next picture must be a Western in which he was carried away by Indians, Henry gave free vent to a nasty humor. "You and Indians!" he scoffed. "In a Western! You! Why, you'd melt like a pep'mint drop! The public would walk out of the theaters on their pretty darling." Mrs. Sipp said that Henry was to stop worrying his little brother.

"Where," Roger asked, "do you get that little-brother number? I guess I'm not so little when I make half a million dollars a year. It's more than Henry will ever have in his whole life."

"Don't be too sure of that," Henry put in. "What's going to happen to you when you stop being what you are, hey? You'll get over being America's darling, and then what'll you be?"

Abner Sipp declared, "It's better to have been once than never to have been at all." Henry relapsed into a dark, a sullen, silence.

"Oh, Aunt Ella," Roger Ewald Sipp exclaimed

"Yes, Roger," Aunt Ella replied.

"Well, I saw a woman on the street today, only she wasn't a bit like you. She was high and bony."

Aunt Ella, who was inordinately tall and thin, joined in Mrs. Sipp's laughter. "Roger," Mrs. Sipp cried, "you really mustn't. You are too killing. Not like your Aunt Ella—tall and thin! Did you hear Roger, Abner? He said the woman wasn't like Ella—she was tall and thin!" That, Aunt Ella admitted, was a good one.

"I heard it," Sipp announced, "and it wasn't so good. Not so you'd notice it. Commenting on personal peculiarities."

Mrs. Sipp asserted that Ella didn't mind, and they must not curb Roger's originality. "His brain must be encouraged; it's phenomenal."

Aunt Ella hastened to reassure them. "I'm sure I didn't care. High and bony and not like me! Roger, how did you ever come to think of that?"

Roger didn't exactly know. "I don't know," he told her modestly. "It was funny, wasn't it?"

Henry gave him a quick, disparaging glance. "Funny like a crutch," he said. Mrs. Sipp warned him again that she wouldn't have Roger picked on.

"And then," Henry proceeded ferociously—he was alone with Roger "then I'd pull your other ear off, very slow, and twist your nose round and round for a week."

Roger Ewald Sipp's eyes were wide, his face was blanched. He was held, listening to Henry's recital, by a horrid fascination. "You couldn't," he declared, "because if you did it would spoil me for pictures and you would be put in prison for life. I expect they'd hang you." Henry answered that it would be worth it. Roger broke away from the evil spell. "Mamma!" he cried. "Mamma, Henry's scaring me; he says he'll pull off my ears and twist my nose for a week. Mamma!"

Mrs. Sipp hurried into the room. "You snake!" she addressed Henry. "You low, envious boy! Where would you be without Roger, I'd like to know? What with all he does for us all and you getting your position through him."

"Yes," said Henry, "and I'm going to throw it. I'm going to find one for myself. I don't want to be no capper to a little angel. It's as much as I can do to live in the house with him. Painting his face and all! You let me fix his face—I'll paint it good with a black eye!"

Abner Sipp joined them. "What's all this tribulation?" he demanded.

"Henry has been worrying Roger again," his wife explained, "and he ought to have a good beating."

Abner Sipp considered this, while Henry invited him to go and try it. "You try beating me," he repeated, "and see if you can get it done! I got a mind to walk out on you here and now."

"Well, Katharine," Abner Sipp proceeded, "you have to see this a little from Henry's side. Roger's phenomenal success has made things difficult for Henry, and him the older. You must admit that. I got a lot of sympathy for Henry. At the same time, Henry, you mustn't go and keep at Roger. It's not good sense. You ought to see that. I don't believe in corporal punishment, but if you keep on I don't know what it will come to." Henry muttered that it had better not come to a beating. That was all.

"Now, Roger," Mrs. Sipp put in, "forgive Henry."

In his mechanical and mimicking voice Roger said, "Henry, I forgive you." Henry glared at him.

"Roger," Mrs. Sipp added, "has such a sweet nature. It's a shame Henry isn't more like him."

If he were, Henry informed her, he'd cut his throat. "I'm going out, but it's to no moving picture."

Mrs. Sipp, sitting, held Roger against her, smoothing the gold of his curls, the bloom on his cheeks. "My beautiful boy," she murmured lyrically; "my golden darling. It's just like all that I hungered for and never got was coming out in you."

"That's kind of hard on me," Abner Sipp pointed out. "You make it look as if our marriage was a failure, as if I was nothing. I have a deal on now, out Yucca Street, that if it comes off will be in a class with Roger"

"If it comes off!" his wife repeated. "That's just it—the if! If it does I'll drop dead for one. You used up a hundred thousand dollars of Roger's money last month on a couple of ifs."

"What Good are You, I'd Like to Ask?"

Abner Sipp protested that it had been in the way of legitimate business. "I got a bad break," he asserted. "This time ——"

"I warned you before," his wife replied, "and now I mean it. I'm going to have a trust made out in favor of Roger and me. He's a minor child and I can prove you have been throwing his money away. You're not fit to have control of him or me either. What do you know about wealth? What do you know about a woman? Nothing is what! I'm surprised I keep along with you. How did you get that diamond ring, I'd like to know—and that stick pin? Why, from little Roger. And seven hundred dollars for a fishing trip. And going to New York last September. You say it was business and for Roger, but was it? I'd like to know. Paying Violette Main three thousand five hundred dollars a week and the city full of girls just as good for a thousand. I might see through that, too, if I tried."

Abner Sipp begged her not to be ridiculous. "Specially about Miss Main. The public demands her. You got to build up a strong organization about Roger. You don't understand that, but then no woman would. Women want everything for nothing. They can't grasp a business principle." She said something about grasping an occasional profit from real estate. "There you go again'" he declared. "You're not farsighted. I stand to make a hundred thousand dollars next week alone. There's no use going in for small returns."

She answered this by saying no one except herself understood Roger. "He has such a delicate spirit," Mrs. Sipp went on. "Sometimes I tremble. But you treat him like a bricklayer. He might be in real estate. He is an artist. He suffers."

In that, Abner interrupted her there, Roger had nothing on him. "If he suffers, so do the rest of us. I'll mention Aunt Ella."

Katharine Sipp sniffed. "Her husband was your brother and that explains her. If my child supports her I guess he can pass a remark or two—as bright as they are."

"They are bright, mamma, aren't they?" Roger repeated eagerly. "I always make the people on the set laugh. And I do support Aunt Ella and you and father because father never makes anything out of being in real estate."

Abner Sipp gazed fixedly at his son. It might be possible that there was a slight frown, an almost imperceptible gloom, settled upon his features. However, all that he said was, "We'll see."

His wife took him up at once. "That's right," she declared, "discourage the boy all you can. Pay no attention to his eager little spirit. That's the way to get the best out of him there is."

Abner Sipp replied, "Now, Katharine, you got to remember that in spite of everything, Roger is still a child. It's a fact he is and you can't get away from it. And for that reason sometimes you got to think of him as a child. You've seen him play with toys and it's a question if he don't think more of his little bicycle than the three automobiles his money's bought. It's a question."

"I like my little bicycle, father," Roger Ewald Sipp put in. "I like to ride on it up and down the pavement and turn at the corners. I like to ride on it on the lot."

"I told you!" Roger's father triumphantly said to his mother. "You heard him!"

"And if I did," she answered, "what of it? Tell me that—what of it?"

Abner Sipp was frankly puzzled. "Why," he replied feebly, "just this—it shows that he likes his bicycle. He's a—a regular boy."

"Just there," Katharine Sipp asserted, "is where you're all wet. Roger isn't a regular boy. If he was, you'd have to work. Though when I think of it, you didn't injure yourself before so much happened. Everyone agrees that Roger is a most unusual child. Greater than you has proclaimed him to have genius."

Roger nodded gravely. "I'm unusual and I have genius. I can make the public laugh or cry, whichever I want to. Violette Main says I'm her favorite star. I don't mind her kissing me sometimes."

Katharine Sipp glanced sharply at Abner. "'Out of the mouth of babes,'" she observed enigmatically.

Abner moved toward the door, explaining that there was a conference that evening at the studio. "A meeting of the department heads. The Little Lonely Lord has got to go

(Continued on Page 136)

"I Stand Beside Him, Beside His Eager Purity, With a Feeling of Humility"

BLOOD

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

All Day the Uhlan Point Crept Slowly Forward Through the Sweltering August Heat, Feeling the Way for an Army to Follow in the Strength of its Pride

THEY were blond men, the brothers Von Beulen, and tall. Twenty-three years before their last breakfast together, they had been born on the same day in a great room of a great stone house. It had been a frightful day of drawn shutters and chloroform, of soft, padding footfalls and of whispering voices. Something terrible had crept into their souls that day. They had been washed hurriedly by strange hands and left side by side in the darkened powder closet. They had cried but once—the thin frightened wail of new lives. But there were noises. From one side, the heavy footfalls of a man in torture. Footfalls that beat slow uneven time to great dry sobs of anguish. And there had been moanings and once a scream.

Hours later the man had come and stood above them, looking down at their pink, wrinkled newness; and he had cursed them once—harshly—through drawn lips.

So they had lived—one spirit in two bodies—among strange people paid to care for them. They had roamed other stone houses—never again that first one. They had been treated with paid deference. They had no equals but each other. Childish sickness came to them simultaneously. Simultaneously they became well. And because they were together, it was as if there was no sickness. Nor did they fuss or pule as other children do. In trouble, they looked into each other's great solemn eyes and were silent in the knowledge of strength.

When the heads and eyes of fierce portraits turned from high places on the walls, to follow them menacingly from room to room, the brothers Von Beulen, at the age of five, sought each other's trembling hands, and their trembling ceased in that subtle strength that was theirs together.

At school, they fought one battle; for boys do not pick fights with other boys who have a shrieking, red-eyed brother to leap into the mêlée, fist, claw and boot.

And then there was that other thing that drew them together. They had been told of it at an early age—told that it was more binding than the blood of brothers; that each of them must value it more than he valued life—more than they valued each other. And they had been afraid—afraid because the man who told them was their father, the general, and they were afraid of him; afraid of the thought that something owned them and might take them from each other. But because they were what they were, they had listened respectfully, with their heels together, their hands at their sides and their firm little chins well up. A year or so later they saw it and it was rather glorious—something to be fiercely proud of, something to look forward to.

They were staying with an aunt in the country—a tall woman with a scimitar nose like the general's, and soft white hair above creaky black dresses that rustled and scratched eternally through the halls and rooms of her house. All day her keys had rattled and her dress had rustled ruthlessly. Since early morning the servants had scrubbed and dusted and swept as if their very lives depended upon it. Then presently the time arrived and the wheels of the great open carriage sang in the gravel of the drive—the carriage with the high seat in front and the silver lamps and the cushions of mouse-colored whipcord, with the tassels at their corners. They marched stiffly down the steps of the house and climbed into it with a great dignity which seemed imperative to the high honor that had been bestowed upon them.

At the little wayside station they waited breathlessly, their hands damp with nervousness and expectation. And as the train came into view, they stiffened, side by side, with their heels together and their eyes turned down the track; for they were only twelve, and the villagers on the platform were watching them and whispering loutishly about their great cousin, the Oberst Leutnant of Hussars.

But their cousin did not alight from the train for some reason, and after a moment the guard blew his whistle, the doors closed and the engine puffed away. In amazement, they watched it go. Their hands touched once, mechanically, in that quick way, and they turned with their chins up to go back to the waiting carriage, bitter disappointment gnawing at their hearts. Suddenly the train hesitated and rattled to a stop. They turned again. It was backing slowly toward the station. The end car passed the platform, and the next and the next. Again it stopped. A carriage door opened.

The guard bent almost double in deep obeisance—and there on the platform stood their cousin, with his fur képi tilted arrogantly and his long cape, through the open front of which they could see the white lacing and frogs on his tunic, sweeping to the spurred heels of his patent-leather boots. He shouted angrily at the fawning guard and cut at his cheek with his gloved hand. Then, without so much as a nod or a smile, he strode haughtily between the brothers, almost bowling them over, and climbed into the carriage. The simple villagers bowed.

The Oberst Leutnant stared straight before him at the coachman's shoulders. His hand flicked once, impatiently, for the brothers to get in. They scrambled up beside him in frightened silence and the carriage spun off into the long shadows of the afternoon. Through the village street it rattled furiously, with horses at full gallop and pebbles flying in all directions from the singing wheel rims. People scampered madly to get out of the way and stood close to their cottage walls, with their caps crumpled in their hands, until the carriage flew past them.

Then presently it was all so different. They were in the open country at last, where there was no one to see. Their magnificent cousin sprawled luxuriously back against the cushions and circled them each with one of his great arms.

"Well, my little men," he said, "and some day you will be great soldiers, too, eh?"

And they glowed suddenly inside as children do, and their eyes widened with the awful excitement of it. "Yes, yes," they said breathlessly.

That night they could not sleep. There was the gorgeous fur képi with its skull in silver—a skull with black eyeholes and two crossed bones beneath it—lying on the table in the great hall below. There was their cousin's saber to be talked about. They had been allowed to run their small thumbs across its blade. John thought it could kill fifty men. And because they were the brothers they were, Paul nodded gravely instead of raising the number to a hundred.

"Yes, fifty men at least. . . . And such shiny boots!"

But the last thing Paul remembered before he fell asleep was the red welt on the guard's face where his cousin's gloved hand had seared it, and he wondered why.

So they had gone presently to cadet school and lived an irksome life quite placidly for the sake of a pair of boots, a saber and a képi.

There was one terrible night when they were seventeen. Paul remembered it quite vividly that morning of their last breakfast together; remembered it as if it had happened the day before, and it was all of six years behind them.

With the coffee that evening—they were dining with their father in Berlin—John loosened the top hook of his uniform collar. The general had his liqueur glass half raised to his lips. He set it down sharply and stared at his son.

"Your collar, sir! You're undressed!"

John smiled and raised his hands pleasantly. "It is so hot, my father. It is much more comfortable as it is."

The general's cheeks flamed suddenly and his eyes burned with the heat of the drink that was in him. Without a word, he leaned quickly across the table and lashed at John with his serviette. The corner of the linen snapped and bit into John's cheek. He rose hurriedly in astonishment, with his hand half raised to the flaming welt, but the general was quicker. Again he lashed and again the napkin snapped upon John's cheek. Paul was half out of his chair. His cousin grabbed at his arm and yanked him back.

"Quite right!" he hissed. "Slovenly!" His breath was thick with wine. Four times the general lashed at

John, forcing him across to the threshold. Then he slammed the door in the boy's face and turned to the serving men:

"Do not allow the yokel to return. He is not fit to dine with officers!"

Then Paul rose stiffly, coldly. "You will excuse me, my father. I go to my brother."

"Remain seated!" the general thundered.

Paul met his flaming eye. "You are general," he said, "and I merely cadet. In future, sir, I come to your house by command only."

His cousin pulled his chin into his collar and let his eyeglass fall.

"Silence!" the general growled, and again raised his liqueur glass.

Outside the farmhouse that last morning horses stomped restlessly and the guttural growl of the men who held them rolled through the open window on the warm August air. Paul finished his coffee and stood up with his cigarette in the corner of his mouth.

"I go, my brother. It was good to see you again." He folded his map. "I cross the Sambre here and take the road for Landrecies. God grant I see you safely there tonight."

John smiled cheerfully and stamped the hardened mud from his boots. "I shall be there," he said. "Good luck."

They slapped on their helmets—the helmets that looked like inverted wineglasses—and pulled the chin straps into place. At the doorway they shook hands firmly and looked into each other's eyes. Then suddenly they embraced and again stood apart. Mechanically, the backs of their hands touched once, with that quick movement they had known as children. And each mounted, with his back resolutely turned to the other.

Paul heard the hoofs of John's horse paw once and rattle up the hard surface of the road. He listened for the staccato beat as they pounded across the bridge and died away. "Mount!" he commanded.

His *Feldwebel* and the ten men of the patrol leaped into saddle and the advance was on again. All day the Uhlan point crept slowly forward through the sweltering August heat, feeling the way for an army to follow in the strength of its pride.

Far away to the northward there was the angry growl of artillery fire, growing hotter and more sullen as the day wore on into the horizon mists of late afternoon. At four o'clock the visibility was so poor that it was foolhardy to push on farther. Paul pointed his position on the map and sent one man galloping back to report. The rest of them tethered their horses at the roadside and squatted down to their pipes and combat rations, for it was forbidden to light fires. Paul stood in the roadway, watching three dots far ahead of him through his binoculars. They were in khaki, with flat caps—the English—not more than three hundred yards in front. He lighted his cigarette and smoked it apart from his men, while the sun sank behind the low hills. He would not be in Landrecies tonight. Nor would the infantry itself be in Landrecies until after the twenty-fifth of August—until after it had bought the town from the Irish, the Grenadier and the Coldstream Guards at night, at the point of the bayonet—for the blood of one thousand men.

The long summer twilight wore on into the blue haze of evening and the runner had not yet returned. To the northward the artillery fire slackened and died into a sullen spasmodic growl. Paul paced the roadside with a vague unrest hovering above him. He had heard that all this was to be for two years now, and longer. But it was not pleasant. It had not been pleasant even to train for it, for it meant killing, and killing was not too beautiful. However, a month or less—and Paris, and then it would be over and the killing stopped.

A cold crack of frightened rifles spat upon the air not far ahead and to the right. Paul listened and sent two men creeping up the road in the gathering darkness to cover the front of his picket. To the left, over the brow of a slight rise, he saw the yellow glow of a lamp in a distant farm window. He shrugged his shoulders and drew his cape about his sweat-soaked tunic to warm him against the evening chill.

Presently the roadway echoed to the beat of galloping hoofs from behind. Ten men, his *Feldwebel* said. He deployed the picket to wait for them and drew his automatic pistol. The Lüger was cold in his hand, and ugly. The galloping horses tore down upon them and broke suddenly into a more cautious trot. Someone called sharply through the darkness—a relief patrol.

There was a pawing scuffle as it drew up and dismounted. The officer came forward to Paul.

"What news!" he said. "A great battle has been fought—all day—and the English swinedogs are running from us in great disorder." He stamped impatiently and swung his arms as he talked. "You are to go in person to report at Aulnoye. We are massing infantry on this road. Tomorrow shall be another great day, and they say we shall have cavalry action in mass—glorious!"

Paul called to his *Feldwebel*, then quickly he turned to the officer: "My brother?"

The officer shrugged. "At noon he was safe I saw him."

Paul stepped forward and grabbed the man's arm "But you have heard since?" he said hoarsely. The officer threw up his head quickly and shrugged again. "I have heard—he was—hurt."

"You lie!" snapped Paul. "Tell me or I'll tear out your cursed throat!"

The man put a startled hand to his holster and drew back.

"It is war," he growled. "You are a fool. Your brother is wounded at Aulnoye."

Paul grabbed his horse's bridle and threw himself into the saddle. "Follow!" he shouted to the *Feldwebel*, and sank his spurs to the rowel hubs.

He found John in a tiny room in the schoolhouse. There was very little left to find. The blanket edge already was stiff with the blood that had almost ceased to flow. He bent over the damp, chalky mask of his brother's face and laid a hand upon his forehead. John's eyes opened slowly and for a second the harsh, rattling sough of his breathing stopped as he gathered his strength to speak.

"I waited," he gasped. "It has been difficult. I am all gone below." His eyes wavered to the blanket and came back again to his brother's face. Paul trembled frightfully and flung himself down beside the cot.

"John!" he said. "Love of God, John! You must—must stay!"

"It is too difficult."

Cheek to cheek, they trembled there in the half light and the silence of the ghastly place. John's breathing was softer now, and longer spaced. Once more he spoke:

"I shall be with you—such a sharp saber—fifty men at least—and such shiny boots." Then suddenly in a high, cracked scream, "I'm cut in half! I'll never wear boots again! Wrong—all wrong!" And the breathing ripped out of him and stopped.

For hours Paul knelt there with the cooling thing that had been his brother in his numb arms. For hours his torn mind could not think. Then, with the early light of morning, someone touched him upon the shoulder. Heavy-footed men stood behind him—men with new earth on their boots—men waiting.

Paul stared at them red-eyed until they drew back and lowered their heads.

"Curse you!" he screamed. "Damn you! Rot you forever!"

Again the surgeon touched him. Paul lashed furiously at the man and beat him back against the wall. The fellow

(Continued on Page 154)

Time to Paul for Days Was Merely the Intervals Between Which One Waited to Catch Khaki-Clad Rear-Guard Points at the Gallop, to Crash Into Them Horse to Horse

INSIDE INFORMATION

A Tragedy—By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

CHARACTERS

MRS. YELLING, *a beautiful Washington widow from Texas, aged between thirty and seventy.*

MISS BRINK, *a beautiful younger sister of the great Senator Brink, of Massafornia.*

HON. JERMYN GRILSE, *a distinguished member of the diplomatic set. He always moves his lips when reading movie titles.*

MAJOR FOZZICK, *the popular military gadabout, who inherited all his second wife's money, his second wife having been the Daughter of the Cohokus Slave-Bracelet Manufacturing Company.*

MRS. MOODLE, *another Washington widow, beautiful, like all Washington widows.*

MR. BLUTT, *a Washingtonian from North Dakota, who is connected with the Treasury and goes, as the phrase has it, everywhere.*

MR. ARTEMUS SAPPER, MRS. SAPPER, *the host and hostess, greatly addicted to surrounding themselves with interesting people, and able to indulge their fancies because* MR. SAPPER'S *grandfather was a Virginia Sapper, while* MRS. SAPPER'S *father made two million dollars out of reducing corsets in Pennsylvania.*

A BUTLER

A COOK

TIME, *the Present*

PLACE, *Washington, D. C.*

SCENE

[*The richly furnished* SAPPER *dining room. On the sideboard, which may or may not be a genuine Empire piece, may or may not be four full decanters; and beside the sideboard may or may not be a rubber plant. The dining table should be of the type known as refectory; the sort that was originally used in the refectory of a monastery, where frugal meals were eaten hastily and in silence.*

[*The rising curtain shows an empty stage. Through the open door at the right comes a tumult of sounds reminiscent of a free-for-all brawl in the depths of an East Side alley.*

[*The* BUTLER *enters hastily, R. with a trayful of empty cocktail glasses, exits hastily, L. enters again without the cocktail tray, crosses to door, R. pulls down his vest, elevates his chin and makes an announcement whose purport is entirely lost in the din beyond the doorway.*

[*Shortly afterward the dinner party enters two by two,* MISS BRINK *on* MR. SAPPER'S *arm,* MRS. SAPPER *on the* HON. JERMYN GRILSE'S *arm,* MRS. YELLING *on* MAJOR FOZZICK'S *arm, and* MRS. MOODLE *on* MR. BLUTT'S *arm, all of them screaming and laughing.*

MISS BRINK *(calling over her shoulder to* MRS. YELLING *in a voice better suited to a hog-calling contest than to the refectory of a monastery):* My dear, I can feel those in my wrists. I hope I shan't give away any state secrets. *(All the party burst into vivacious laughter.)*

MRS. YELLING: I feel mine behind my ears. What do you suppose that will make me give away?

MRS. SAPPER: That's priceless! I love that!

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: Daring little thing, eh?

MRS. SAPPER: Perfectly priceless! *(They seat themselves around the table and the din gradually subsides as they attack their soup.)*

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: I say, is there any chance at all of this law of yours being changed, what?

MRS. SAPPER: Major Fozzick can tell us all about that, can't you, major?

MAJOR FOZZICK *(haughtily):* Well, I wouldn't want to be quoted on it, but I understand there is a chance, a very good chance.

MRS. MOODLE: Why, I have it on the very best authority—the very best—that it can't possibly be changed. It's in the Constitution, you know, and to get it out of the Constitution, four-fifths of the states have to vote to take it out.

MRS. YELLING: Three-fifths, dear.

MRS. MOODLE: Well, more than will, anyway.

MAJOR FOZZICK: Nevertheless, dear lady, I must repeat that there is a very good chance. Of course, as you can readily understand, I cannot divulge my source of information.

CHORUS OF GUESTS: Oh, no, no, no!

MAJOR FOZZICK: And, of course, I can rely on your discretion not to repeat any of my confidences.

CHORUS OF GUESTS: Oh, yes, yes, yes!

MAJOR FOZZICK: Well, then, my understanding is that the entire Constitution will be taken to the Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court will decide that the whole Constitution is unconstitutional. When this has been done, you see, it will be very easy for the country to get itself another Constitution exactly like the original Constitution, but with the prohibition amendment left out.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: Deucedly clever, what?

MRS. MOODLE: I don't see how you can declare a Constitution unconstitutional. Anyway, Senator Gudgeon told me that the law couldn't be changed, and I think he knows what he's talking about. Who told you that one about declaring the Constitution unconstitutional?

MAJOR FOZZICK *(smiling whimsically and helping himself to his neighbor's almonds):* Surely you must understand, dear lady, how indiscreet of me it would be if I mentioned the name of one of the nation's most powerful

. All the Dinner Guests, With the Exception of the Hon. Jermyn Grilse,

officials—one of the few persons with genuine brains in the entire Government. Senator Gudgeon may be quite sincere, but I can remember when he used to drive a horse car out in Slopopolis. My opinion of Senator Gudgeon is that he hasn't any brains, like most of the people in public life.

MRS. MOODLE *(caustically)*: Present company excepted?

MAJOR FOZZICK *(in some surprise)*: Why, of course!

MRS. SAPPER *(hastily, after detecting in* MRS. MOODLE'S *eye the intention of handing* MAJOR FOZZICK *a dirty crack)*: Oh, dear, when I read about all this fighting and everything in China and Mexico, it makes me realize how wonderful it is to live in America, doesn't it, Mrs. Yelling, and especially in Washington. I often say to Artemus that Washington is the most charming and fascinating city in the world. I don't know anything anywhere that is more charming than the Lincoln Memorial. It's perfectly charming. And one of the most fascinating things about Washington is the fascinating people one meets. All sorts, you know. Nothing provincial. So cosmopolitan. Perfectly fascinating. Only this morning, I saw Senator Borah walking down the street. Such a strong face, but badly in need of a haircut. Tell me, Mr. Blutt, do you think that Senator Borah is sincere?

MR. BLUTT *(importantly)*: Well, he is and he isn't.

MRS. SAPPER *(vivaciously)*: I'm so glad to hear you say that. Most of the people that I ask about that either say that he is or that he isn't. It's so refreshing to find someone who isn't so fanatical and partisan in his beliefs. I think it's perfectly fascinating to go to the Senate and watch all the senators sitting around and thinking. I don't see how anybody can be as serious as they look when they just sit and think. Some of them are perfectly sweet too. I think Senator Reed is just as sweet as he can be, the way he sticks his head out as though he were going under a ladder.

MRS. YELLING: Which Reed is that, dear?

MRS. SAPPER: Why, you know, dear; the one who isn't trying to be President.

MRS. MOODLE: Reed, of Pennsylvania, dear; but it isn't safe to think that any of them don't want to be President. Most of them are planning to be. Senator Hacker told me that all of them but six are trying to be President, and trying so hard that they don't have any time to be just plain, simple senators any more.

Burst Into Screams of Laughter

MRS. SAPPER: Don't you love that? I think it's priceless.

MR. SAPPER: Well, you wouldn't call Hacker a brainy man, would you?

MAJOR FOZZICK: No, indeed! He hasn't any brains at all. Why, he used to be a bell boy in a hotel in South Binglehurst.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: That's really quite extrawdn'ry. I suppose people have to start doing something, you know, and they can't all be bond salesmen, what? Is it known definitely who will be your next President, and whether your Mr. Coolidge will attempt to be President again?

MISS BRINK *(leaning forward eagerly in her chair)*: Have you heard the lovely one about Coolidge and the bet?

MRS. SAPPER *(appreciatively)*: You mean the one about the moth flying out of his mouth? Yes; wasn't that priceless?

MISS BRINK *(weakening perceptibly)*: No, dear; I mean the one about betting he would say ten words during dinner.

MRS. SAPPER *(eagerly)*: Oh, yes! When he said "You lose!" My dear, that was priceless! I loved that! *(*MISS BRINK *looks daggers at* MRS. SAPPER.*)*

MR. BLUTT: I heard a new one the other day. Coolidge went down somewhere to unveil a statue, and the master of ceremonies or somebody got a little nervous for fear things were going too slowly or something, so he said to the President, "Well, I guess we'd better hurry things up a little, hadn't we, Mr. President?" And Coolidge kept right on looking at his shoes and said, "Suits me!" Just like that — "Suits me!" *(All the dinner guests, with the exception of the* HON. JERMYN GRILSE, *burst into screams of laughter. The* HON. JERMYN GRILSE *moves his lips soundlessly, with a dazed look in his eyes.)*

MAJOR FOZZICK *(portentously)*: Of course, Mr. Grilse, I wouldn't care to be quoted on the matter, but I can assure you in the strictest confidence that Mr. Coolidge has no intention of running again. I have some friends who are extremely close to the Administration, and there is no doubt whatever that he will not dare to make the run.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: Oh, really? Very interesting, what?

MISS BRINK: I was talking to Secretary Mugger at dinner recently and he said ——

MRS. SAPPER *(with excessive vivacity)*: Speaking of running for President, don't you love Ritchie? I think he's so sweet looking; so distinguished and everything. Do you think he has any chance of being elected President, major?

MAJOR FOZZICK: He's got to be nominated first.

MRS. SAPPER: Well, of course; that's what I meant.

MAJOR FOZZICK: Do you mean can he be nominated?

MISS BRINK: I think it's too killing for words the way Al Smith wears his hat on the side of his head. I was talking to Secretary Mugger at dinner recently and he said ——

MRS. SAPPER: Priceless!

MRS. MOODLE: I don't see how you can say Coolidge isn't going to run again. I know a great many people who are very close to everything that is going on, and they say that of course he will run again. I think it would be a great pity if he didn't run again. He is so safe. What I mean is everybody knows that if he is President again, nobody will be alarmed about anything.

MR. BLUTT: Yes, but what has he ever done? He doesn't say anything and he doesn't do anything.

MAJOR FOZZICK: The great trouble with Coolidge is that, like so many other men in public life, he doesn't know anything. He was just an ordinary country lawyer, you know. Why, there are a million men in the United States who would make just as good a President as Coolidge. A million of 'em. I know a great many men who knew Coolidge when he was a young man, and all of them say that he didn't know anything.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: Fancy!

MAJOR FOZZICK: No, indeed! Coolidge won't run again! He knows altogether too much to run again! He knows he's just been getting along on his reputation for the last five or six years. Everybody's beginning to realize that his silence doesn't mean anything at all except that he doesn't know what to say. Now you take Lowden, for example ——

MISS BRINK: Secretary Mugger was telling me only last night that

MRS. MOODLE: What is the general opinion of Hoover? Will he be a candidate again?

MR. BLUTT: Oh, no, indeed! I have a dear friend who is one of the most important press agents in the Department of Commerce, and I have it on the very best authority that he will not; and a good thing, too, I think. A very valuable man, Hoover. He has an opinion on everything. Such a relief after Coolidge!

MRS. SAPPER: Do you think that Hoover is sincere?

MAJOR FOZZICK: The only trouble with Hoover is that he hires a lot of experts to think for him, and then he repeats what they tell him. He doesn't really think things out for himself. He doesn't know half as much as people think he knows. I have a number of intimate friends who have been associated with Hoover in Russia and all around everywhere, and it is an accepted fact that if he can get the nomination, he will take it; and that proves he doesn't know much.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE *(with a baffled air)*: I say, what?

MRS. YELLING: What do you think of McAdoo's chances?

MR. BLUTT: Chances for what?

MRS. MOODLE: It doesn't make any difference, does it?

MAJOR FOZZICK *(peevishly)*: What doesn't make any difference? *(He glares challengingly at* MRS. MOODLE, *who toys demurely with her creamed sweetbread.)*

MRS. SAPPER *(to nobody in particular)*: It's so wonderful to live in an advanced age. I often say to Artemus that we have so many things to talk about that they didn't have when dear Mr. Cleveland was alive. I'm so glad that we don't have to talk about the nasty old tariff, aren't you, Artemus dear?—the way they used to in the old days. You have no idea how tiresome a dinner was

(Continued on Page 185)

On the Level, I Need a Judo Mint Every Time I Hear Those Guys Talk

OLD LOVING-KINDNESS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

MAYBURY is nowadays a gay little place enough, and this is true not only in the summer, but in the winter too. Well-to-do Denham folk have of late years moved out to Maybury and built fine houses on the wooded hills; the country club is a focus for golf, for tennis, for skiing or tobogganing or curling, according to the season. Along the fine roads a constant stream of handsome cars takes its hissing way; the little lake formed by the dam at the Lamb mills, halfway toward Denham, is gay with bright canoes in summer, with skaters in the wintertime; and for three months of the year a New York dressmaker has a shop in the very heart of the village.

But these things have only come about within a youthful memory. Twenty years ago Maybury was no more than a little country village. At that time there were still very few automobiles about, and it had not occurred to Denham folk that they might live in the country and still attend their daily business. Yet Denham was not, even then, residentially attractive. The mills spread over it a daily pall of smoke which, when the air was still, settled everywhere, percolating through every barrier, depositing a fine grit upon the arms of chairs and upon table tops, and graying linen in the very linen presses. But Denham people were used to it; they had lived there so long. And not a hundred of them had ever seen Maybury.

"Where Did They Go?" Willie Demanded in That Booming Voice of His. "I'll Make Someone Suffer for This! Where Did They Go?"

The village lay aside from the usual arteries of traffic. It had no railroad, not even a traction line, for Maybury itself could not supply sufficient patronage, and there was beyond it no territory worth the tapping. The main highway to Boston in one direction and to New Hampshire in the other, though it passed through Denham, left Maybury well to one side. So the hamlet slumbered. The rectangular green was a pleasant, drowsy place on a summer afternoon. About it lay the neat white houses. There were three or four stores, and the town hall, with the fire apparatus under a shed in the rear; and James Ginn had a mill by the brook which, just below the town, joined its waters to those of the scurrying little river that ran down the valley toward Denham. The mill was perhaps seventy feet long and a third as broad, and James Ginn wove woolens there. It was the only industry in the village. Ginn was the wealthiest man in Maybury at the time. His house fronted the green; it stood three stories high, with a square, space-economizing roof. He was chairman of selectmen, and by virtue of that office and of his position as the dominating elder of the church, he went far toward controlling the town.

The church, at one side of the green and fronting it, was painted white, with a tall pillar at either side of the raised front entrance. Its graceful steeple, rising above the trees, was visible from far away, and about it the village houses seemed to cluster as though it gave them shelter there. Everyone in Maybury, or almost everyone, came to church, and regularly. Their motives were various; they were devout, or they considered it their duty to set an example, or they were in the habit, or they were made to come. But whatever fetched them, certainly they came; and though there were not enough of them to fill the church, they made in it a showing perfectly respectable.

It would have taken more people than there were in Maybury to fill the church. Its interior was deep and wide, with an aisle down the center, another down either side, and the high, dark pews between. The lofty windows filled the place with light; and even twenty years ago one of them—the one behind the pulpit—was of stained glass. James Ginn had set it there in his mother's memory, and when the sun struck through it, it was considered beautiful. James Ginn, sitting in his pew near the front of the church, on the right-hand side, used to let his eyes rest upon it throughout the sermon. Eunice Ginn, his daughter, watched it, too; she used as a little girl to try to count the panes of glass that went to make the pattern, but they were of a confusing shape and number, and the result of her tally was bewilderingly variable.

Sometimes, as she grew older, she looked toward where Willie Lamb sat with his mother, in the pew across the aisle from her father's. It was not yet true of Maybury that all the young people went away from home; there were a number of boys in the village. But Willie had for Eunice a peculiar appeal. He was a big, raw-boned youngster with a voice not always well controlled, apt to erupt in a booming fashion from his friendly mouth. The fact that he was the minister's son lent him, in Eunice's eyes, a certain mystery and charm. She was, as little girls are apt to be, devout, and Willie partook of the glamour of his father's sanctity.

The minister of the church, Willie's father, was the Reverend Robert Lamb. He was a very tall man, with a heavy, harsh countenance which could break into an expression of surpassing charm and beauty, and his shoulders were broad and his hands were big. His hair was very heavy and black, but Eunice noticed one day that it had, above the temples, a suggestion of gray. This was twenty years ago, when Maybury was a quiet little town.

The minister could remember when Maybury was even quieter. He had come to the pastorate on trial, a student fresh from the seminary, and James Ginn's father, who at that time ruled the congregation, approved of him. So he stayed and married a Maybury girl, and took deep root in the very soil of the place. He had been in Maybury ever since that day, and his figure was as familiar and as permanent as the tall white church beside the green.

The income from his ministry was at times scarce sufficient for his immediate needs; and small as it was, it came to him in pittances, paid as often as not in kind. Thus he occupied at once the positions of spiritual father of the community and of pensioner too. Yet he was able, partly through the well-timed generosity of James Ginn, to send Willie away to college. The boy came home for his vacations, at the last somewhat condescendingly toward the little town. It was the minister's hope and expectation that Willie would follow in his own footsteps; and Willie, who was always immensely proud of his father, made no objection to this plan, turning from college to the theological school.

But after a year there Willie announced a change of heart. The emoluments of the ministry were slight, he pointed out, and his own fitness for the work was uncertain.

"I'd be proud to be a minister like you," he told his father. "But I never could. Men like you don't come often. I can do better in business."

He held to this position, and in the end the minister, silenced if he was not comforted, saw his son go to Denham to find work in the mills there. Willie, having won the victory, sought to reassure his father as to the wisdom of his decision; and as soon as it was possible he began to send home small sums of money.

"You work for your fellow men and I'll work for you," Willie wrote. "You and mother need never worry. I'll always look out for you."

His father replied: "Thank you, Willie. But your mother and I have never worried. We rest in the loving-kindness of the Lord."

The minister was fond of that fine Old Testament word; he used it often. As a result, even at that time, the younger folk in Maybury sometimes spoke of him, in affectionate derision, as Old Loving-kindness. The name, for all it was derisive, seemed to fit the man.

During the next few years Willie did well in Denham, and his father learned a growing pride in him. The young man fell into the habit of coming home for Saturday afternoon and Sunday, driving out from the city in the first automobile that was ever seen in Maybury. It was one already antiquated by the swift progress of the young industry, but though it had its uncertain moments, it was reasonably sure to bring him to the village in the end.

Two or three years after he went away to work he married Eunice Ginn. His father performed the ceremony in the old church by the green, and afterward everyone in the village came to the high, square-shouldered house of James Ginn for luncheon. Then Willie took Eunice away to Denham in that car of his. He had rented a small house to receive her there.

A few months after that Mrs. Lamb died and the minister was left to live alone. Adam Hewey was the sexton of the church, and he and Mrs. Hewey lived two doors from the minister's house, so that Mrs. Hewey was able to assume the duty of caring for the minister. She kept his house in order and she persuaded him to take his meals with them. Willie insisted upon paying for this accommodation, and the minister permitted him to make the arrangement with Mrs. Hewey. His wife's death had made a change in the man, more and more perceptible as time went by; very soon thereafter his hair grew white as snow.

But there was no diminution in the vigor of his ministry. In the pulpit he was as he had always been. There were even some who said, faintly complaining, that this was too much the case; that they had heard his sermons so many times before. Willie one Sunday ventured to suggest this

to his father. Willie and Eunice came home every Sunday and they always attended church, and afterward the minister went with them to dine at James Ginn's home. There one day, while he carved the fowl, James Ginn said to the minister, with the familiarity of long friendship:

"A fine sermon today, Robert."

The minister smiled with pleasure, and Willie agreed with James Ginn. "I've always liked it, father," he chuckled. "I know it by heart by this time, but it always strikes home just the same."

"There is, after all, only one God," his father reminded him gently. "And there are only a few very simple things that need to be remembered about Him."

James Ginn said heavily: "And that is a truth too many are forgetting nowadays, Robert. The young people want a new God for every Sunday in the year."

"I know only one," replied the mild old man.

The sermon which the minister had that day delivered was, as Willie said, a familiar one; its theme was loving-kindness, and the old man used it once, and sometimes twice a year.

The word, he liked to say, contained in itself the whole rule of life for man. The Reverend Robert Lamb was a minister of the old school; his creed was the simple one of love and faith and service, and this was all his preaching. Willie sometimes urged him to broaden the field of his discourses.

"There's an unrest abroad, father," he used to say "Of course, I'd rather hear you than any preacher anywhere. I don't think there's one anywhere that can touch you. But you'd attract more young people if you did discuss some of the new ideas."

The minister shook his head. "There are many new ideas, Willie," he reminded his son, "but there is one which is old and unchanging, and to which it is well to cling."

"All right," Willie good-humoredly assented. "Then tell them so. Tell them where they're wrong. They'll come as readily to be berated as to be comforted, as readily to be scolded as to be praised. Give them a touch of the rod once in a while, father. Chastening is a part of loving. And some of them need it a lot more than they do the other too."

The old man smiled. "They come with doubts and denials and demands for proof. There is an ancient and unfavorable characterization of the generation that asketh for a sign."

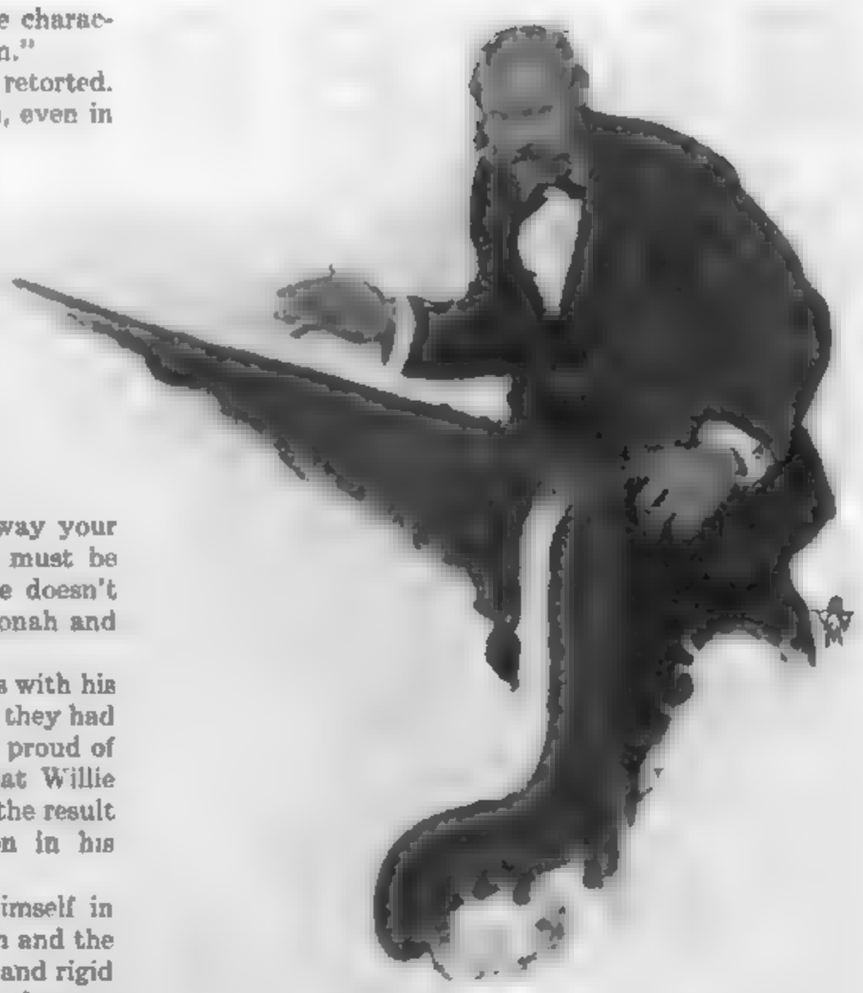
Willie laughed at him. "You don't agree," he retorted. "You couldn't. You never condemned any man, even in your thoughts, no matter what he did. And you're not one of those ministers who insist that people must believe in a lot of parlor tricks or be damned."

His father nodded. "There are only a few vital things," he gravely agreed, and his tone rose a little till it reached his pulpit pitch. "That attribute of Jehovah which the prophets called loving-kindness is the whole body of our religion. In Christ's mouth the word became: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself, and the Lord thy God ——'"

"I know," Willie interrupted. "That's the way your sermon always ends. That's all there is that must be believed. So why damn a man just because he doesn't credit the assertion that the whale swallowed Jonah and cast him up again?"

Old Loving-kindness enjoyed these discussions with his son; he thought himself unmoved by them. Yet they had in the end their effect upon the man. He was so proud of Willie that he could not avoid feeling that what Willie held to be true must have some merit in it; and the result was, as the years drew on, some modification in his preachings.

He was blind to the fact that he thus set himself in neutral ground between two parties. James Ginn and the elders of the congregation held sternly to the old and rigid creed of full belief. His half desertion provoked them to protest, and when he met them with smiling and kindly inflexibility they heard him in grim and silent disapproval. But at the same time the younger generation was dissatisfied with the scant measure of the change in him. He was at once too conservative for youth, too radical for age. James Ginn, who had attended every service in the church for forty years, one day stayed away. The congregation had already begun to dwindle, so slowly that the change was not perceptible. But James Ginn's empty pew was as conspicuous as the absence of the roof would have been.



"And Then All of a Sudden He Come to the End. And He Kind of Stopped There, and I Heard a Thump, and I Got Up and Looked In"

Whoever else might stay away, Willie always came to church; he and Eunice sat Sunday after Sunday in his familiar place. If he was restive there he concealed the fact, but sometimes on Sunday afternoons, while his father slept gently in the great chair in the living room, Willie went for a walk about the countryside.

On one of these excursions it occurred to him that an attractive golf course might be laid out upon the ridge above the village, and he spent thereafter more than one long hour in spying out the land. Old Loving-kindness did not know of this, but even if he had known, it is unlikely that he would have remonstrated. He was less and less inclined, as he grew older, to offer any opposition to his son.

Willie Lamb had not only an ability for business; it appears that he had also a genius in that direction. By the time of the outbreak of the European war he had achieved such a position in Denham that he was able to take advantage of the opportunities the conflict afforded. Four years later he was reputed to be the wealthiest man in Denham; and halfway from Denham to Maybury he had begun the construction of the Lamb mills, to replace the smaller units of manufacture which he had in the meantime absorbed. He had first emerged from the position of an employe into that of an executive when, by the death of old James Ginn, Eunice inherited her father's property; and the little Ginn mill was the germ from which Willie's vast holdings later sprang.

He closed down the old mill, of course. When its purpose had been served it was no longer economic to keep it in operation, and with its closing some half a dozen families were thrown out of employment and moved from Maybury to Denham, to find new work there. The minister saw them go with sorrow. There were among them faces which looked up at him every Sunday from the pews below his pulpit, and he spoke of this to Willie.

But Willie said heartily, "Don't worry, father! There'll be plenty of people flocking to hear you preach before long. I'm going to bring Maybury to life again."

He was in this respect as good as his word. He came home to Maybury to live and to build a tremendous estate which covered some thirty acres of land on the crest of one of the nearer wooded hills. Others followed him. His house was the first of a dozen or more; and in the space of four or five years his example brought about that change which converted Maybury from a sleepy little town into a center of gay activity. He carried out his

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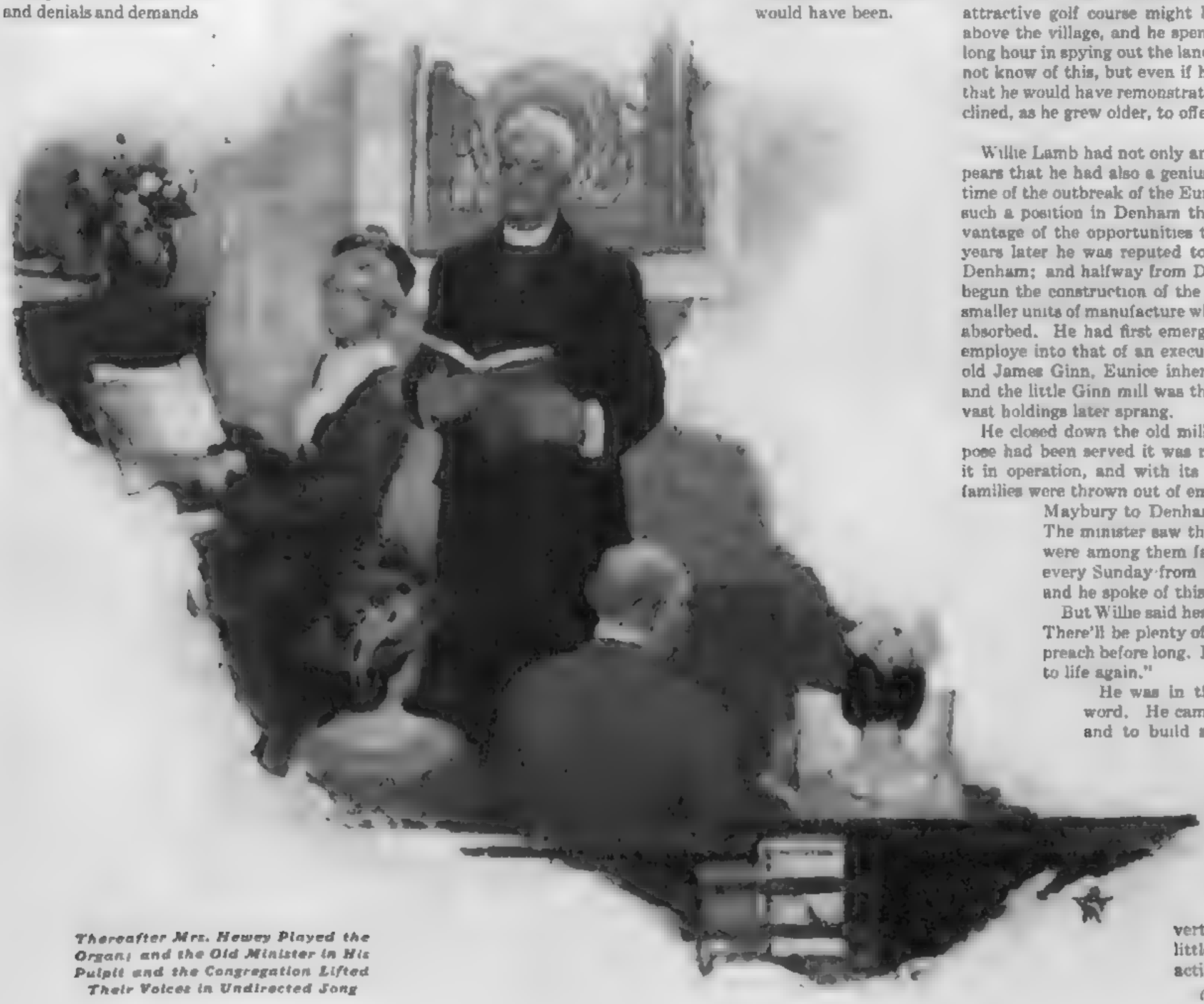

Thereafter Mrs. Hewey Played the Organ, and the Old Minister in His Pulpit and the Congregation Lifted Their Voices in Undirected Song

HOTHOUSE

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

OPERATING in a cube clinic, the Wildcat set a couple of bones so that they read seven. "I lets it lay. Shoots de two-fifty. Shower down, skeptics, whilst I demonstrates seven. Fade an' fall back! School dice, spell me seven! S fo' suttinly! S fo' centennial! Wham! An' dey spelled six-ace! I lets it ride. Shoots de five hund'ed. Fade me whilst de college cubes spin an' spell! Shower down, Samsons, show yo' stren'th! Dice, agile wid de alphabet! Spell me 'leven! L fo' slefump money! N fo' ennytime! Bam! An' de six-five concludes my part of de evenin's entertainment."

The Wildcat baled his harvest with three quick gestures and backed out of the kneeling circle of brunet scientists. "Come along, Demmy," he called to his diminutive companion. "Fetch dat Lily goat. Us needs sleep."

On the street, the Wildcat began a march in the early dawn toward his obscure rooming house. Trailing ten feet behind him and leading Lily, followed the ever faithful Demmy. "You betteh bodyguard me f'm de rear, Demmy," the Wildcat suggested. "In case us meets enny complainin' customers face to face, I salutes 'em wid my foldin' sword an' us walks th'ough de gap in dey ranks. Main thing you got to look out fo' is gittin' overtook by somebody whut craves a rebate."

"I guards yo' retreat, Wilecat," Demmy assured his leader. "How much does you figger de gran' total 'mounts up to?"

"'Cludin' de last pass, I got a little oveh a even thousan' dollars wid me."

"Neveh seed nobody build up so quick f'm fifty cents in my life."

"Dere You is, Wilecat—Three Hund'ed an' Thutty Dollars in Each Pile." Honeytone Reached for the First Pile. "Us is All Assessed One-Third of de Capital Stock, Equal"

"Me an' Lady Luck done de best we could, Demmy. Main thing is to git secluded in de roomin' house befo' dem bereaved brethren comes to."

"An' de sooner de safer," Demmy added. "De marvel to me is dey rode you so long widout wakin' up."

"Lady Luck had 'em hypnotized. . . . Heah's de roomin' house. Edge in quiet behind me an' lock de do'."

Under the rays of the single electric light in their room the Wildcat disgorged his plunder. A mound of crumpled greenbacks grew before Demmy's rolling eyes. With the last handful from the side pocket of his coat, "Dere you is," the Wildcat announced. "You an' me was pardners in fo' bits a hour ago. Now us divides dat mammoth crop whut growed f'm freckled seeds whah de top specks read seven. You reads figgers real good. Set down here on de bed an' divide dat green mountain into yo' hill an' mine."

Before the auditing department was half through its pleasing occupation a knock sounded on the door of the room. "Wilecat, is you in dere?"

"Who dat?"

"Dis yo' fraternal brotheh. I greets you in de mystic name of fellowship."

Honeytone Boone! The Wildcat whispered harshly to Demmy, "Cover dat money up wid yo' coat!" And then, in a rising tone, "Dat you, Honeytone?"

"Dat's me. Open de do'. I brings you glad tidings."

Demmy groaned his farewell to Lady Luck. "Dere you is, Wilecat—Ol' Man Trouble hisself."

"Mebby not." In spite of past misfortunes which had attended his associations with Honeytone Boone, the Wildcat opened the door.

Honeytone Boone extended the hand of fellowship. "Wilecat, in de hallowed name of friendship, sobriety an' tolerance, I greets you." Then—recognizing Demmy—"Dog-gone if dere ain't yo' li'l' pardner! Demmy, how is you?"

"Bearin' my mis'ry, Honeytone."

"Mighty glad to hear it." Honeytone beamed. "I heerd 'bout de killin' you boys made de minnit I got offen de train, an' widout stoppin' I heads dis way to congranulate you "

"Much oblige'." The warmth of the Wildcat's reply approximated that of an iceberg. "Whut train you git off of?"

"Come down f'm de capital wid my 'corporation papers."

Into the following vacuum Honeytone injected a question: "Wilecat, kin I have yo' an' Demmy's advice? I craves a verbal boon."

Inspired by memories of expensive lessons, the Wildcat hesitated a moment, and then, reluctantly—"Go ahead, Honeytone, promulgate yo'self."

"Whut I craves to know is dis: S'pose I appoints a man presidump of de Universal Aroma Company. De way livin' spences is nowadays, does you think a thousan' dollars a month would be 'fair wages, considerin' de importance of his position?"

"Whut is dis Universal Aroma thing?"

"Mighty big company. Boy, is you got enny idea how much money folks spends fo' cosmetics?"

"Cain't say is I."

"Dere you is." The interrogator turned to the Wildcat's companion. "Demmy, kin you answer de question?"

"Neveh seed me no cosmetic dat I knows of. Whut dey look like?"

Honeytone grunted his criticism of Demmy's ignorance, and then, launching into his prospectus—"Fo' out of five folks is unpopular on account of dey lacks cosmetics. Many a time all dat kep' a boy f'm winnin' fame an' fortune in dis vale of tears is a good cosmetic. In all yo' travels yo' eye neveh lit on no rancid social leader, did it? Answer my question."

"Not 'less you agrees, Honeytone, dat rancid is like rancid acks," the Wildcat hedged

"Ise speakin' purely in de olfactory sense. Dat's whah de Universal Aroma Company fills a long-felt want. Gittin' back to de fust question—is a thousan' dollars a month enuff fo' de man, does you think?"

"Thousan' dollars a month's enuff fo' ennybody. I'd be mighty glad to git dat much."

Honeytone Boone stuck out his hand with the gesture of a striking rattlesnake. "Wilecat, seal de bond! Mistuh Presidump of de Universal Aroma Company, I congranulates you. You's elected! An' now, whilst us is in dis executive session, us might as well surrender to de popular demand an' leave Demmy be de gin'ral manager." Turning to Demmy—"De gin'ral manager wages is de same as de presidump gits—thousan' dollars a month. Dey's a shade mo' labor c'nected wid de job. Got to drive yo' own auto'beel, whereas de presidump rides on de seat 'longside of you."

"Whut's all dis rigmarole you's goin' th'ough? Whah at does de auto'beel part come in? Whut's dis Aroma thing?"

"Sit down on de bed dere an' keep quiet whilst I splains," Honeytone returned. "In de fust place I aims to start a li'l' factory whah, as fur as de world kin see an' smell, de main output is musk perfume. You knows how one an' all relishes musk. Now lissen to me close. Oveh an' above de fair sect, whut's de most popular subjeck in de world in spite of whut ennybody says?"

Without having to summarize the world's popular subjects, Demmy answered a fraction of a second before the Wildcat. "Likker!" he exclaimed.

"Demmy's right," the Wildcat seconded, "but I kain't see whah dat joins on wid yo' Universal Aroma Company."

"Joins on dis way: De foundation of musk perfume an' enny other perfume is de same as de foundation of likker—namely an' to wit, de chemical whut is knowed as

industrious alcohol. All de laws in de country seems to be sot agin a boy gittin' hisself a social drink, but dey ain't nuthin' which mitigates agin de free an' unlimited use of industrious alcohol. Ise got de permit documents in my pocket which enables me to start dis Universal Aroma Company. De main output kin be musk perfume, or it kin be juniper perfume, dependin' whut de customers puffers. Right now all I needs to git goin' is a presidump an' a gin'ral manager. De presidump's job is to mingle a li'l' dab of musk in wid dis industrious alcohol an' de gin'ral manager corks de bottles, takes charge of de delivery an' finds out does de customers puffer musk mo' dan juniper."

"Honeytone, whut part does you take in dis Aroma thing?"

"I'll be busy wid de Hothouse Club."

"How come what you says?"

"I says Hothouse Club—social organization to utilize de surplus products of de Universal Aroma Company. Club is composed of men an' women whut kin pay de membership price an' de evenin' dues. Meets ev'y evenin'. De members is divided into two classes, Vi'lets an' Junipers, dependin' is dey female or male. I aims to be de Soopreem Rake, whut 'cumulates de members an' mixes 'em round in de garden of friendship. Figgered you'd be Soopreem Cloud-burst whut distributes de gratifyin' rain outen bottles supplied by de Universal Aroma Company. Demmy mitigates around as Soopreem Nozzle. Dues is high enuff fo' Vi'lets or Junipers, so no matteh how parched de garden is us profits mighty heavy." Pausing a moment, Honeytone gazed intently at the newly elected Supreme Cloud-burst of the Hothouse Club. "How dat hit you?"

"Honeytone, as titbits goes, it sounds middlin' ambrosia. Whut I kain't see right now is how you figgers on runnin' dis Hothouse Club widout instigatin' de pro'bition folks."

"Ain't I told you dey ain't got nuthin' to do wid industrious alcohol?" Honeytone's eyes narrowed and he fixed his gaze suddenly upon Demmy's coat, where it lay spread over the pile of bank notes on the bed. "How much money you got under dat coat?"

"How come you knows 'bout dat money? Ain't none of it stickin' out."

"Money got to be some place. Ain't none of it bulgin' out on yo' 'natomy. Seein' th'ough things is my bizness."

The Wildcat gave up. "Somewhah round a thousan' dollars, Honeytone. I made eleven passes f'm fo' bits."

"Nobody else eveh done it an' come out alive. Demmy, pick yo' coat up. Dat money's just in time fo' de fust gran' assessment."

"Whut you mean—assessment?"

Honeytone spoke harshly: "You's in bizness, ain't you? How you goin' to run a bizness widout spences an' collateral? Stack dat money up till I divides it into dividends."

Under the financier's skillful fingers the money was divided presently into three equal amounts. "Dere you is, Wilecat—three hund'ed an' thutty dollars in each pile." Honeytone reached for the first pile. "Us is all assessed one-third of de capital stock, equal." He pocketed the first roll of bills. "Dat's yo' assessment, Wilecat, paid up legal into de capital stock." Fixing Demmy with a cast-iron look, the promoter reached for the second stack of bank notes. "Dat's yo' assessment, Demmy. Now you stands free an' aboveboard." The captain of industry divided the third stack of banknotes into two equal amounts. "Comes out even hund'ed an' sixty-five dollars apiece. Dat's half fo' you, Wilecat, an' half fo' Demmy. Nex' thing us does, fust thing in de mawnin', is to git de 'quipment ready. You two men betteh git yo'selfs some sleep. Got a hard day ahead of you tomorr'."

"Whah you gwine, Honeytone?" Demmy moved toward the door and turned the key in the lock as he spoke.

The promoter reconsidered whatever plans he might have made. "Ain't gwine no place," he explained in a pacifying tone. "Us is 'filiated brethren of de Hothouse Club, ain't us? Main thing to do now is to rest till de dawn of a new day brings its burden of labor. Roll in, cumrades. I sleeps in dis chair. Rest yo'selfs fo' tomorr's conflick."

Early the next day, after the combined Supreme Cloud-burst of the Hothouse Club and president of the Universal Aroma Company had eaten his way through a breakfast for each of his new titles, at Honeytone's direction he set out to find a secondhand automobile. "Git a car built fo' speed mo' dan fo' looks," Honeytone advised. "Don' pay mo' dan a hund'ed dollars down. You kin git a mighty good car fo' dat now'days."

"I gits de car, Honeytone. Whah at is I gwine to meet you?"

"Ain't I done told you? Meet me at de Hothouse Club. By de time you gits back I has dat buildin' rented an' de sign painted on de front do'. Street numbeh is 711—you ought to remember dat."

The Wildcat returned with the secondhand car, a sprightly ten-year-old, within the hour. He found the Hothouse Club transformed from a series of vacant rooms into an inviting establishment, which, before the day was done, would include a dance floor, plenty of chairs, a few card tables and some glassware. Greeting Honeytone, "Ise bound to say you is a whirlwind when you starts," the Wildcat conceded.

"Us ain't started yit," Honeytone returned. "Did you git dat car?"

"All I got is a towering car whut kin distribute sixty miles a hour an' have plenty left fo' breakfus'," the Wildcat boasted.

"You an' Demmy be able to circulate around mighty noble among yo' Aroma customers wid dat car. Come along wid me now, Wilecat, whilst us gits de fust shipment of dis industrious alcohol."

"Whah at's de factory? You got dat rented too?"

"Not on'y got it rented but oveh an' above dat I got de Sho Fire bought."

"Whut's dis Sho Fire thing?"

"Mechanical delivery boy, you might say. Whah at does you figger you'd be, Wilecat, drivin' round town reg'lar wid de back end of yo' hack filled up wid five-gallon cans of industrious alcohol ev'y day?"

"Figgers de second trip I'd be on my way to jail."

"You figgers right. Dey's a limick to ev'ything, an' whilst dis Universal Aroma Company is legitimate, us ain't goin' to pull no pro'bition lion's whiskers. Lissen to me, boy. Whilst you was gittin' de auto an' whilst Demmy was 'rangin' his Hothouse Club, I bought de best Sho Fire orchard spray you eveh see. Got it mounted on a trailer wid a box oveh it an' nobody kin tell is it a fire department, a vacuum-cleanin' rig or a dogwagon. S'pose you gits a hurry-up call f'm some customer half a mile away whut craves a gallon of fust-class Aroma. Away you goes wid yo' outfit, an' when you 'rives at de place you starts de Aroma pump an' walks into de customer's house draggin' de Aroma hose f'm de Sho Fire behind you, turns on de nozzle an' squirts his gallon of Aroma into his bottle, you takes de money an' dere you is, in de broad daylight, widout nobody askin' questions. Direck to consumeh an' laff at de police—dat's yo' slogum. Come along whilst us gits de fust wholesale Aroma f'm de gov'ment warehouse."

Continued on Page 190

Bam! "Halt Where You Stand, Black Boy!" Click! Bracelets. "Throw 'im in th' Wagon, Dinty!"

The New Four Hundred of New York

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY R. ALLEN COLEMAN

THE mother of three little girls—twins, aged eight, and another not yet seven—scolded her husband vigorously the other day because he refused to take these youngsters skating at his club near their Long Island house. They had gone down from New York for a week-end in the country, and he maintained that the children were better off at home than at the club pond, which was crowded with boys.

"That's the very reason I want them to go," said his wife.

"But they'll never learn to skate that way!"

"What has that got to do with it? Skating's not of any importance compared with having them meet a lot of boys!"

He stared at her, apparently unable to believe that a woman hitherto noted for her common sense could have uttered such a remark.

"Listen," she defended herself. "Do you know what I'll have to go through with in another few years?" She looked out of the library window into the snow-covered garden where their three daughters were trying to slide down a miniature hill. "Have you any idea what it will take for those girls to come out?"

"A lot of money, I guess."

"Money's the least of it! It's boys that count. Boys! Do you know that every girl takes at least three boys to every dance, and they must be a different three at each dance? And think of us having twin girls! Just try to add up the number of boys they've got to know in order to be successful."

She began to write down names on a long blue sheet of paper.

"This has opened up a whole new idea to me." Her husband threw aside the rotogravure section of the Sunday newspaper. "I can see that where we made our first mistake was in not having a couple of older sons who would bring their friends home with them."

Boys Will be Boys

BUT his wife refused to treat the subject lightly. "The only consolation about that is that then we'd have their parties to worry about too. My cousin, Elmira, nearly goes frantic during the holidays when her two boys are home from college."

They happened to be dining later in the week at Cousin Elmira's new apartment on Fifth Avenue, and the subject came up again.

"The Girl Got Used to Having Men Around, Learned How to Talk to Them, and Even My Boys Said That She Was a Wow"

She insisted that it was more nerve-racking to have sons than daughters. "The telephone rings from morning to night. The mail is filled with nothing except invitations to dinners and dances, which they expect someone to answer. Often the boys have never heard of their hostess or of the girl who's inviting them. They get all mixed up—accept two or three dinners for the same night, and go to endless dances, of course. And then, as if that wasn't enough, the next thing I know they've stayed away from all the parties they've been invited to—often those given by my best friends—and have crashed some other dance where they weren't asked! Oh, don't talk to me about boys! It's like a cyclone when they're here. Their father and I never see anything of them. They come in at any hour of the morning, from four on, sleep until noon, then dash out again to some lunch party. We never see them. We'd scarcely know they were at home except for their telephone calls."

"Not to mention the bills," amended her husband from the other end of the oval table.

"Bills?" said the mother of the three daughters. "But I thought the girls paid for everything now."

"Oh, my dear!" Cousin Elmira started again. "They send enough flowers to stock a greenhouse, and not the kind of flowers boys used to send us, either—no roses or modest violets. Gardenias or orchids. Have you bought any gardenias or orchids lately? Well, just go in and ask the price of them at any florist's."

"And as for taxi bills! You'd think the dances were held in taxicabs!"

"Then when they take a girl to lunch or tea, of course, they go only to the most expensive places—places their father and I would think twice about going to. And they buy theater seats at incredible prices!"

"Not to mention night clubs."

"But why do they go to night clubs, with all these private balls every night? I should think they'd get enough dancing."

"Oh, it's not the dancing; it's the music and the excitement." Their father looked at his wife. "Do you remember when I was called up at three o'clock one morning last Christmas and was informed that one of the boys had got into a fight in a night club and been thrown out?"

"Yes, and it was the roughest place in New York. We never could find out what he had been doing. But the next night most of his crowd rushed to the place hoping they'd get into a row too. An awfully nice coming-out party some friends of ours were giving that night for their daughter was a total failure because of it. They had ordered supper for eight hundred, and by the time it was served there weren't half that number of guests left."

They then spoke of that curious factor in the success or failure of a party which is based so largely on underground rumor.

Another debutante party this year started off gayly in the ballroom of one of the smart hotels, and gave every sign of continuing in this vein, until one person arrived who had stopped on his way at another coming-out party at a restaurant a block or two away.

"They are going to have some marvelous professional dancers about two o'clock," he said. "It's a slick party."

He said it to the first dozen people he saw. Each of the dozen passed on the word, and the rumor spread so fast that within an hour almost everyone at the dance had left to go to the other. The result was that the successful dance was so overcrowded that supper had to be ordered for twice as many people as had been expected, while the bewildered hosts at the other dance only a few rods away saw a handful of people sit down to a supper that had been prepared for a thousand guests.

"Someone ought to write social-success insurance. You ought to be able to take out a policy which would pay you damages in case a party is wrecked," said the father of the three daughters.

"The best insurance in a place as huge as New York," said their mother promptly, "is to start when girls are very young and see to it that they know lots of boys. Don't you agree?"

"Yes, but just knowing them isn't going to be enough," said Cousin Elmira. "My boys know lots of girls they don't like. Of course acquaintance is important, but the girl herself must have charm in order to be popular."

A Girl Nobody Liked

THE discussion about popularity became heated; no one could say how it could be acquired, yet all agreed as to the girls who possessed it. The most controversial part of the argument arose over the question of whether or not it can be acquired, or whether it comes from a quality with which one must be born. Both of the men declared it was innate, but their wives insisted that they knew a number of cases where it had been superimposed.

"Take that Ewing girl, for instance," said the hostess. "Now Nelly Ewing, her mother, and I went to school together, and I've always been very fond of young Helen; but do you think I could get my boys to be nice to her just because I liked her? Certainly not! I tried having her visit us once or twice in the summer at Bar Harbor, but it was no good. The boys just wouldn't pay any attention to her. When I said she was much nicer and much prettier than most of the girls they did like, they just looked at me pityingly and said, 'What's that got to do with it? She's a flop!' Then they'd rush out to play tennis or sail with some other girl. I couldn't see what was the matter with her, but I knew there was something wrong, for it wasn't only at our house that it happened, but everywhere else. Finally, thank heaven, even her own mother realized it and made up her mind to see what could be done about it. . . . Let's go into the other room for coffee—you men can bring your cigars with you."

After they were seated in the drawing-room, with its many windows overlooking the lights of Central Park, she went on: "You see, Nelly has always been the sweetest and most unworldly person in the world. That's probably one reason we all love her so much. But she grew up in a New York totally different from the one we live in now. Her world was a very small one. When she came out her family gave a dance for her in their own house in the East Thirties, and they invited the people they knew, most of whose parents Nelly's grandparents had known. She inherited a very nice social position, just the way she inherited a comfortable income. But that was in old New York, and she was so secure in it that she never thought about it or was conscious of having it. She married a man of the same set who had been a noted cotillion leader. . . . Doesn't that take you back, though?"

She gazed reminiscently through a cloud of smoke as she stirred the sugar in her tiny cup.

"Do go on about the daughter," her cousin urged. "I'm taking mental notes of all this, you see."

"Well, her husband died the year after little Helen was born, and as the child wasn't very well, Nelly decided to go out into the country to the healthiest place she could find. Heaven knows, one can't criticize her for that, and yet it came near ruining the girl's whole life. For she had

her mind so set on air and altitude that she didn't stop to consider the neighborhood at all. She built a very nice house and she got an excellent nurse, and later a French governess, and she brought the child up by hand in the most worthy way. The only flaw was that the girl grew up alone, without any intimate friends of her own age. During the first few years, when she wasn't well, she had to be under a strict regimen, and so she didn't even go to day school, but had all her lessons at home. During the summers they traveled. They usually went abroad, and Helen learned to speak French beautifully and became an expert pianist and all that, but still she didn't know anyone her own age. Nelly dropped out of things in New York a good deal. She'd come in and see her intimate friends from time to time, and sometimes we'd go out there, but it was a little dull and the men never liked it."

"No, mam!" her husband agreed.

"Whenever we asked her when she was coming back to town to live she'd say, 'When Helen's ready to come out.' Finally, when the girl was seventeen, I asked her when and where she was going to give her party, and told her she'd have to reserve whatever ballroom she wanted for the next year, and spoke about the subscription dances she must get cards to. Apparently, up to this time she had been living in a sort of Rip Van Winkle dream, believing that Helen would come out very much as she herself had done, and just automatically become a popular debutante. But the moment she started the actual machinery going she woke up with a crash."

The speaker's husband lighted a fresh cigar. "But how did that help Helen to acquire charm?"

"I'm coming to that. For one of the first things her mother woke up to was the importance of subdeb activities. As a matter of fact, most of the successful debutantes have been started, when about eight, in the way they should go, by way of the right dancing classes, and so on. And if you look back you'll find that lots of mothers have given tea dances every winter for three or four years before the girl actually comes out. In that way the boys know the girl, have been entertained by her, and she is to them a definite personality, not just another deb. But at any rate, the year just before a girl comes out is vital. Even Nelly realized that. Her troubles had just begun when she got invitations for her to the important subscription dances. For to each of these she was supposed to take three boys!—that was the difficulty. By this time Nelly had decided to close her country house and take a furnished flat in town for the winter. She was ready to buy clothes and give dinners and do anything necessary to prepare Helen for her debut the next year.

"But when it came to finding boys whom Helen knew and who were not already engaged for the dances, it was a terrible ordeal. After writing and telephoning to something like twenty-five boys and being refused, they gave it up. 'It's too humiliating,' Helen declared. 'I'd rather never come out than to go through this again.' Then it was that her mother discovered that much of the fault lay in the girl's inability to attract the youngsters she did meet. Helen felt it, too, and, of course, as soon as she became self-conscious about it, it was an accomplished fact. So Nelly decided to do something drastic. As I said, she has always been the most unworldly person imaginable, but even she could see that it would be fatal to let the child go on like that. So, after quite a lot of thought, she decided to take her to a place where there were heaps of men in proportion to the number of girls.

"So she sublet her flat and went up to Boston just after Christmas. She told everybody that Helen wanted to study something or other, but the truth was that Nelly had her eye on Harvard for quite another reason. She had a good many family connections up there, and in Boston this still counts, so she was able to see that Helen had a marvelous time. The result was that the girl got used to having men around, learned how to talk to them, and even my boys said, when they saw her in the summer, that she was a wow. When she came out in New York the next year she had a great success. So you see," the speaker turned triumphantly toward her husband, "I was right in saying that charm can be acquired!"

"H'm. Your story only proves that the right circumstances can bring out hidden charm the way a hot bath brings out measles. But wait a minute," he rushed on before she could interrupt him, "the thing that interests me most about all this discussion of contemporary society is that two entirely opposing points of view are shown. One is that a girl, in order to be successful, must please men. That's as old as the hills. But in New York today there exists at the same time the most feministic society in the world."

"What do you mean, feministic?" The father of the three small daughters put out his cigar.

"I mean that all the suffrage agitation a few years ago about women voting and getting equal opportunities in business with men, and so on, has amounted to less from a political or economic standpoint than it has from a social. I honestly believe that the life of the workingwoman has been less affected by all this propaganda of feminism than the life of the so-called parasite who has no profession except society."

He warmed to his subject. "Women run the whole show now. Much more than they ever did before. We can all remember, for instance, when the opinions of certain men who were always spoken of as famous cotillion leaders were considered very important. Their verdicts

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"They are Going to Have Some Marvelous Professional Dancers About Two o'Clock," He Said. "It's a Slick Party"

OVER THE ROPES

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

I'M A RED-HAIRED girl, twenty years old, and my name is Glove Marberry. That makes me clear except that you might wrinkle a brow over the "Glove." I was named by my father after his profession. He didn't manufacture gloves; he traded them over a resined canvas with other middleweights until One-Round Pneumonia took him for the long, long count.

My mother passed on as I arrived, so she had nothing to do with the christening. I think it was her idea to call me Gloria, and at school I often pretended that was my name. No more, though. I neither look nor act like a Gloria. What's the difference, anyways? I once saw dad put away in thirty seconds a fist fancier who billed himself as All The Way Hennessey.

Well, that's enough about the announcer. This broadcast doesn't concern me much; Rufe Bannister is the Marine Band and the German Lessons on this program. You might recall him as Rough 'Em Rufe, if you happen to be patron of the poke-and-punch parties. You certainly will remember his bout for the title with Red Malone. That made the front pages.

"Better Go Along With Me, Girlie. You'll Get Your Man and a Bank Roll at the Same Time"

It was a week before the mill with the champ that I put Rufe on the air, so to speak. The boy must have had a hunch about what was home brewing for him when I called him up from the office and invited him to take me to lunch. He acted like a kid on his way to the woodshed for a game of give and take with the old man.

"Win, lose or draw," says I, right on the heels of my hello, "Monday night you exit from the ring, and you exit smilingly and finally."

"Gosh," mumbles Rufe. "You going to make me quit?"

"The nail's already on the wall," I tells him, "to hang up the last pair of punch pillows you'll ever use."

"Listen," he argues. "The champ's going to be a pushover for me. He ain't ——"

"Ain't?" I frowns.

"Is not," corrects Rufe. "What I want to say is that after I lick Malone there'll be a year of fat gravy for me. Fat figures with the pictures, the two-a-day and the set-ups I ought to drag down a couple of hundred thousand berries—er—dollars. And then, honey ——"

"And then," I cuts in, "there won't be any then."

"You mean," inquires Bannister, "you'd give me the air?"

"Would I?" I comes back. "I'd give it to you so strong you'd think you were in an electric-fan factory during a cyclone. Didn't you promise to retire as soon as you got a chance at the title?"

"Yes," admits Rufe, "but the big money ——"

"Big money, your aunt's ear muffs!" I snaps. "All my life I've heard boxers talking big money. The house was always full of floor kissers cadging meals with one hand and drawing dollar signs with the other. My father got up collections to bury most of them and I had to pawn my mother's engagement ring to pay for his funeral."

"The purses," remarks Bannister, "weren't so juicy them days"

"Those days," I reminds him. . . . "What of it?" I goes on. "If you haven't any brains a dollar will leave you as soon as a dime—sooner, it's got farther to go"

"I don't need brains," says Rufe.

"Why not?" I asks, sarcastic.

"I got you—and yours," he answers, reaching his wicked right gently across the table.

"Thanks for the sleigh ride," I smiles, pulling my hand away, "but I haven't enough to split two ways."

"I'm not so dumb," growls Bannister. "Haven't I been going to night school regular? Haven't I been reading those books on politeness? Don't I know whether she should ask him in or not? Haven't I been saving my jack—john, I guess is the swell word," he finishes sullen.

"You've been doing fine, boy friend," I tells him, "and I'm proud of you. No, you're not dumb, but I want you to turn your wits to something besides figuring out whether Malone is a sucker for a left hook or whether Slaughterhouse Mulligan will fall for the phony all-in gag and—put down your knife, Rufe. You eat salad with a fork, exclusive."

"Suppose you can't break it with a fork," grumbles Bannister.

"Take your time," I advises. "If you can't break a lad's jaw with your right, you jab him to pieces with your left."

"What'll I do if I quit?" asks Rufe. "I don't know anything but fighting."

"Not so far," I agrees, "but you're young, you've learned to think fast, you've got some money and you ought to go big in some business."

"What business?" inquires Bannister.

"We'll pick it out later," I answers. "The first thing is to get you through and shut with the fight game."

"What you got against it so much?" demands Rufe "It's honest, isn't it?"

"It can be," I returns, "but that isn't the only answer to a business. Working for the pound and shooting down dogs in the street is honest, but you wouldn't care for the job, would you?"

"Boxing's nothing like that," objects Bannister.

"Whether it is or isn't, it's not for you," I flares up. "For every decent guy that's ground out of the fist mill there are others that are tramps and pan handlers. I know what I'm talking about, and you know that I know."

"If I quit," says Rufe suddenly, "will you marry me right away?"

"No," I tells him. "I'm not trading myself for a thousand-to-one shot."

"Thousand-to-one shot?" he puzzles.

"You got me, boy friend," says I, sharp. "In the whole history of the world there's only one case where a wife reformed a husband. A second-story worker promised he'd quit the racket, and he did. After the wedding he became a pickpocket."

"I ain't asking nobody to reform me none."

"So's your old grammar!" I returns. "Whatever the case, I'm not giving away a 'yes' for an 'if.' . . . Ever do any fishing?"

"Sure," answers Bannister, "but ——"

"Ever feed any bait to a fish," I goes on, "after you've caught it?"

"What are you talking about?" grumbled Rufe.

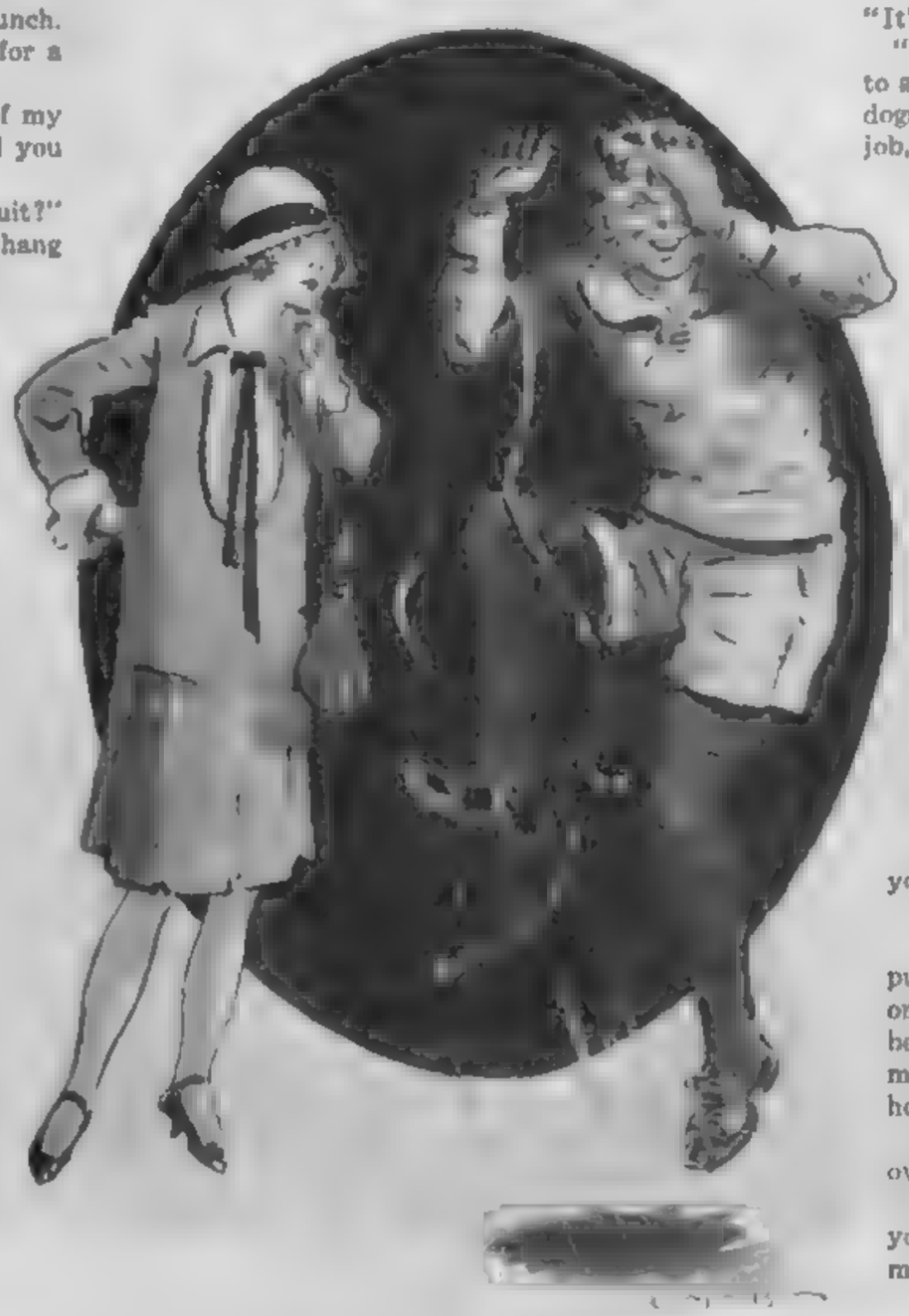
"I'm the fish," I explains, "and you're trying to pull me ashore with promises. Performances are the only kind of bait I fall for, and they've got to be A Number One performances at that. The chances are if I married you next week you'd sign for a mill during the honeymoon."

"Aw, Glove!" And Rufe looks so hurt I get soft all over

"Listen," I says, "when we met two years ago I saw you had good stuff in you—not good ring stuff, but good man stuff. I thought maybe I could help you ——"

"You have, honey!" cries Bannister. "You have!"

"No," I tells him, "I haven't. I'm just a load. You want to keep on fighting and that lets me out of the



"You Should Have Seen the Old Boy Froth When I Pulled the Good-By-Forever Stuff on Him This Morning"

line-up. I figured when I got you to going to night school and reading books and dressing more like a gentleman and less like a three-alarm fire in a batik shop that you'd get sick of the ring game all by yourself"

"I am, kind of," comes back Rufe, "but there's big money in sight and I want to get it—for you. Give me a year and I swear ——"

"Swear it to Sweeney," I interrupts, harsh. "If you're not out of the game next Tuesday morning you can look in that book of politeness of yours and see how to act when you meet a red-haired girl with a turned-up nose who's a perfect stranger to you."

"Stranger or not," says Bannister, "you'll always be perfect"

"That's a quick right cross to my vanity," I remarks, "but I've got my guard up. What's the answer, boy friend? Are you going to spend your life with the dis-and-dat mob down by the gas works or are you going to follow me up the avenue?"

"Do you love me?" counters Rufe.

"I don't know—yet," I answers.

"Look at me," he orders.

That's one of the easiest things I do. It's no hardship resting your gaze on clear-cut, unmarked features, topped off with blond curly hair, especially when the brown eyes are soft and the lips are trembly. But I hardens my heart.

"That won't do any good," says I. "I can't tell by looking at a bunch of raw cotton in a field whether I'd like to have a dress made out of it."

"Huh?" mutters Rufe.

"It's got to be cleaned of its burs," I continues, "and other rough stuff, bleached and woven and dyed before you can pass on the cloth. You're a fine stand of raw cotton, my dear, but what kind of goods will you be when you come through the mill?"

"Gosh, haven't I been through the mill?"

"You're just in the first process," I answers. "The next is to get rid of the muck and mud of the fight game. Now get me right, Rufe. I'm no perfect piece of tapestry myself, but I am trying to weave myself into a better fabric than the raw material justifies, perhaps, but ——"

"I like you just as you are," cuts in Bannister, sweet and fierce.

"I like you the way you are, too," I replies, "but I think I'll love you the way you will be. Well," I goes on, sliding off the rainbow, "are you fighting after Monday night?"

"Maybe once," says Rufe.

"What'll I Do if I Quit?" Asks Rufe. "I Don't Know Anything But Fighting"

"Once?" I repeats. "Who with?"

"With any guy," returns the boy friend, "who tries to make me fight again."

II

I REACH the office a half hour late and when the boss buzzes for me I get my repartee all ready for the bawling out I figures is coming. Nothing like that happens, though, old J. W. Mason being all smiles when I trips up to his mahogany. "Miss Marberry," says he, "I wonder if you would help me out."

"Give it a name," I returns.

"I have some folks coming up from the South," goes on Mason, "and I'd like to take them to the Malone-Bannister fight. I can't buy any decent tickets. Could you get me some through your friend Bannister?"

"Sure," I tells him. "Pat Hayes—he's Rufe's manager, you know—always holds out a bunch. On my way home I'll pry him loose from a set. How many?"

"Six," says the boss, "and don't stop at price. I'm particularly anxious for my friends to see Bannister in action."

"You'd better be," I tells him. "It's the last time you or anybody else'll see him in the ring."

"That so?" remarks Mason. "What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," I assures him; "but he hangs up his gloves after Monday night."

"Even if he wins?" asks the boss.

"Even if," I returns. "Rufe's cut out for better things than picking 'em up and laying 'em down."

"I imagine," smiles J. W., "you had a lot to do with his decision to retire."

"Yes," I admits, "I had."

"Don't tell me," explodes Mason, "that you're retiring too."

"I won't leave you for a while yet," says I; "not, anyways, till Rufe gets established in some business"

"What are his plans?" inquires the boss

"He hasn't met them yet," I answers. "I was going to talk to you about it—about a good line for him to get into. He's got around fifty thousand dollars and about as much experience handling money as a fish has handling Subway traffic."

"Well," grins J. W., "you know all about the cotton business"

"Yes," I comes back, "and that lets that out A tricky game like this where you have to sit around trying to outguess boll weevils is not for Rufe. Can't you think of some simple business where you send out a dollar one day and it returns the next keeping company with a couple of dimes?"

"I'll try," laughs the boss. "By the way," goes on J. W., "how would you like to join me and my friends from the South at dinner Saturday night? They're all solid citizens in different lines and you might get an idea for Bannister's future. Their wives are along. Also Mrs. Mason has wanted to meet the girl who makes the wheels in the office go around."

"All right," says I, after some thought.

The notion of perhaps picking up a business hunch for Rufe appeals to me strong; besides, the boy friend's been climbing into the hay around eight bells during his training and I'm a bit hungry for a little sunburn from the bright lights.

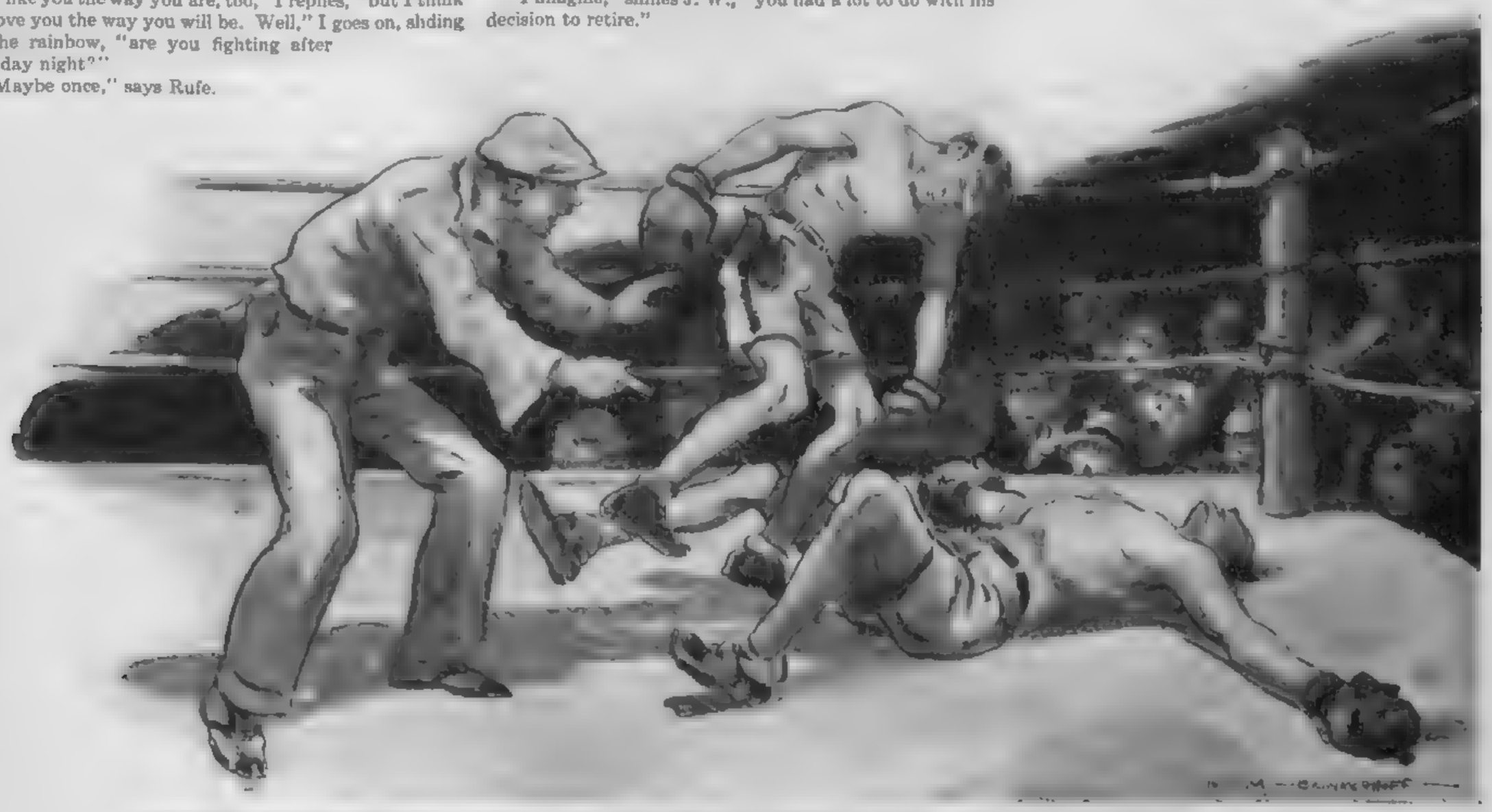
About four o'clock I leave the office for Pat Hayes' gymnasium to get the tickets for the boss and also to take a quick peek at Bannister. Rufe's on the floor jumping rope when I arrive.

"Well," I remarks, "aren't you tickled you'll never have to go through this grind again?"

"What's the difference," grins Bannister, "whether I jump rope for Malone or through hoops for you? You bet I'm tickled, girl pal. Now that I'm getting out of the ring, what's the chance of talking you into one?"

"I'll lay a finger aside for it," I promises. "Where's Pat?"

(Continued on Page 124)



Malone Turns Around Foolishly a Couple of Times, His Knees Bend Under Him and – Thud – He's Joined Rufe on the Wet Canvas

Main Street at the Metropolitan

By MARION TALLEY

As Told to Mary Margaret McBride

"WHAT make is your automobile—Italian or French?" we were asked the other day. Mamma, Florence and I burst out laughing. Nobody else in the group saw the joke. We don't own an automobile, much less one of those fussy foreign limousines with a chauffeur that you are forever having to hunt up.

The very idea of the Talleys with such a possession tickled us enormously, and yet people don't seem to understand why we feel that way. I am not very good at explaining things, but since you came from the Middle West too, maybe, if you will try to put yourself in my place, I can make you see how I do think about what they call my success.

In the first place, I imagine it takes a good deal of succeeding to make anybody feel really successful. Certainly I haven't had enough of it to get used to the idea. Next, I don't believe that anything about me has changed much since first I sang at the Metropolitan Opera last year. I like the same people, the same pleasures and have the same ambitions as before. Why shouldn't I? Mamma and I often wonder at the comments people make. When we go back home to Kansas City they say "Why, she hasn't changed a bit!" and act surprised.

Miss Marion Talley and Her Family Reading Some of the Letters and Telegrams That She Received After Her Operatic Debut

What do they expect—that a little good luck, lots of good friends and a talent for which, whether great or small, I am only the mouthpiece, would put me above myself? There is only one thing that could make me really proud. That would be improvement brought about by my own hard work.

As for the kind of success that is measured by gowns, automobiles and diamonds—well, I don't think we shall ever want any of that. It's nice to have enough money so that you don't have to worry about it. It's comfortable to know that there is sufficient in the bank to tide over the emergencies of accidents and sickness. Also, I have a pet extravagance. It is taxicabs. We never used to know what a taxicab looked like except when one would nearly upset us whizzing past at the crossings. Now we taxi to and from the Metropolitan and often take one to go shopping. That is a real thrill.

When Singing Is Part of the Day's Work

MY FATHER, a telegrapher for the Missouri Pacific, has always had a good salary, but there was never any great surplus for the rainy day or for little luxuries. Now if anything should happen to any of us we know there would be plenty to take care of everything; and if we should see something we just couldn't resist we could afford to buy it.

Another thing about my success is that since there is a market for my singing it becomes an occupation as well as a recreation. That is a great advantage, for I love to sing. When I was a little girl I was always after my sister Florence to play the piano for me, even when I couldn't pronounce the words plainly. Often I wanted to sing when mamma wanted us both to do the dishes or make the beds. The way things are now, I can sing to my heart's content and it's all in the day's work.

At the same time I mustn't give the impression that dishwashing belongs entirely to my past. Mamma, Florence and I have a six-room apartment in New York City and do every bit of our own work. Each has her chores. Mine include cooking, bed making and dish drying. The only real difference between the old days at home and the present in New York is that if something comes up in my work, such as a new rôle to be learned quickly or an old one to be polished up, mamma doesn't say, "Marion, come and help with the dishes." Instead she tells me, "Better study a little extra tonight, hadn't you?"

The Young Opera Star and Her Father In the Studio of WJZ

The apartment we have now is a good deal like the one in Kansas City, except that there we had seven rooms. We always call the Kansas City one home and some day we are going back to live in it. Papa is there now.

All Busy

LOTS of people have wondered why he doesn't come to New York and get a position here so that he could be with the rest of us. Much as we want him here, it would break our hearts if he came, because it would cut the very last connection we have with Kansas City. Naturally he misses us; but we go to see him and he comes to see us. And when he gets really hungry for home cooking we all turn in and bake up a batch of things for him.

Mamma and Florence are a great help to me in the business of being a singer. There is more work connected with it than you might suppose. Just the letters that have to be written are a big item. Luckily Florence can use the typewriter, so she usually takes charge of the correspondence. She writes a tactful letter and is fine over the telephone, too, for she can be firm and friendly at the same time. There are always business arrangements to talk over and papers to sign, for I have concert engagements in my free time and make phonograph records. I could never in the world manage all this without mamma and Florence.

The three of us are always together. We are almost as inseparable as those three Oriental monkeys you sometimes see on people's mantels—the ones that "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." We try to imitate their excellent habits, too, and don't find it so very hard, because we really are almost too busy to bother about anybody else's affairs.

We made it a rule after my debut last year not to accept social invitations. I don't like to wear evening gowns. Neither do mamma and Florence. Of course I have to wear them when I sing in a concert, but we don't any other time. The way we felt about the invitations was that if we accepted one it wouldn't be fair to refuse others. And if we went everywhere it would just mean that I would be out late at night, probably talking and eating too much. My work would be sure to suffer, and we couldn't have that.

Everybody has seemed to understand and take the refusals good-naturedly. The invitations have ranged from breakfasts to midnight suppers, and have come from clubs, musical groups and individuals. Some of them have been from wealthy people, people whose names I used to hear even out in Kansas City. In my wildest dreams then I should never have thought of their inviting me to dinner and my declining the invitation.

It has been interesting to meet men and women whom I, an inexperienced little Middle Western girl, regarded as utterly unapproachable. To my surprise, they have all proved to be just about like anybody else. Some of them are even kinder and more understanding than the average.

I don't believe that fame and money ever change real people. I remember how I used to feel about Galli-Curci, Bori, Ponselle and the other Metropolitan prima donnas before I sang there. They were like bright distant stars, and I never really thought they came down out of their heaven long enough to speak to ordinary people. They do though, and they have been mighty kind to me.

Even so, I am still awed by them. Only the other day I had a much worse attack of stage fright than I ever have when I sing, simply because I was trying to get up courage to ask Rosa Ponselle for a photograph.

Mamma always goes with me to rehearsal and I suppose she must know most of my rôles by heart. The three of us always shop together, even though it's only a single pair of gloves we have to buy. That, by the way, is a method to be recommended to congenial families. Three pairs of eyes are infinitely better than one pair, and this gregarious habit has saved us many a dollar. More than once, just when I have been on the verge of taking something, mamma has nudged me and shaken her head or whispered in an undertone, "I think you can do better than that."

I don't want to give the impression that we are stingy. We all hate that trait in people. I think we are only careful. We girls were trained to make a little go a long way,

Miss Talley at Milan, Italy, in 1925 In Oval—In "Rigoletto"

because it was necessary, and we somehow can't see any reason to change just because we have a bit more money now.

I used to market with mamma at home and know how to make tasty a cheap cut of meat or a stale-bread pudding. Florence and I were both taught the use of scraps. I remember once in Kansas City mamma handed down to Florence a velvet dress she had worn for several years. Florence made it up for herself and had it two years. It was still good, so she remodeled it for me—she sews beautifully. She cut a skirt out of the velvet and a waist from the lining of papa's overcoat.

My String of Beads

TO BE sure, it was a twenty-year-old overcoat, but the lining was a beautiful plaid wool and just as good as new. It made a lovely waist for me; and then Florence found, with a little contriving, that she could get a waist for herself out of what was left of the velvet. Everybody admired both outfits as much as if they had been brand-new, and we liked them just as well too.

Bills make me miserable. When one comes into the house I am unhappy until it is paid. The idea of a charge account scares me to death. After my picture had been in the papers a few times, several shops wrote offering to open charge accounts for me. Most of the stores were much too grand for me anyway, even if I had wanted a charge account, which I never shall. We are bargain hunters, and read all the advertisements faithfully for news of sales. Most people object to rubbing elbows with a crowd. We don't if we can save by it.

In the year following my first appearance at the Metropolitan I bought five dresses—of course, not all at one time. They are still as good as new. I never can seem to wear out my clothes. I have never bought a piece of jewelry for myself. Friends have given me necklaces and pins, most of which I have never worn, much as I appreciate people's kindness.

I do own a string of pearls which are, I believe, rather valuable. They were given me by the late Mrs. Laura Nelson Kirkwood, daughter of Colonel Nelson, former editor and owner of the Kansas City Star. These pearls are in a vault back home.

It was really very funny about them. Mrs. Kirkwood had asked me to sing at a party she was giving at her home in Kansas City. After I had sung and was getting ready to leave she put a string of beads around my neck. I thanked her, but didn't think much about it.

Mrs. Minna K. Powell, music critic on the Star, had gone to the party with Florence and me, and on the way home she told us that the beads were real pearls. Even then we didn't get excited, but she seemed to think it was so wonderful that finally we began to realize that it must be. We kept the pearls around the house until the lady in the apartment above said we'd better put them in her safe before they were stolen.

Later, somebody estimated that they were worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and we decided to rent a

safety-deposit box for them. There they have been ever since, although it has been reported more than once that I have sold them to help pay for my lessons. I wouldn't sell them for anything. They were a gift from a friend who was very kind to me and I shall keep them always for remembrance.

The strangest stories sometimes come back to us about my early life and my home. The one I have resented most was a tale to the effect that my father and mother were practically forcing me into a career and compelling me to give up the delights of being young. That is so silly. If ever a child was allowed to follow its natural bent, I was. To begin with, I was always rather old and serious minded in my ways. I never had many friends my own age because I liked better to be with my mother and sister and other older people. I was not in the least a prodigy at school, but I differed from my mates after school hours in that I never had to be driven to practice. It actually surprised me when the other girls schemed to make their mothers forget the day for their music lessons. I was always eager for mine.

Marion Talley, the Twenty-Year-Old Soprano With the Metropolitan Opera Company

In fact, my trouble was that I hardly wanted to do anything but practice. Neither Florence nor I ever cared about dancing, so we never learned how. We were the same way about cards. And the whole family has a sort of horror, due, I suppose, to our Middle Western upbringing, of the idea of a woman drinking cocktails or smoking. At the same time, we don't make platforms for anybody except ourselves. What other people do is no affair of ours, and maybe some day our feelings will change, as feelings sometimes do, though in this case I doubt it.

I've never been inside a night club and don't even know what happens there, except that, of course, I have read about them in the newspapers. I don't think they sound very interesting. We seldom go to the theater and get little time for concerts. I wish we could hear more. On the nights when I am not singing, our greatest dissipation is to go to the opera to hear somebody else. We have no radio and no leisure to listen to one if we did. We scarcely get time to play the phonograph.

A typical day for me runs something like this: If I have not sung the night before I usually get up at 6.30—never later than 7:30. If I have sung I try to sleep until 8:30 or 9:00, but seldom succeed, because I wake up and begin to think of all I have to do.

The Old Daily Routine

I HAVE a cold shower followed by a light breakfast, help with the dishes, read the papers, go over my mail and settle down to study. Sometimes I have a morning rehearsal. In that case I have to make up part of the study time next day. After luncheon I study and have my French lesson. My French teacher comes for two hours of conversation every day, except the two or three days every week that I sing at the Metropolitan. During the season I have a rehearsal almost every day except when I'm singing. Sometimes there are two rehearsals on the same day. A stage rehearsal lasts three or four hours and a shorter rehearsal from one to three hours. I usually go to bed at 10:00 or 10:30. I suppose that sounds like a dull life, but I honestly like it. I enjoy days packed to the brim with work.

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Mme. Schumann-Heink and Miss Talley

TEN POINTS

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Frew's Wife, Her Face Flushed From the Cookstove, Came to the Kitchen Door. Somehow the Sight of Her Quickened Wallace's Hatred

THE idea itself came quite suddenly to Eben Wallace, but it was the fruit of a long morning's sullen meditation in the mow of Lansing Frew's big barn, above the clack and groan of the threshing machine. As usual, he had the easiest post, his puny body tacitly spared by the two other men in the mow, so that he stood between them only when they were farthest apart, and for a full half the time could lean on the handle of his fork, watching the swift flick of the flattened sheaves as they whisked past him to the chattering jaws of the separator.

He had drawn a sulky satisfaction from these intervals of rest, from the sight of Lansing Frew out on the straw stack in the blazing sun, thigh-deep in the loose litter, his wammus jacket coated with dust and chaff. There was a sour pleasure in the knowledge that he and Frew traded work on even terms; that presently, in exchange for his intermittent labors in the mow, Frew would be standing under the straw carrier over at Wallace's barn, laying the foundations of the stack as skillfully as if it were his own. In some obscure fashion Wallace saw himself as of right entitled to the advantage in such bargains; the physical inferiority which manifestly handicapped him in every test of strength had served him all his life as pretext for dealing cunningly and close. Habit had sharpened his eye for the trivial; it was a point of pride with him to see and snatch at profit invisible to men who could have broken him between their hands.

Now, as the engineman tugged at the belt that had slipped from the pulley of the separator, Eben Wallace's eye caught sight of the loose cotter pin in the end of the shaft just before him, measured, through the opening toward the east, the height of the sun. His mind moved quickly. If everything went smoothly they would finish Frew's threshing by eleven at the latest, in plenty of time to move on to Wallace's by noon. The threshing gang, Frew and his two hands, Wallace and his own hired men, would, in that case, all eat their dinner at Wallace's table and expense. He had expected this, had warned the woman who was hired for the occasion to be ready; but his cripple's wit saw instantly a way by which, without sacrificing a minute of his own working time, he might save his corned beef and bread and coffee for supper. His hand darted out to the loose pin.

As the machine groaned into motion he moved into the granary, a space walled off the central bay. The sight of the wheat that all but filled two of the three bins affected him, as always, with a stab of coveting greed. It was like gold; compressed, it was the long, slow service of the land, the harsh toil of men and patient horses and machines. Wallace's mind computed its bulk and value as he swept up a handful and judged it shrewdly for grade, his ear turned expectantly to the doorway.

A sense of grievance glowed in him; every bushel of this wheat had grown on land that Lansing Frew had bought from him—land on which Frew would make his final payment from the price of this same yellow grain. To Eben Wallace the thought carried a sullen conviction of injury, almost of fraud. He had sold the land as boggy pasture, next to worthless; people had openly envied him the thrifty bargain he had driven, had winked and chuckled at Frew behind his back. You had to get out pretty early in the morning to beat Eb Wallace in a trade. There had been something comic in the spectacle of Lansing Frew, big, slow-moving, stupidly good-natured, matching his brains with Wallace's.

A fool for luck, of course. Only a fool would have tried to cut a drainage ditch down through that stone bank. Folks had laughed at Frew when he began it, pecking away in his odd hours at the outcrop, wasting his money now and then on powder for a blast. It was just blind luck that had put that layer of loose shale and gravel where the water could cut its own escape through it as soon as the thin barrier of surface rock had been cleared away.

Eben Wallace scowled down at the grain that had grown on the reclaimed acres. His fixed habit of self-pity told him that it was his wheat, by rights, his land. Frew had robbed him of it, not by wit, which would have almost justified the theft in Wallace's sight, but by fool's luck, by sheer stupidity. He grinned sourly at the sudden snapping whir of a loose belt, the shout of warning, the changed note of the idling machine, dwindling as the engine slowed and stopped.

He stood in the granary door while the threshing crew hunted for the pulley in the litter at the foot of the separator. Lansing Frew, climbing down from the stack, paused beside him, his teeth, curiously white in contrast to the gray dust that filmed his face, showing in his perpetual grin of dull good nature. "Too bad, Eb," he said. "Guess we won't make out to get over to your place till afternoon now."

Wallace shrugged his uneven shoulders. His contempt, deepening as he saw that Frew didn't realize that this delay would cost him an extra meal for the hungry gang, served to quicken his sense of injury. He wouldn't have resented the losing end of a bargain if some smart man had outwitted him, he told himself; it wasn't right for a fool to get the better of anybody in a trade; there was something almost wicked about Frew's reaping such a harvest from land that rightfully belonged to Eben Wallace.

"Threshing out better'n I expected," said Frew, straightening from a study of the figures on the counting device above the grain spout. "Wouldn't wonder if I got twenty-five bushels to the acre."

Wallace scowled. Land that would make a crop like that, bought for fifteen dollars an acre, on payments spread out over five years! Found money—stolen money, almost. His money!

"Probably won't get a price for it," he said sulkily. Frew chuckled.

"Don't know about that. Got a kind of notion wheat's going to be high this year."

Wallace said nothing. He was himself fairly sure that wheat would sell high, but his opinion was based solidly on study of crop reports; his injured irritation deepened. Frew, on a blind guess, was as well off as he. The fellow would be just lucky enough to hold his grain instead of selling it, as his kind generally did, at the first possible minute. Innocently, Frew heightened his exasperation.

"Get enough out of it, anyhow, to pay off what I'm owing you, Eb," he said. "Guess you can quit worrying about that payment."

"Never had to worry," Wallace snarled. "Get the land back, wouldn't I, if you didn't pay up?"

"That's right." Frew wagged his head as if he had heard something deeply clever. He clambered awkwardly up to his place on the stack as the crew finished their repairs, and Eben Wallace moved out of the passageway to make room for Sim Tucker, carrying the bushel measures from separator to bin.

Absently, he noticed the arrangement of the granary, the bins ranked along its inward wall, the narrow passage running along the face of the barn. It consoled him to reflect that this made extra steps; his own bins were placed so that any of them could be reached easily from the doorway. But the sight of the yellow grain, the hissing sound of it as Sim Tucker emptied each measure, rasped sorely on Wallace's mood. He moved away. One of the threshing crew, squinting at the counter, innocently fanned the smoldering grievance in him.

"Better'n twenty-five to the acre," he shouted above the clamor of the machine. "Guess Lanse Frew ain't such a fool as he looks, hey, Eb?"

Wallace held his tongue. Later, diligently busy at the dinner table, he endured crude banter over the price at which he had parted with that land. He held his tongue, but even the savor of Lanse Frew's needlessly bountiful provision was embittered for him, and behind the sour grin with which he listened his mind was spitefully alert.

■

EBEN WALLACE shook his head with conviction. "No, sir," he declared. "Wheat's going to sell quite a ways higher before it stops. I wouldn't sell a cent's wuth of mine if I didn't need the ready cash."

Relief showed unmistakably in Frew's heavy features. "That's it, eh? Think I'd better hang on a while yet?"

"Lucky to be able to," snapped Wallace. He gathered up the reins, but Frew did not at once lift his elbows from the edge of the wagon box.

"Suits me a sight better to wait a spell," he said, grinning. "Ain't telling folks gen'ly, Eb, but I'd as lief you knew—Laura and I been figuring on getting married tomorrow. Kind of aim to go see Niag'ry Falls 'stead of hauling wheat."

Wallace mumbled congratulations. The news pleased him, without being especially interesting or surprising. Lanse had been keeping company with that Norton girl for a couple of years, wasting time on buggy rides. Wallace had no envy for him. It was a sight cheaper to hire a housekeeper than to marry one; better still to keep house for yourself. He resisted a temptation to chuckle; likely enough wheat prices would tumble while Frew and his girl were throwing away good money on that fool excursion to the Falls. The thought amused him; it would serve 'em both right for gallivanting off on a wedding trip.

"What you going to do about your stock while you're gone?" he demanded.

Probably Frew was counting on him to come over twice a day to look after his cows and pigs and chickens. He foretasted a sour satisfaction in refusal, but Frew disappointed him. Sim Tucker had been engaged to do his chores for him. Wallace drove on down the hill in better humor with himself than he had been since the day when he had helped with Frew's threshing. By the time Frew got back he mightn't look so smart to the folks who couldn't see any difference between luck and brains. Even if wheat hadn't dropped by then, he'd likely put off hauling it, dawdling around the house instead of tending to business.

The thought kept him company on the long, slow drive. At the mill he found that the price had risen two cents since yesterday and his self-esteem rose under the jocular comment of the buyer.

"Trust you to get top figures every time, Eb. Ketch a weasel asleep the day before I ever get the best of you!"

All the way back he passed laden wagons; at this rate, he calculated, most of the wheat in the glen would be delivered before Frew got home from his trip; he'd be about the only man in the township who wouldn't cash in on the high prices. Today's figures deepened Wallace's conviction that the market was near its peak. By the time he reached home he was in a fever of eagerness to sell. Shoveling grain into a sack held open by a homemade rack of his own invention was among the tasks to which his strength was adequate, but today he broke his rule of never hiring labor for anything that he could do himself. He had two hands at work in the woodlot and he called them in, stood over them, nagging and driving, while they sacked wheat and loaded all three of his wagons. Before they reported in the morning he had harnessed all three teams. Passing Frew's house, he snickered at the sight of closed doors and shuttered windows, and when he reached the mill and found that the price had gone up two cents more he laughed outright.

In the afternoon, stopping at the blacksmith's to have a shoe reset after delivering three more loads, he heard that Frew had been married and had started on his wedding trip. He grinned at the news. His mood soured, however, at the tone of the gossip. The general opinion held that Frew

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He Listened; Somewhere Below Him Something Moved; He Held His Breath; a Rhythmic Crunching Sound Came Up Through the Floor Boards

THE MEXICAN LAND PROBLEM

An Indian Girl

PHOTO. BY SOSA, TORRESVR

President Calles Talking to a Peon

Luis León, Minister of Agriculture

By Isaac F. Marcosson

FROM the time of the Spanish conquest, controversy of some kind has raged over Mexican landownership. The sanguinary tumult of the well-nigh continuous revolutions is paralleled by the bloodless struggle of the Indian, who comprises more than half the population, to conserve his birthright. Today, as in that remote yesterday, the soil and the treasure beneath constitute the principal problem of the republic.

It is symptomatic of conditions in Mexico that the agrarian law, framed as the Magna Charta of the peon, and perhaps the only constructive measure in the flood of new legislation, should fail of its larger purpose. Instead of being the agency for a nation-wide social and agricultural regeneration, the agrarian law has become the prey of cupidity.

With the agrarian law we reach the pet Calles hobby. Deep down, I am convinced that the president has a sincere desire to uplift the masses. In the four days' contact that I had with him it formed the principal basis of our conversation. But in Mexico the spoils system is greater than any man. The natural consequence, therefore, is that enforcement of the law has become, in many instances, the caprice of officials who invoke it to satisfy political grudge or to extort money for immunity from expropriation. But this is only one aspect of the difficulty, as you shall presently see.

The Lack of Land

THAT the great mass of a population of only 15,000,000 in a country of 767,000 square miles should have been landless so long is peculiarly paradoxical. It resulted from the institution of immense landed proprietorships. For many decades millions upon millions of acres were owned by comparatively few people. Louis Tarrazas was at one time lord of 6,000,000 acres. Evaristo Madero, grandfather of Francisco Madero, who ended the long régime of Porfirio Diaz, ruled a domain of 2,000,000 acres. Much of this land was idle. The net result was that of the total Mexican acreage of approximately 491,000,000 acres, only a little more than 6 per cent—about 30,000,000 acres—was cultivated. The same concentrated ownership obtained in cultivated areas. In the state of Morelos, for example, practically all the tilled ground was in the hands of ten big sugar planters.

A persistent curse was the absentee landlord who lived in Europe and had his sons educated there. When these youths returned to their native land they did not even become good Mexicans, because they took little interest in the properties they inherited. Most of the managers of the large haciendas, as Mexican ranches are called, were Spaniards whose principal job was to grind down the peon and to provide the hacendados—that is, the proprietors—with the money to spend in Spain or France.

It meant that until the revolution of 1910 the Indian and the halfbreed as well lived as serfs. Their wages averaged from eighteen to twenty-one cents a day. Life was one long drudgery or worse. As Calles put it to me: "Under the old reactionary régime it was a case of exploitation of the people instead of the land."

Though revolt against the autocracy of Porfirio Diaz was the rallying cry of the Madero revolution of 1910, the real grievance of the great mass of the people was lack of land. It remained the campaign issue in one form or another up to the accession of Calles in 1924, when the first organized program of reform began to be carried out in a big way.

A Road Scene in Mexico

Too Rapid Reformation

THE Calles idea is fundamentally sound, but it has run afoul of the invariable Mexican maladministration. One trouble today is that Calles is seeking to reconstruct more than 7,000,000 primitive people almost overnight. He expects ignorant peons to adapt themselves quickly to modern social and agricultural methods without undergoing the necessary process of slow educational evolution. Sending a few hundred boys every year to agricultural colleges, and meanwhile imposing coöperatives and land banks upon their illiterate parents will not bring about the desired millennium in a hurry. The plain truth is that though Calles wants to help his own, he is also aiming at swift results which will enable him to make another bid for the presidency.

Instead of rising to the opportunity, the peons, in endless cases, have fled from it. Out of 100,000 public-land owners a bare 5 per cent cultivate their soil. They prefer to cling to wage dependency or dwell in comparative idleness. Sometimes they leave the country. The failure of the agrarian law is largely responsible for the migration of 100,000 Mexicans to the United States every year. The mess that has so far been made of land procedure led Excelsior, one of the leading newspapers of Mexico City, to say not long ago that agrarianism is in bankruptcy.

But all this is running ahead of the consecutive story. Fully to comprehend the Mexican agrarian problem you must get a bird's-eye view of land history from the earliest days. From it you will learn that graft of some sort has infected land tenure almost from the start. When the Indian was not actually fighting to conserve his patrimony he was expending his small

substance on lawyers to protect himself against illegal and unwarranted seizure or encroachment.

Before the Spanish era the 600 Indian tribes in what is now Mexico had no definite geographical boundaries. They tilled tracts and set up villages, to be sure; but they roamed as nomads in search of game. Communal lands were unknown.

Curious as it may seem in view of the cruelty of their conquest, the Spaniards introduced the basic idea of the communal-land system around which the Calles agrarian storm now rages. At the beginning of the Colonial period the conquerors allocated town territory in two classes: One was strictly municipal, and comprised the area cultivated by the inhabitants in partnership, the proceeds being employed for public work. The other, designated as an *ejido*, consisted of woods and what we would call a common on the outskirts, where the people could thresh their grain and meet socially. Subsequently the word *ejido* came into usage as meaning communal land which belonged to a village. Keep this word *ejido* in mind, because it has become the Calles obsession and is responsible for many an agrarian sin.

Although the Spaniards made the *ejido* possible, they also helped to make it impossible. As the alien became more numerous, efforts were made by unscrupulous individuals, from viceroys down to petty officials, to despoil the villages of their holdings. Thus the *ejido* became a live issue, and it has been so ever since.

The Texas Domain

WITH the birth of independence in 1810 the land problem took on two distinct phases: One was the effort to induce immigration and colonization; the other was the growth of the large estates. Those early Mexican patriots realized what Calles and his group fail to comprehend today—namely, that the Indian is incapable of working out his destiny unaided. He requires the aid of the white man. As many observers have pointed out, an increase in the proportion of the white race to the brown not only raises the general level of culture but embodies the real hope of future expansion.

In those bygone days colonization was encouraged in the same degree that it is now hindered. Then it was a case of Mexico for anybody who would do his honest share in the general agrarian and other advance. Now it is Mexico for the Mexicans, with a Chinese wall of exclusion around the country. The ban is on alien landholding.

Out of the original era of colonization encouragement emerged the Texas domain. In 1820 Moses Austin, a Connecticut Yankee, received a permit to colonize a large area on the Brazos River and the right to bring in 300 families. The vicissitudes of the trip to Mexico killed Moses Austin, but his son Stephen took over the grant, planted the Anglo-Saxon idea and was the forerunner of that gallant band including Milam, Travis, Bonham, Bowie, of knife fame, Sam Houston and Davy Crockett, who were later to make the name of the Alamo deathless.

All the while, the villages were being deprived of the *ejidos* through illegal process, inadequate surveys or otherwise. A real carnival of confiscation developed under Diaz. He made a political issue out of the whole land business, playing into the hands of the aristocracy and the clergy, who became increasingly the autocrats of the soil.

An Attempt at Reform

RICH landowners were permitted to seize communal lands under alleged failure of the communities to pay taxes or file proper claims. By 1910, 90 per cent of the villages had lost their *ejidos* and thousands of individuals suffered deprivation of holdings. More than 3,000,000 acres of communal land alone passed to private owners.

The fall of Diaz and the rebirth of constitutional government marked the beginning of the attempt at land reform. I say attempt, because, despite the increasing sound and fury of agrarianism since that time, the results are far from satisfactory. Though something like 4000 villages have received *ejidos* through restitution or expropriation, most of the areas remain undeveloped. You have seen how only 5 per cent of the 100,000 public-land owners cultivate their holdings.

Although the slogan of the Madero revolution was Effective Suffrage, No Reelection, which was the wedge driven into the Diaz autocracy, the animating impulse throughout the campaign was for agrarian freedom. The policy was formulated by Madero in what came to be known as the San Luis Potosí plan. It read as follows:

> Through abuse of the law regarding the public domain, numerous small proprietors, principally Indians, have been deprived of their lands, either by acts of the Minister of Interior or decisions of the courts. Since justice demands the restitution to their owners of lands thus arbitrarily taken, such acts and decisions are hereby declared subject to revision; and those who acquired property in so immoral a manner, or their heirs, will be required to restore the same to its previous owners, whom they will also indemnify for the injury suffered.

That Madero had courage was shown by the fact that he flew in the face of his family. His grandfather, you will recall, was one of the great landed proprietors of the country, and his brothers were immensely rich in realty. Naturally they opposed him at every turn. When he got into power, however, they became his willing allies.

(Continued on Page 156)

Types of Indian Women. Center—Peon Children Outside of the Family Hut. Top—The Patio of the Hacienda Which Rosalie Evans Held Against the Agrarians

THE MAD MASQUERADE

Sara, Silent, Thoughtful, Eyed Her Twin Hosts and Came to a Sudden Decision. She Told Them the Whole Story. It Won Them Instantly, of Course; a Masquerade After Their Own Hearts

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

III

IF YOU had escaped greatly shaken but unhurt from a shattering accident, had believed that your companion had been killed, had waited for deadly hours in a hospital to learn that she was just alive, had spent a sleepless and anxious night, had seen and heard the next morning a dying woman moaning and muttering for the sound of a voice, and if you had heard that voice—what would you have done? Perhaps just what Sara did. Here is how it happened:

Opposite the Salpêtrière, across the great street market where buxom women sell great roasts and titbits and vegetables, stretches a long row of little restaurants, very simple, fairly clean, supported by the market people, the employes in the Jardin des Plantes and the farmers who arrive at the Gare d'Orléans. To one of these Sara went in search of food at such an unusual hour that she found the place deserted. In the far corner of the little room the proprietor, his sleeves rolled up, was pouring out endearing words to a little pet dog whose melancholy black head emerged from a thick white blanket of lather. Not considering that washing a dog on a dinner table was encouragement to appetite, Sara had turned to flee, and had almost whirled herself into the arms of a young man. To speak had been for him almost imperative.

"Now what do you think of that?" he had said, laughing. She had stopped short, staring, and the quality of her look had been such that the young man had put an arm through hers and supported her to the street. "They all look alike," he had said, glancing up and down the long row. He had felt the girl shiver as he had spoken again, and had tightened his grasp on her arm. "You'll forget it soon," he had said. "It was no place for you anyhow."

"Please," Sara had uttered through dry lips, and motioned across the wide space toward the frowning walls. So, wondering, silent, he had supported her through the great gate, across the broad courts, along the tree-sheltered avenue, to a seat beneath a flowing chestnut. There she had told him what had happened and why his voice had so greatly unnerved her.

"I haven't seen Tybo for years," she had said. "I was sure you were Tybo. I could not believe you were not. And it was such a disappointment. She mourns for him all the time—all the time."

As she had risen, thanking him, holding his hand, she had cried almost wildly, "Oh, if you only were Tybo!"

"Well, why not?"

They had stood silent, looking into each other's eyes for a long moment. They had turned and walked toward the casualty ward. "She cannot live," Sara had murmured, "but she can die happy."

That was how Stanton Drew became Lord Pontlottyn, and that was all the preparation which he had had for the meeting with the heir presumptive and the pretty pushing bride. No chance had come since to learn from Sara any details about the life of the real Tybo; yet he rashly thrust himself into a long tête-à-tête with this inquisitive and on-coming cousin by marriage, who shot eager questions at him as the old horse drew them lazily along the banks of the Seine. His answers were reckless, because he feared above all things to hesitate. She pressed him for information about the ancestral home. His brow clouded as he confessed that a sore subject. He had been very unhappy there as a boy.

"But where is it, Tybo; in what county?"

"Oh, a gloomy hole," he cried; "all turrets and towers; no radiators, no bathrooms; wind howling through corridors, and all that. I used to lie awake shivering, and when the wind made the branches tap the old lozenge windows I was sure I could see the family ghost not our family ghost, of course, but the one that went with the house." He told her a lot about the place, but would not tell her where it was; and that is not surprising, for there was no such place.

This pretty bride hung on his words, and gratified insatiable curiosity about the life of the great and the rich. A secret reader of novelettes of which her parents disapproved, she had far greater knowledge of what such life ought to be than had her companion. Of course they kept hounds, he answered her, and nobody hacked to meets any more, as hack drivers had become chauffeurs. Hunt breakfasts? Why should they puzzle her? When you hunted you got up before dawn and had a special breakfast; if it was ducks, you went out with your ten bore; if it was deer, your rifle.

"But the pictures in the weeklies?" protested the surprised inquirer. "A lot of people about the front steps in such beautiful clothes, and horses and dogs, eating sandwiches—the people, I mean, not the dogs—and as for guns—guns for foxes?"

"Oh, you mean that kind of thing?" broke in the troubled but unabashed lordling. "Oh, we didn't do that. We meant business, and didn't fool around with foxes."

"But what did you have the hounds for?"

"To tree the coons, of course." He knew that must be wrong, but he rushed on. "We brought them over, you know, for a new form of sport. It was great fun." He described a coon hunt with gusto. The bride gurgled enthusiastic encouragement as he ran on.

"What lovely things I shall have to tell Gladys Williams," she murmured happily. "She's my best friend. I shall tell her how I drove about Paris with my cousin, Lord Pontlottyn." Gravely she referred to his flaming past; delicately, under pressure, she told him the crimes with which he was charged. She glowed with the thought that she was helping in the reformation of this prodigal. She encouraged him in his upward path and he encouraged her to go on talking, for his invention needed a rest. It was news to him, of course, that he was notorious, and he was compelled to infer that he was regarded by Ellis Evans, and no doubt by all the world, as a combination of knave and fool. A trifle, he thought, for he would soon leave all this behind.

The driver had driven at his will and they were now in the Champs-Élysées. Inviting restaurants could be seen through the new spring leaves. "Let's have lunch," said Tybo.

Jennifer looked at him, frightened. "Ellis said these places were not respectable," she protested.

"He's mixed up. Come."

She could not resist this last most wonderful taste of Paris with this delightful cousin, who was immensely relieved to find that the waiter spoke English and was helpful in suggestions. She had the meal of her life. She explained that Ellis was busy, and told how she had traced a manufacturer to his secret cave and had made her husband become an importer.

"You ought to be the Paris buyer for Emporia Limited," Tybo commented casually, as he came to a definite conclusion. He had had an idea that he might get friendly enough with this bride and perhaps afterward with her husband to tell them the truth, and thus escape from an almost intolerable position; but he now decided that he must see it through. Artless, sharp little Jennie had not brains enough to understand; her embittered husband had not heart enough to coöperate. It was not beyond possibility that Ellis Evans might notify the hospital.

"You're going tonight, sure?" he demanded, after his momentary abstraction, but Jennie was not there. She had intercepted a small party just seating themselves at the adjoining table, and was talking with voluble excitement.

"Of course you won't remember me, Mrs. Finley," she said, "but I'm the young lady—I was—I'm Mrs. Evans now, I mean. I gave the bouquet to the Queen when the King came to open the new dock, and I'm having dinner—lunch, here with my husband's cousin, Lord Pontlottyn."

"With Lord Pontlottyn!" Three pairs of discreetly reserved but astonished eyes were turned on the young man, who rose in calm resignation to the exposure; it was very clear that he was well known to the respective owners of those surprised eyes. It quickly appeared, however, that he was not more than a name to them.

"I'm Colonel Finley, Pontlottyn," the man said, holding out a friendly hand. "Awf'ly sorry. We've just come from Salpêtrière. A little hope, they say. Awf'ly sorry. Mrs. Finley—my girl, Miss Finley. 'Pon my word, awf'ly sorry for you. Your mother has been to us at the Moat."

"A dear friend," his wife corroborated. "May we sit with you and hear about it?"

A trio, beautifully turned out in sports clothes—the colonel round, ruddy, silver-haired; the wife, made up just enough to tell the world that she was no back number, just cool and stately enough to say that she was somebody in her home county, fresh-eyed and kindly; the daughter, slender, vigorous, with a jolly husky voice and cheerful laugh.

The young man, cornered, told them all about the accident. They listened with genuine interest and sympathy, perfectly expressed, just right. Their intense, courteously hidden curiosity about the son and heir was satisfied by this impostor, who knew himself regarded as a prodigal son and who, in his comments, explained away his American manner, intonation and dress. He was not aware that his manner was naturally engaging, but he could feel a more friendly atmosphere as he talked. To an only son and heir much is forgiven.

They told him how they had come over for the dog show at the Tuileries and had by chance seen the paragraph. They must return that evening, but they would certainly make time to see Miss Desmond.

"She's never visited us," Mrs. Finley said, "and we don't know her very well; but she's a charming girl."

"Ripping," Miss Finley agreed, "and so pretty."

"I think so, too," Jennifer also concurred. Miss Finley nodded and made conversation with the bride. "I'm breeding Pinscher-Schnauzers," she said. "There's a big entry and I've bought two prize winners for my stud. One is by Franz von der Friedenlust out of Annie von Oesterberg."

She enlarged with enthusiasm on the virtues of this breed, on the points of her purchase and on the high lineage of the pair. The pedigree of one went back to the Livres d'Origines de la Société Royale Saint-Hubert and to the Deutsches Hunde Stammbuch.

Happy Jennifer beamed; the Finleys were such real swells, who appeared in grand style once in a while in her town when something very important was going on. Her perfect frankness amused Miss Finley very much.

"Mother breeds old English sheep," the latter said, "and spends half the day brushing their coats." Oh, no, not sheep, she explained, surprised; sheepdogs, the old English tailless blues; and her father bred cockers. The Moat strain of spaniels was, of course, known all over Great Britain. As for herself, she wanted something new, and was one of the pioneers with the Pinscher-Schnauzers. Oh, the name was not a joke; the breed was well known on this side of the Channel. Mrs. Evans must come up one day from Oldport and have a look at the dogs; over a week-end, so there would be plenty of time.

Jennie's head swam—a guest at the Moat, incredible. "My husband," she said proudly, "is heir to the peerage after Ponty, but just now he's only a small draper at Oldport. We're chapel, and teetotal, and everything that you're not, and perhaps you wouldn't want us."

Miss Finley's jolly laugh rang out. "What does that matter these days? Give me your address and mother will fix the time."

Jennie produced a card. "I'm on my wedding tour," she began.

"Where's your husband?" laughed Miss Finley.

Yes, where was he? Jennie jumped up in panic. "Oh, I'm late!" she cried. "I must have kept him waiting." Lord Pontlottyn, glad to escape, rose with her.

"We're coming straight on to Miss Desmond," Mrs. Finley said. "Jacqueline is taking a brace of Pinscher-Schnauzers back to England, so we must come to you before we go to the show. If we shouldn't find her in you'll tell her, won't you, how sorry we are? You'll come to us one day, won't you?"

"Do come," the colonel heartily indorsed. "I'll book you for the first of October. But you've been such a lot in the States; are you good with a gun? Perhaps not. I'll put you down for the second shoot then. I can mount you, and there'll be cub huntin' with the Badmintons and the Berkeleys."

This was Greek to the young man, but he said the right thing.

"I hope you can come," said Jacqueline, "and perhaps I'll ask you to fetch my brace of Pinscher-Schnauzers. The poor things will be just out of their six months' quarantine."

"You're looking pretty far ahead, Jack," her father said, smiling.

"I'll bring 'em," his youthful lordship promised—"that is, of course, if I come."

Left alone with their luncheon, the Finleys looked at one another.

"Hot stuff once," the father said; "seems to have quieted down."

"I simply can't believe he was the rotter they say he was," was Jacqueline's contribution.

"He's very American," Mrs. Finley thought.

"A bloomin' Yankee," her husband agreed, "but a good sort all the same."

"He'd be very good-looking if he was decently dressed," said Jacqueline.

"He's only just come back," her mother reminded them. "He'll shed his awful rags in a week and his Yankee language in a month. This blow has sobered him. A year in England with his own class will make him over."

"He's had no bringin' up," the colonel said, "but we must make allowances. His father's self-made, remember."

(Continued on Page 166)

"Here, if a Fella Gets Lonely and Wants to Hear His Own Voice, the Other Fella Runs"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 2, 1927

The McNary-Haugen Bill

THE passage of the McNary-Haugen Bill was the result of extended and intensive agitation for the relief of agricultural distress growing out of overextension during and after the war and the subsequent world-wide decline of prices. There is no question that farmers have suffered heavily, that there is a real agricultural problem. In a certain sense, agriculture lost the war. The problem has been to secure wise action rather than quick action. We do not believe the McNary-Haugen Bill represents wise legislation, from the long-term viewpoint of American farmers.

With the veto of the bill by the President, the agitation enters now upon a different phase. During the past three years the difficulties of the backers of the McNary-Haugen Bill have been largely with farmers and farm organizations. Farmers and their representatives, both technical and political, have been of divers opinions on remedial measures. But the passage of the McNary-Haugen Bill indicates that, for the moment, for political purposes at least, spoken farm opinion—outside of the schools of agriculture—has become united in favor of one type of procedure. Both in the Senate and in the House the bill passed by substantial majorities. Roughly speaking, the change in votes by which defeat in the early summer of 1926 was converted into passage in February, 1927, was accomplished by conversions of senators and representatives from Southern states.

Party lines were scarcely in evidence, outside of the partisan desire of some Democrats to embarrass the Administration. With the switching over of representatives and senators from agriculturally minded states, however, enough votes were not in hand to pass the bill over the veto. The future tactics of the advocates of the measure, if they decide to continue political agitation, must therefore be directed to the cities, and in general to consumers in the wage-earning urban class. We do not believe farmers will convert urban consumers to the McNary-Haugen scheme; rather, we believe that farmers will themselves arrive at a different view.

The turning point in the legislative course of the McNary-Haugen Bill was connected with the price decline of the bumper crop of cotton and with the difficulties of prominent tobacco coöperative associations, together with the bringing in of several prominent Northern Republican politicians. Having made the bill acceptable to the cotton and tobacco growers, even though inconsistently, enough votes were secured to reverse the negative congressional action. The insistence of the advocates of the measure was intensified by the fact that the gross return for farm products in 1926, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, was approximately a billion dollars less than in 1925. This, despite the coexistence of decline in the all-commodity wholesale index number, was interpreted to forecast, or at least suggest, a relapse of agriculture to the low state of 1921–23.

The political tactics displayed in the agitation for the McNary-Haugen scheme call to mind the movements for greenback currency, free silver, Populism and the Nonpartisan League. It has been widely contended that agriculture is due to receive the benefits of class legislation, just as other forms of industry were alleged to have received them. As an illustration, it was argued that the McNary-Haugen Bill would mean for agriculture something like what the Federal Reserve System has meant for banking. The analogy is far-fetched; but this did not prevent the comparison being made both by men who understand the Federal Reserve System and by those who do not.

Despite the fact that the Grange and a number of successful coöperative associations refused to indorse the McNary-Haugen Bill, the advocates of that measure have displayed a sharp, intolerant attitude toward opposition. Again and again it was contended in Congress that this measure was the only measure farmers wished; that farmers alone were entitled to have worthwhile opinions on the state of agriculture; and that it was the duty of other classes to accede to farmers' desires and accept such legislation as they proposed. One would infer from the discussions that the national and international relations of trade in agricultural products were comprehensible only to the men engaged in the raising of those products; that dirt farming in itself, and it alone, made for understanding of the economic problems of agriculture. In reply to the allegation that bankers decided on banking legislation, it is sufficient to point out that countryside bankers have at no time determined legislation on banking, which has instead been the result of the intensive study of a relatively small group of men. To say that there is no expert knowledge of farming outside of the occupational class is absurd.

Frequently enough in Congress were heard expressions of political despair. Something had to be done for agriculture; since this seemed to be what farmers wished, this was the thing to do. This would be an experiment, but it was up to the Government to conduct such experiments. This might not be economically sound, but for other classes many things had been done the economic soundness of which was equally insecure. There was no way of knowing how this would work, but nevertheless there should be a willingness to let the farmers try it. Such were the expressions heard in the halls of Congress. Not a few men seemed ready to do anything because something had to be done. Thus, the McNary-Haugen Bill became the last political resort of a disagreement between country and city, made worse by the fact that the opponents had nothing to offer around which opposition could effectively rally.

In the final analysis the passage of the bill was due to the willingness of the advocates to treat with divergent groups on the basis of political expediency. Last year the supporters of the McNary-Haugen Bill voted against the Fess Bill; this year they took over bodily the central feature of the Fess Bill—loans to coöperatives—and incorporated it into their own measure. Most surprising of all was the inclusion, almost at the last moment and without general debate, of a scheme of price insurance on the crop, to be guaranteed in some way by the Government, with premiums collected in some way from growers.

In view of the paucity of actuarial experience with price insurance on crops, the wording of the bill is nebulous to a degree. There can be little doubt that it was adopted to provide a loophole for the South through which growers might escape the payment of an equalization fee on cotton; certainly that would have been the probable outcome. In short, the advocates of the equalization fee got their measure through Congress by including a scheme for loans to coöperatives and another scheme for price insurance—with the probable result, in effect, if the bill had become law, of sidetracking the equalization fee.

It is argued that the bill does nothing more for agriculture than the tariff has done for manufactures. This is far-fetched and inexact. The McNary-Haugen Bill was designed to make agriculture remunerative to those engaged in it, irrespective of the size of the industry. Behind the tariff wall, industries compete, unless they operate in illegal restraint of trade. But under the McNary-Haugen Bill agricultural producers would not compete with one another behind the tariff wall; instead, the objective of the bill would be to place them all in a par position. In this sense the bill undertook to raise prices in a manner never contemplated under tariff legislation.

We have had a plethora of commissions. Reading the provisions of the bill and scanning the field of operations, one must conclude that the task of the proposed Farm Board would be Herculean in extent and ineffable in complexity. Compared with the proposed Farm Board, the work of the Federal Trade Commission and of the Tariff Commission would seem to be child's play. If the proposed Farm Board could accomplish no more proportionally than has been accomplished by the Federal Trade Commission and the Tariff Commission, the result would be lamentable indeed from the standpoint of both producers and consumers. If it were decided to have the proposed operations undertaken, this were best done under a cabinet officer and not by a new and separate board.

Eminent authorities have doubted the constitutionality of certain provisions of the bill. Indeed, two of the most prominent authorities on constitutional law in the Senate—leaders in the opposing parties—Borah, of Idaho, and Walsh, of Montana—opposed the bill on constitutional grounds. The remark was frequently heard around the halls of Congress that doubts as to the constitutionality of the bill should not deter senators and representatives from voting for it; constitutionality was a matter for the courts. At one stroke, pass the bill and pass the buck to the courts! Indeed, it was suggested that an opportune course of political expediency for the President would be to sign the bill and leave it to the courts to be declared unconstitutional. Since a decision from the highest court could hardly be expected prior to the date of the next national election, the bare expediency of such a course was obvious, but the President wisely chose to disregard it.

The commercial history of the United States has been singularly free of artificial controls of commodities. Export taxes, by means of which many countries control commodities, are unconstitutional with us. We are quite unfamiliar with bounties and subsidies. In the McNary-Haugen Bill was contemplated, for the first time in our history in a notable sense, a control both in the price and in the merchandising of objects of commerce. Despite comparisons with the tariff, restriction of immigration, fixing of railway rates and agreements with labor unions, the fact remains that the objective of the McNary-Haugen Bill was the setting up of governmental control over a commodity, and was so much of an innovation as to deserve the name "revolutionary." Nor did the fact that the Government was to operate through coöperatives change the essential character of the procedure.

Finally, foreign complications are to be considered. As a rule, when we are attending to our own business it is not of direct importance but only of secondary interest to inquire what foreign countries may think of our actions. In the present instance, however, the case is different, because we have protested against the letter and the spirit of artificial control of commodities in foreign countries. For us now to undertake such control over the prices and marketing of farm products as would lead to the establishment of different price levels for these products at home and abroad would certainly expose us to the charge of inconsistency in our objections to artificial controls on the part of other countries. We keep vigilant guard against the dumping of goods in the United States by foreign countries; it would be difficult to resist the countercharge that operations under the McNary-Haugen Act might be construed by foreign countries as dumping.

CHLOROFORM AT SIXTY?

By WILL PAYNE

A LONG row of scientific persons declare that they have made me a present of a whole decade of life. Without their sanitation and serums, they say, I would have been dead a good ten years ago. Some of them appear to doubt that it has been worth while. One steps forward to remark genially that, having added ten years to the span of life, it is high time to redress the balance a bit by chloroforming everybody who reaches the age of sixty.

Time was when I should have agreed with him, partly from humane motives—in order to save the aged from dragging out miserable, useless existences. It would have surprised me then to hear that life at sixty may be just as good as at twenty; or, I shouldn't have believed it. At sixty, I thought, life was old rags, cinders, slops; good housekeeping would sweep it out of sight. Here is an example:

A youth of sixteen bolts into the sitting room and sees a man over in the corner holding a woman on his lap; his arm is round her waist; her arm is round his neck; they are in the act of kissing. The youth experiences a painful shock, whose chief elements are shame and resentment. It is not a romantic sight, but only ridiculous and disgusting, because the man is getting bald; his beard is half white; he wears spectacles. The woman is gray also, and fat. Ridiculous and disgusting!

As it happens, they are man and wife, but that does not mitigate the essential offense. They have children who, as the youth sees them, are already slipping into the vale, and even two grandchildren. Absurd and offensive! Two old monkeys simulating the actions of humanity! No doubt the youth acknowledges the biological fact that they are human beings; but old, and therefore blanched, desiccated, emptied human beings, mere shells of being.

Without doubt a great deal of that youth of sixteen has faded out of my memory. After forty years nobody recalls boyhood and youth very accurately. All reminiscences of youth or fictional pictures of youth written forty years afterward are only half true. Nevertheless, certain sharp recollections like the above enable me to bring back something of the youth's attitude toward age; and for him sixty was so old that the rest didn't matter. If a man and woman were that age they might as well be 160. Their lives were behind them. They were finished—only empty simulacra of real human beings like himself.

Yesterday's newspaper records the suicide of a girl. She had been disappointed, and left a note saying that if she couldn't have a good time when she was young she didn't wish to live. If anyone had told her she could have a good time at sixty she wouldn't have believed it. Youth generally feels that way. It will cheerfully trade all the years after sixty for a ticket to the football game right now. It has been encouraged in that attitude by generations of specious press agents who puff up youth as the only time of life worth having.

This is a great era for urging people to try to understand other people—Americans to understand Frenchmen, capitalists to understand workmen, whites to understand blacks, and so forth. Why not start a movement to try to understand grandparents? Not for the sake of the grandparents—who, in fact, can take care of themselves quite handily—but for the sake of young persons who will, in due time, be grandparents themselves, unpalatable as the idea may be to them now. If young persons knew that living may be as good at sixty as at twenty they would get along better at twenty. They wouldn't be so impatient, and so broken-hearted over temporary disappointment. It is their great impatience to eat the pie right now, because in a little while it will spoil, that causes much of their troubles. Really, the pie will keep a long while.

Twenty, in fact, is no better than sixty, but it has had all the best advertising, and that has given it an adventitious preëminence. The reason for its monopoly of the best advertising is simple enough. Courting and mating is the one human interest that everybody understands and responds to. No other motive is so inclusive, not even the motive of self-preservation. In the United States, where it is easier to live than anywhere else, about 4000 persons commit suicide every year—a great many of them impatient young persons—but only once in 100 years does a sour Schopenhauer resolutely kick Cupid out of doors. Some men are not ambitious, some are not acquisitive, some are not combative, some are not religious or patriotic, but the amorous check is good at every bank. Hence those who angle for public attention with a pen rely heavily upon it, and puff up youth accordingly.

(Continued on Page 110)

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It Was High Time for Control of the Air

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Artists are Eavesdropping

I'VE been to the play of the moment,
The ultimate essence of Art;
The critics averred that the show meant
That Life has fallen apart.
At the word constituting the climax
The plaudits increased to a gale.
'Twas the very same word the farm hand used
When the cow kicked over the pail.

They showed me a novel, the bible
Of all who are leading the way
From an art which is local and tribal
To the glorious art of today.
"Just look at the phrase he has printed!"
They cried. "What a masterpiece!"
'Twas the very same phrase the barkeep used
To describe the Chief of Police.

I met a dear lady adhering
To a deep intellectual band;
Her manner was scornful and sneering
Toward everything I understand.
Without any urging, however,
A comical ballad she sang,
'Twas the very same song the teamster trolled
To amuse the construction gang.

The Vanguard impresses me greatly,
But it somehow seems as though
They've only discovered lately
What all the rest of us know.
They make me feel like exclaiming ——
Here you will please insert
The same remark the truck driver makes
When a wheel settles deep in the dirt.

—Morris Bishop.

DOGVILLE ITEMS—There is a Rumor Being Circulated That the Barber is to be Our Next Pound Master. Dogville is Currying Favor With Whiskers, the Barber's Dog

How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix

ROUTE 247A

GHENT, Flanders, to AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Prussia—103.8 Miles Reverse Route 246.

Mostly dirt roads; very little macadam.

0.0 GHENT. Cathedral on left. Bear right through postern gate.
3.4 Lokeren. Four corners. Cock crowing on right. Straight ahead.
4.7 Boom. Bear left, following yellow star.
11.2 Duffel. Front and Water Streets. Straight through.
20.9 Mechlin. Turn left at monument and cross Scheldt River. Right-hand road goes to Louvain.
23.1 Fork. Bear right over covered bridge
35.3 Aerschot. Sun over left shoulder. Avoid right-hand road.
Aerschot Inn.
Ye Olde Aerschotte Garage.
54.0 Three corners. Straight through at fountain. Follow Scheldt River.
68.6 Hasselt—Bishopric of Liège. Bear right upgrade, leaving trolley.
77.5 Looz. Cross railroad, turning right on Forest Street.
80.8 Tongres. Straight ahead. Left-hand road is Route 47 to Maestricht.
89.3 Dalhem. Pass Congregational Church on right.
103.8 AIX-LA-CHAPELLE. Main and Park Streets. Town Hall on left.
Mac's Livery Stable.
Commercial Hotel.

—Norman R. Jaffray.

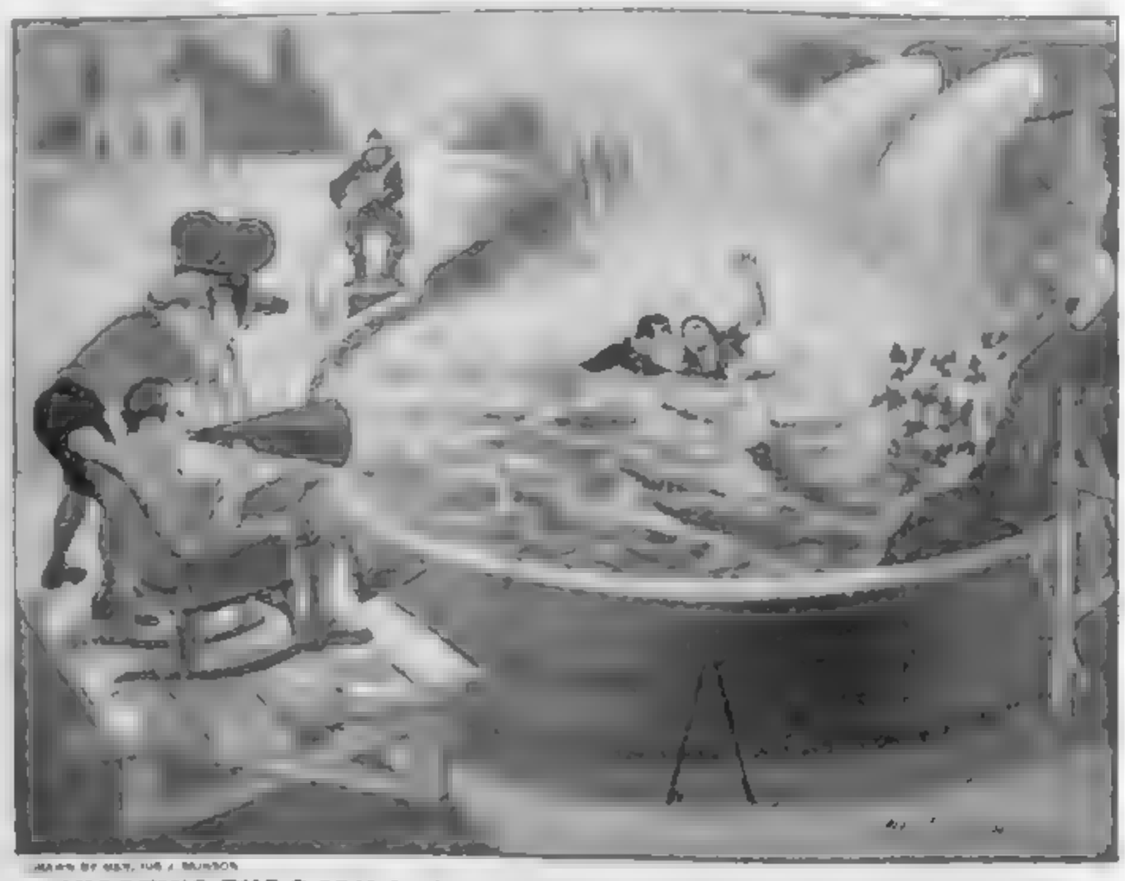
The Winter Week-End

THE realization—too late—that there has been an hour's change in time since you last visited in July. The consequent taking of the 8:49 instead of the 5:18. The arrival at Pine Woods at 10:32. The failure of anyone else to get out at that stop. The venture into the six-yard-square station. The coal stove in the center—out. The empty ticket office with the window shut down. The search for a phone booth. The absence of ditto. The native who inexplicably ventures into the station. His statement that there is a phone at Fitt's drug store. The three-quarter-mile tramp to Fitt's drug store. The realization that you should have worn overshoes. The cheery voice of your host: "Well, that is too bad, old man. I thought Myrtle had warned you. Be right down." The fifty-minute wait. The innumerable cars that pull up to the curb, and don't belong to your host. The ride back. The side curtains with holes in the isinglass. The wind. Your continued affirmations that you are warm enough.

The arrival at the house. The cheerful greeting. The thawing of your hands and feet. The one A.M. bridge game. The winnings—fourteen cents. The decision to go to bed. The assurance of your hostess: "I'm sure you'll be warm enough. Just sing out if you want more blankets." The trip upstairs by candlelight. The wax on the new blue woolen suit. The discovery that there is no running water in the house. The glance at the basin and pitcher. The timid dipping of a finger into

(Continued on Page 195)

THE REAL FARM PROBLEM—"Each of Us Agreed Not to Plant Over Ten Acres of Potatoes to Keep the Price Up. We'll Make a Wad Out of the Twenty I'm Going to Plant, Mary"



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS—Movie Director (to Hero in Tank): "C'mon, Bill, Shake a Leg. Stoop Down and Get Her Off Her Feet—Now Duck Her Again and Drag Her In"

The extra goodness of slow-cooked beans!

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The public expects strict Quality from Campbell's. So it was certain that Campbell's Beans would be slow-cooked.

This long, thorough cooking penetrates to every fine particle of the bean structure and brings out the full richness.

Every Campbell's Bean is tender, yielding and readily digestible. Beans are richly nourishing if cooked in this way, for all of the "meatiness" of the bean is absorbed into the body tissues.

Housewives who want the most tempting and healthful beans are always careful to ask for Campbell's Beans, with their famous tomato sauce.

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SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

KISSING IVORY

As Told by Charles C. Peterson to Charles J. McGuirk

Welker Cochran, Any Champion's Most Dangerous Opponent

THE night of Wednesday, November 23, 1921, saw the most dramatic moment that ever occurred in billiards or, in my judgment, in any other sport.

On that night, before an audience of men and women in evening dress which packed the billiard amphitheater in the Auditorium Hotel Annex in Chicago to the doors, Jake Schaefer, 2d, known among the followers of the game as the Great, to distinguish him from his father, Jake Schaefer the Wizard, took the championship of 18.2 balkline from Willie Hoppe, who had held it for eleven consecutive years.

Now the passing of a champion in any branch of sport is always stirring; Tilden bowing to Lacoste, Dempsey crashing before Gene Tunney, gives us all a chance to shout the famous line: "The king is dead. Long live the king." But here were elements that made the passing of the champion, tragic as it was, a minor incident.

Willie Hoppe had been trained by his present opponent's father, one of the most colorful players the game ever knew. Jake Schaefer the elder was master of every form of billiards, and from 1870, or thereabouts, until the day of his death in Denver, March 10, 1910, he had spent his life either in dethroning champions or in winning his own lost laurels back.

The son, who was to make history repeat itself, had never had the advantage of his father's training, though he had learned his first billiard shots from him and used the same wonderful side stroke. He had never been considered by his father as material out of which champions are made. Not long before the Wizard's death I suggested to him the possibility that his son might some day don his crown.

"Never," said old Jake, and shook his head sadly. "He'll never be a champion. He won't practice."

If the dead keep in close touch with the living, Jake Schaefer the Wizard must have looked up from his ethereal table as the ghostly balls stopped rolling, laid aside his shadowy cue, and delightedly watched his boy launched on his career as the greatest billiard player of all time.

A Champion Through the Years

ANOTHER watched and saw it accomplished, Mrs. Jake Schaefer, wife of one great champion and mother of the other who, that night, was in the making. Seated among the spectators, she watched her son's every move as she had done during his period of preparation. It was she who had accomplished the impossible and made the boy practice.

Jake Schaefer, 2d, however, was no dark horse the night he faced Hoppe. Just a few weeks before this tournament, in a match of 4800 points, 18.2, for $500 a side, played at Maurice Daly's, in New York, Schaefer defeated Edouard Horemans, and incidentally scored the highest run ever made in competition—436.

As they waited for the signal to start this game of 500 points, both Hoppe and Schaefer had beaten the leading players of the world—Cochran, Conti, Morningstar, Horemans and Sutton. They were tied for first place, and the Wednesday night game was to decide the championship.

The audience which waited with the players for the starting signal was inclined to favor Hoppe. Schaefer bore the handicap of youth and comparative inexperience. He was twenty-six, against Hoppe's thirty-four. Added to that, he suffered the mental hazard of facing a great champion. And Hoppe was and is just that—a great champion whether he wins or loses.

Facing the contender, he bore two championships—18.1 balkline, which he had won from Vignaux in Paris in 1906, and 18.2, which he had held without a break since 1910. He was defending the latter laurels that night against the son of his mentor.

The men stood before a table five by ten—the professional size. Over them the light from high-powered electric lamps drenched the whole table, throwing it into unshadowed relief. Its green bed was divided by four lines, drawn eighteen inches from the four cushions. At either end of every line were the anchor spaces—squares of seven inches. The eight large spaces at the sides and ends of the tables were the balk spaces. The large central area was not a balk and there was no restriction as to the number of caroms which could be made in it.

When either or both object balls stopped in the balk spaces or on the lines, they were in balk, and when both were in balk, only one carom could be scored without driving at least one of them out of the space. The same rule held when the balls were in the anchor spaces. Driving one or both out of the eighteen-inch balk spaces or the anchors is 18.2 balkline billiards. In 18.1 balkline, one or both balls must be driven out of the balk or anchor spaces on the first shot. How the balkline games were evolved will be told later.

Jake—Wizard—Schaefer in 1905 Teaching Young Jake the Fundamentals of Billiards That Later Made Him the World's Greatest Point Getter

Victory

THE crowd sat forward, tense and expectant, as the referee gave the word for the game to begin. Schaefer, the challenger, won the bank and the first shot. His stroke was perfect and he played carefully but fairly rapidly. "One," droned the referee, "and two—and three—and four ——" The balls glided swiftly over the green cloth—two whites and a red. They slipped into the balk and anchor spaces. They leaped out again as the cue ball, sent forward by a master, kissed an object ball, changed its direction and tapped against the other. Kissing ivory, clicking like tiny fairies dancing a clog. "—— and eighty-six," continued the referee after a time. Schaefer aimed swiftly, shot and missed, stepped away from the table and sat down.

Hoppe, the champion, rose from his seat. He was eighty-six behind his opponent before he had even started to shoot. He had been off his stroke all through this tournament, and this, coupled with Schaefer's extraordinary initial run, would have discouraged anyone but a champion. He started to shoot. "One," again droned the referee, "and two—and three ——" The balls seemed alive. They glided and scampered in and out of balk and anchor. They kissed gently as two lovers or crashed together with a force which would have made an unfamiliar onlooker fear they would break. Hoppe's stroke was perfect. He followed through much as does an expert golfer, and once he made an eight-cushion shot, which corresponds to a 200-yard drive in golf. When he sat down he had made a run of 140.

With the cheers for the champion ringing in his ears, the tall calm youngster took his cue, aimed swiftly and deliberately, and began the run which netted him 212 of the most beautiful billiards the spectators had ever seen. His control of the ivories was simply perfect. After this master first inning both players relaxed from the terrific strain. But in the fifth inning Schaefer again got a start and ran 130, missing an easy chance. He sat down with only 44 to go, and Hoppe, realizing that for the first time in eleven years he stood to lose his coveted championship, deliberately prepared for his supreme effort. He had the balls in perfect position and was clicking off the points like clockwork, when he miscued. It was the break of the game, and Schaefer took immediate advantage of it by going out with an unfinished run of 44. The final score was:

Schaefer—86, 212, 16, 12, 130, 44—500. Average, 83⅓
Hoppe—140, 26, 7, 126, 47—346. Average, 69⅕

Schaefer in winning established a new world's record, his average of 83⅓ being the highest ever scored in a single game for the title up to that time, while Hoppe's average

(Continued on Page 40)

Manufactured completely by the Cadillac Motor Car Company within its own plants.

IT was only to be expected that America, with its quick and whole-hearted appreciation of superiority in any field, should have accorded a warm welcome to the LaSalle. For it is obvious that, in this blood-brother to Cadillac, that incomparable engineering and manufacturing supremacy which alone could create a car worthy of Cadillac traditions, has achieved a new and signal triumph. In rare beauty, in brilliance of performance, in certainty of distinguished and dependable service, the LaSalle gives fine and complete expression to the Cadillac practice and the Cadillac idealism which produced it.

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LaSalle

(Continued from Page 38)

of 69⅛ was the highest ever made by a loser. This tournament of 1921 was the most important and best patronized in the history of the game, and Schaefer's victory was a popular one, partly because of the victor's pleasant personality, but mostly because of the memory of his father, one of the best-loved men that ever handled a cue.

Billiards to me is the most fascinating game in the world. I have followed it undeviatingly for nearly thirty years. Yet I learn something new every day, either about the game itself or the people who play it.

Great professionals like the Schaefers, father and son, Hoppe, Hagenlocher, Welker Cochran, Horemans, Conti, are most valuable assets of the game because of their expertness and because of their fine personal characters. No great billiard player can dissipate and keep his form. The professionals give the amateurs something to shoot at, some idea of what can be done with three ivory balls, a stick of wood and a determination to conquer.

The amateur billiard players in this country alone aggregate an army greater than the one we raised in the World War. There are very close to 5,000,000 people—men, women and children—playing billiards in the United States.

There is an incalculable number playing the game throughout the world. The sun never sets on a billiard table. It has been for many years the chief solace of lonely men in India, in Asia, and in the other far-flung places. It is the only international game I know.

The Noble Game of Billiards, or the Gentleman's Game, as it has been variously called by fervent followers, is one of the oldest recreations known to man. It is a game of stick and ball, and the word "billiards" is a mongrelism of the old English word "balyards," itself a survival of the Normal "bal" for ball and "gyard," or "yard," for stick. The original game is believed to have been played out-of-doors and on the ground. The sticks were originally known as maces, or masts, or, in modern language, clubs.

The Progress of Billiard Shots

THE ancient history of the game reposes in old parchments. Among the writings of Anacharais, Thracian historian and traveler, is the record of such a game played in Greece, 400 B.C. In Abbé McGeorgehegan's History of Ireland there is a statement that Catkine More, a king of Ireland who died 148 A.D., bequeathed "to Dimroth, 50 billiard balls of brass, with pools and cues of the same material."

Sir Reginald Mortimer and his companions, on the first crusade to the Holy Land, an old manuscript declares, brought back from Palestine to England with them, in 1085, a game of staffs and balls. This was played on a table and was similar to modern billiards.

Between 1085 and 1571 there was little written of the game, but in the latter year Charles IX, King of France, ordered Henrique Devigne, artisan, to construct for the court a table for billiards "with a bed of stone, covered with cloth, and having a hole in the center into which the balls are to be driven."

Later, during the reign of James I, in England the following note is to be found in the records of the Exchequer:

> To Henry Waller, our joyner, for one billiarde boarde. Twelve feete longe and fower foote broade, the frame being wallnut-tree, well wrought and carved with eight great skrewes and eighteen small skrewes.

By 1674 there was not a town of any size in all England that did not have its Publick Billiarde Table. The game was played with a mace, or mast. This was the length of the present cue, but it was so curved that when the handle was held up to the shoulder the playing end rested flat upon the table. The tip was broad, not pointed, and it was finished with ivory or mahogany. It was manipulated with one hand and pushed against the ball with an easy shove. Putting English on the ball was impossible until two years before the close of the eighteenth century, when, in France, Spain and Italy, the tapered cue, carrying no tip, became popular. England adopted it a few years later.

Mlle. Lois Schrier, of Holland, Europe's Greatest Woman Billiardist

With the pointed cue came the fundamentals of modern billiard shots—the draw, the follow, English, or side, and the massé. The massé was the first one discovered, because the unroughened, untipped cues of that day could not get a sufficient grip on the cue ball to impart any English. Who discovered and first used the massé is not known, but it made its appearance in the five years preceding the dawning of the nineteenth century. In 1807, E. White, earliest writer on the technic of the game, said:

> There are four points on the ball to which the cue is occasionally applied for different purposes—namely, the center; below the center—the draw; above the center and level with the table—the follow; above the center and oblique with regard to the level of the table—the massé.

A Frenchman—Mingaut—possibly using a file to roughen the tip of his cue, discovered the draw shot while a political prisoner during the French Revolution in 1798. When shifting fortune brought his political party into power again and papers were signed for his release from the Bastille, Mingaut was loath to go. He begged the jailer to allow him to remain a while longer to practice the new shot. He had discovered that the cue ball, hit low, recoiled. His mastery of the balls was considered wonderful in that day, and his draw shots were believed to have supernatural aid. Later Mingaut invented the leather tip.

A few years later, in England, Jack Carr, an employe in Bartley's billiard room in Upper Bath, discovered English, or twist, on a ball known as "side" in the country of its birth. The discovery was accidental, and Carr—a shrewd business man, with a strong strain of what we moderns might term "crookedness"—kept it to himself. His ability to make the ball do queer things attracted widespread attention, and Carr explained it by producing a pill box full of a chalk which he called "twisting chalk." He said anyone anointing the cue with it could do the same thing. He sold the pill boxes to the gullible for half a crown each, and on his earnings traveled through France and Spain. He became a very proficient player and was regarded as uncrowned champion until 1825, when, because of illness, he refused a match with Edwin—Jonathan—Kentfield, of Brighton. Kentfield claimed the title and held it till 1849, when he was succeeded by John Roberts, of Liverpool.

An Early American Immigrant

BILLIARDS stole into America leaving no record of its ingress. It is variously claimed, without substantiating evidence, that the Spaniards under De Soto brought the game to Florida about 1540; that the English settling Virginia in 1607 brought it with them, and that the Huguenots, who first attempted settlement in 1562 and who were finally successful more than a hundred years later in South Carolina, should be given the credit. Whoever was responsible, the game made little headway until as late as 1800. In 1808 the only tables in use in New York were the English six-pocket tables, said to have been imported for the use of British officers before the Revolutionary War. So billiards in America dates officially from 1800.

The English style of winning and losing hazards—a combination of caroms and pocketing the balls—was played in this country till 1873; but the carom game had found favor with the best players. Michael Phelan, native of Ireland and known as the Father of Billiards in America, became the first champion in the first national billiard tourney held in Detroit in 1859. Phelan defeated

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At Left—Willie Hoppe, the World's Billiard Champion In Center—Jake Schaefer, 2d. At Right—Edouard Horemans, of Belgium, Master of the Masse

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Chili Sauce
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Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
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Caramel Custard: ½ cup sugar; 3 eggs; 1 cup Libby's Milk; 1 cup water; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon vanilla. Caramelize ½ cup sugar and add to scalded milk and water. Beat eggs and add with remaining ingredients. Bake in slow oven until firm. Serve cold with boiled custard sauce

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THEED HARLOW'S CADENZA

Skipper Rufe Seemed by Some Fatality to be Always on Hand Whenever One of These Unlucky References Was Made to That Supposed Understanding Between Theed and Elsie Lindstrom

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE question of putting back music in the public schools had come up again around the Lindstrom supper table. Town meeting would be tomorrow, and there was an article in the warrant on the all-important question. If the vote was yes, Elsie Lindstrom had the promise of the job of supervisor from the school superintendent. She had been away to normal school, she had a beautiful voice herself, and knew as much about music as anyone who was likely to apply.

Rufe Corwin—Skipper Rufe—who had dropped in to supper, was contrary-minded on the music proposition. He was engaged to Elsie, but he would not be able to marry her this winter, and he no doubt felt that if she got herself tangled up with this teaching job he might lose her altogether. That thousand a year might look too good to her to drop when the appointed time came.

"I don't see what you've got all at once against music," Elsie pouted, pouring him a second cup of tea.

Skipper Rufe stroked his giant profile.

"I don't say I've got anything against it, outside of the fact that not one in a hundred can open their mouths without turning good milk sour," Skipper Rufe bellowed. He fixed a menacing eye on Theed Harlow, the Lindstrom boarder, who sat just across the table from him.

Theed kept his eyes on his plate; but Fred Lindstrom said thoughtfully, "I've seen the time when ability to hum a tune would get a man out of a tight corner."

"If a man is scared he can whistle," Corwin grumbled. "Anybody that wants to listen to music can buy a canary, I say. Bird seed comes cheaper than singing teachers. Ain't any teachers hired to teach the birds of the air to sing, is there? I guess, anyway, there won't be any Melbas spring from this vicinity in a thousand years."

"I call that rather a back-handed compliment to Elsie's talent," Mrs. Lindstrom said a little timidly. It was hard to know just how to take Rufe. In argument, as in action, he had a crushing attack. It wasn't the things he said so much, nearly, as the way he had of saying them. He went at a person hammer and tongs. He was one of the irresistibles of the world; a dome-backed, barrel-bodied, bell-nosed son of a backwoodsman, and, professionally, a river pilot.

"What do you say?" he roared now at Theed Harlow.

What did Theed say? What was there for him to say against the opinion of such a man as this? What does a man say to a landslide, to an avalanche, when he is buried under it?

He was through supper, and he got up from the table abruptly.

"I cast my vote for music every time," he said, and left the room. He had come home in the rain, and his corduroy pants, brushing together, went squeak, squeak, squeak in the front hall. He had been a little out of sorts lately, and working outdoors in the shipyard to recruit his strength.

"Makes music just walking along," Rufe laughed. "Why wouldn't he cast his vote for it?"

"Corduroy does that when it's wet," Elsie said. "But it's awfully strong." As if to divert his mind from Harlow, she said brightly, "I wonder if that isn't the derivation of the word. French *cœur du roi*. Heart of a king."

"Heart of a rabbit," Skipper Rufe let fall, and Elsie knew that he was not referring to the corduroy. She put her hand over his mouth.

He was a bear of a man himself; there was simply no taking hold of him anywhere, and he was not afraid of anything or anybody. In the war, for example, he had joined the Navy. They had wanted to put him in charge of a hundred-and-ten footer, but he had told a high Navy official, flat, that he'd be hanged if he'd pilot their plaguy little spitkit at that season of the year across the North Atlantic, and he hadn't done it; that much was certain. The Navy, some said, had backed down and allowed him to defend his country at longer range.

"If they put back music in the schools," he said now to Lindstrom, "they might even vote to saddle the band onto the town again. That's in another article. There's enough dogs howling around nights as it is."

"Rufe, the town needs the band," Elsie protested.

"They'll never in God's world resuscitate it," the big man said. He hoisted himself out of his chair and lit his pipe at Fred Lindstrom's cigar, spoiling the taste of the cigar in the process.

"The ordinary man, I say, is better off to imitate the swan, and sing only on his last day," he puffed, and went through the doorway on his way to the lodge.

Elsie stood considering. If only they could resuscitate the band. Theed Harlow, she was morally convinced, had a hankering to play the clarinet; and that would be the best thing that could happen to him, outside of falling in love with some woman who could spruce him up. Music, she had noticed, just from the few songs she had sung to him, took him out of himself, touched some spring in him, as if another man, a nobler soul, were hidden there.

Who knew? Perhaps there was. Theed came of an old aristocratic family that had gone to seed. There was a picture in the county courthouse of a Harlow, an Indian fighter of two centuries ago, whose features were identical with Theed's. Theed might have sat for that portrait, but the blue ribbon round his sword arm would have looked a little out of place. This ancestor didn't have, either, that apprehensive look of a man treading on eggshells all the time, which was characteristic of Theed.

Elsie stood watching Skipper Rufe down the road with a faint considering frown; and then going upstairs lingeringly a little later, when the dishes were done and her father and mother out of the house, she saw Theed outlined against the skylight. He was staring at the stars.

(Continued on Page 47)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 4
Why good roads are hard on engines

Today four miles of concrete road stretch out before you to every mile that beckoned ten years ago.

Watch your speedometer. On a smooth road you get more comfort at 40 miles an hour than a rough road will give you at 20 miles.

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* * *

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The Vacuum Oil Company has made scientific lubrication its aim for over sixty years. First and foremost, scientific lubrication means providing an ample margin of safety to meet *all* conditions that your car will encounter.

The Mobiloil Engineering Staff are in active personal touch with every automobile manufacturer. They study new trends. They note day-to-day changes in design. They consider these new mechanical factors in reaching the recommendations in the chart on this page.

In light of these findings the various grades of Mobiloil have been given an increasing margin of safety to meet changing conditions. The Mobiloil of today is made to meet with scientific exactness the driving conditions of today.

Remember that as you speed along today's improved roads. Remember it again when you see the Mobiloil sign over dealers' doors.

MAKE THE CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32 F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Ar	BB	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet 6	A	A						
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other mod	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hupmobile	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc
Nash	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	Ar	Ar
Oakland	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
Packard 6	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
" 8	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	A	Ar	Ar
Peerless Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker 6	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Ar	B	A	B	Arc
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

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August 1925 —Chevrolet announced a new measure of value based on many new quality features such as a motor-driven Klaxon horn, improved sheet metal construction in the bodies, corrugated steering wheel with walnut finish, new headlamp rim construction and a more convenient gearshift lever. Yet, despite all these additions, the price of the Coach was reduced to . . . . *The* COACH $695 f.o.b Flint, Mich.

January 1926 —Saw another spectacular increase in Chevrolet value—a model offering many mechanical improvements such as a smoother, quieter motor with three-point suspension, silent V-belt generator drive, new oil pump, more efficient cooling, an air cleaner; 33⅓% larger brakes and the like. Nevertheless the Coach price was again reduced to . . . . . *The* COACH $645 f.o.b Flint Mich

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January 1927

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$595

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The Sedan	$695
The Landau	$745
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In addition to these low prices Chevrolet delivered prices include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

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The Layerbilt patented construction reduces internal resistance to an electrical cell, making all material contact with its neighbors, and putting all available space inside the battery case
Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the Heavy-Duty battery that should be specified for all loud-speaker sets. Price $5.00
EVEREADY
NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.

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For maximum economy, choose the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. In every test and trial this has proved conclusively to be the longest-lasting "B" battery ever built. Its unique, patented construction is responsible for its astonishingly long life. It is, we believe, the most economical, as well as the most satisfactory, convenient and reliable source of "B" current available. Just remember this: Radio is better with *Battery* Power, and the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 offers you that power most economically.

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WJAR Providence
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WTAM Cleveland
WWJ Detroit
WCS Boston
WGR Buffalo
WCCO Minneapolis
WDAF Kansas City
WMAQ Chicago
WSMB New Orleans
WRC Washington
WGY Schenectady
WHAS Louisville
WOC Davenport
WMC Memphis

(Continued from Page 42)

She crowded her slim form past him, and for a second he had the sweet scent of her in his nostrils; some ruffle of her touched his ear. "Stargazer," she whispered.

"There's a lot of comfort in the stars. Music in 'em," Theed said with a pale grin.

"Do you believe in that about music of the spheres?"

"If I stand still and hold my breath I can hear something, sure enough."

"Yes, but it's probably a singing in your ears. I've heard of people being driven nearly mad by frying noises in the head."

Theed muttered that the sounds, whatever they were, did not remind him in the least of the sounds of getting supper. He did hear them, though, just as he sometimes heard the sand sing under his heels. He had singing ghosts in his blood. Yet he had no voice himself, not a singing voice at least; no slightest aptitude for music, unless its sway over him might be a symptom.

Elsie said, with a little sigh, "I guess music of the spheres is all this town will be treated to. From the way he spoke tonight it wouldn't surprise me any if Rufe himself moved to dismiss that article tomorrow. He's just got his back up against my earning any money. If I could only think of somebody to sponsor it and make a speech. But I can't think of a

soul."

She brushed lightly up the two or three remaining stairs, and he heard her clattering about in the south attic bedroom, which was hers. The floor was like a sounding board, and Elsie herself had complained that she couldn't make the least movement there without being heard the length and breadth of the house.

Theed, putting his hand in the dark on the book of electricity he was studying, came back to the head of the stairs again. Elsie's voice called through her door to him, asking sleepily, in case any of her girl friends called, to say that she had gone to bed. She must make up lost sleep, she laughed, and Theed understood that Skipper Rufe's courtship was strenuous. He heard very clearly the swish and crackle of her hair, and the click of her comb being set back on the marble-topped bureau.

Then when he was halfway down the stairs he heard her call him cautiously, "Theed."

He put his head through the green drapery screening the attic flight, which had no door at its bottom.

"What is it?"

"Come up here a minute."

In his gray felt slippers, he mounted the stairs again. High in the right-hand wall at the top of this stairway was an internal window, filled with sprigged muslin of a proper opacity. This window was to let the south light into the stairway in the daytime, and Theed could see the girl's shadow cast there, perfectly motionless. The door was partly open. The bed itself Elsie had got him only yesterday to shift to a position against the south wall. She had a passion for rearranging and regrouping her familiars.

"Come all the way in," she said now, impatient with his hesitation. He came round the corner of the door. There she was standing under the light with a clarinet in her hands. She held it out to him.

"Art Lyder gave it to me," she said with a sheepish laugh. Art had played in a summer orchestra and boarded with the Lindstroms; and until Elsie fell in love with Rufe she had even corresponded with the clarinet player. "It was shameful. I'm afraid I really wheedled it out of him; and I did mean to learn it; but then Rufe came along, and where he's so set against anything of the kind—and especially if he knew who gave it to me —— Here, take it off my hands, do."

"You're giving it to me?"

"Just so long as you don't say so outside. Theed, don't lisp it."

"No, certainly not. Why, thank you, Elsie. Thank you. Well, I wasn't expecting anything like this"

"Take the goods the gods provide thee," Elsie laughed.

She wrote poetry, he remembered. She was skillful half a dozen ways. And then, on top of that, to have the luck to fall in love. He turned the clarinet over in his hands. It was fascinating in its complexity. Gus Herbert always contended that it was the hardest piece in the whole orchestra to play, for a big-fingered man, on account of its being stuck all over with keys. Keys under it and keys on top of it, keys on the sides, to say nothing of the roller key, and, in addition, there was a goodish bit of tonguing connected with it.

"Remember, now," Elsie warned him yet again, "if Rufe knew that I had accepted such a thing from Art Lyder he'd be fit to be tied, even if it is all in the past. So you're doing me a favor to take it off my hands, really, so long as you make up some nice explanation of how you came by it."

"I'm afraid I'd never master it," Theed murmured.

"You don't know till you try. It doesn't take any wind at all. I've coaxed noises out of it myself."

She caught her breath and seized his arm, looking up over their heads. "Theed, did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"There, that noise. There must be some little animal, or something, going back and forth up there, and has been for two weeks."

She was staring at the scuttle in the ceiling which communicated with the blind attic in the peak of the house. No stairs led up there.

"Rat, probably," Theed murmured.

"Still where I can't be sure. I do hate these blind attics. Some don't have even so much as a scuttle, like that one at May Anderson's, where the firemen had to chop their way into it. That was spontaneous combustion, they said. But I don't know. It might have been deliberate. Theed, lying here, I have the queerest thoughts sometimes. Like what if maybe when the house was building, something or somebody got walled off and plastered up in there. I get to thinking it's staring down at me through that knot hole in the scuttle. Theed, you're taller than I am. Would you mind stuffing it with something? I know I'm childish, but I can't help it."

Theed placed a chair under the scuttle and stuffed a handkerchief into the knot hole.

"I do think it's creepy, having anything like that on the premises—something unget-at-able—don't you?" Elsie said dreamily.

"There's a stepladder in the other attic," the young man reminded her. "How about my looking up there now, if that will set your mind at rest?"

"How about your making yourself scarce, where one of us is a little negligee," Elsie cried gayly. "I guess my case hasn't got serious enough for stepladders."

Theed was out of the room like a shot, burning with embarrassment. In a minute more he was out of the house altogether. What studying he did now he could put in his hat. He looked back. The mournful maroon-colored house with its steep masonry in front, due to the slope of the hill, called after him mysteriously. There was something almost uncanny and persuasive in Elsie's apprehensions. What if some forgotten shape had got plastered up there when the house was building? Anything could straggle into an attic like that Ghosts. Bees. Bees had got into the attic at Ella Hodges' house, and when they came to tear it down to make room for that ark of a hotel that later brought

(Continued on Page 103)

He Turned the Clarinet Over in His Hands. It Was Fascinating in Its Complexity

LEARN the charm of colorful rooms ... *the comfort of lighter housework!*

Above is shown the popular "VENETIAN" design, Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 552

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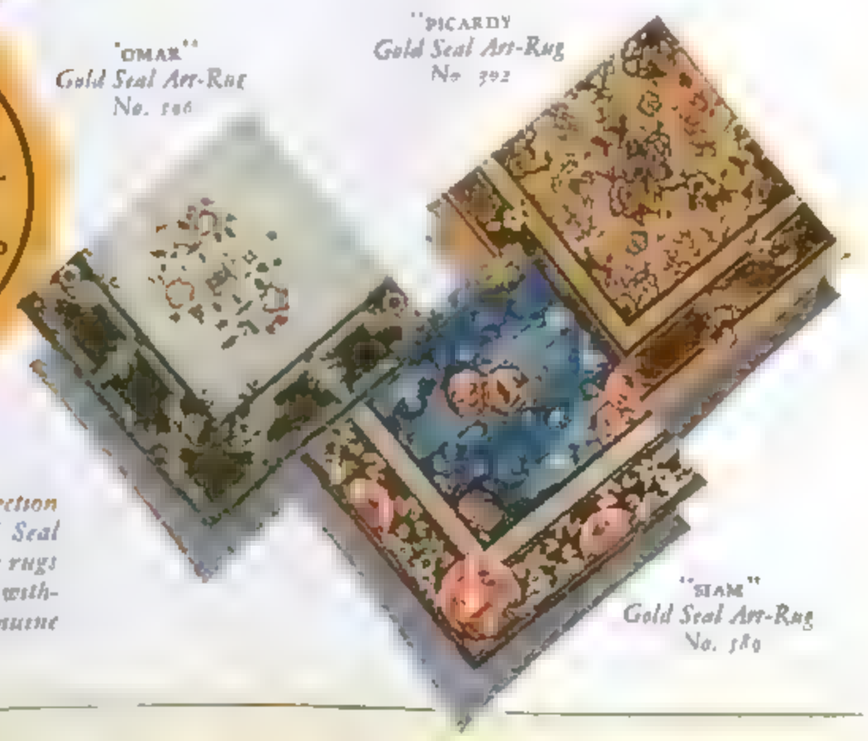

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Dramas of the Dinner Table

THE COMEDY AND TRAGEDY OF FOOD

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

EATING is easily our most popular occupation. No other habit has ever yet been invented which gives us positive pleasure at least three times a day and which never palls until "desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home."

Our feeling toward foods is pretty much the same as that of the old lady in the late President Eliot's story. When visiting once in the rural districts of New England, his hosts told him of an aged dame in the village who was supposed to be more than one hundred years old, and asked if he would not like to see her. A call was arranged and President Eliot chatted for several minutes with the old lady, who was remarkably spry for her years and in full possession of all her senses. As he rose to take his leave, he said, "Now, Mrs. A, you have lived an unusually long and useful life. You have had many interesting experiences, and decades to think them over and draw conclusions from them. What, in your judgment, have you found to give you the most durable and permanent satisfaction of life?"

The birdlike old lady cocked her head on one side for a moment and then piped up, "My vittles."

As we walk down our city streets and gaze admiringly at the tier above tier of alluring eatables piled up in the shop windows, or drive along the country roads in the autumn—"season of mists and mellow fruitfulness"—between orchards laden and bending with ruddy fruit on one hand, and cornfields lined with close-set rows of giant shocks and dotted with golden pumpkins on the other, we feel as if all the powers of nature were our friends, and the whole face of the brown old earth wrinkled in one gigantic smile of approval upon us.

Villains Among Our Victuals

BUT we should soon find ourselves hugging a flattering delusion. Though the broad acres of meadow and cornfield and orchard are soothing to the eye and comforting to the soul as an assurance of plenty for the coming winter, what of the miles of rough, broken hills, of swamp, of scrub underbrush, which yield practically nothing for the filling of the hungry human stomach? It is a good country where more than a quarter of the total acreage is plowland. All the rest of the land is covered with some sort of vegetation, but how long would we humans be able to support life on ten square miles of it?

In fact, back of all our hard-won cribs of corn and granaries of wheat and oats and cellars of apples and potatoes and squashes, lies the disappointing fact that out of the sixty-thousand-odd known and identified species of plants on this earth we have been able to utilize, or domesticate, for human food only a beggarly hundred or hundred and fifty species, and this after a world-wide scouring search from the equator to the poles, lasting at least a quarter of a million years!

In other words, barely one or two plants in the thousand are good for human food. Which is a fair indication of about how much Mother Nature had us in mind when she laid out her vegetable garden, and should also give a wholesome jolt to our colossal conceit of ourselves as Nature's darling—man! More than this, not one of these tamed and domesticated food plants of ours dropped into our mouths, or came to us of its own accord, so to speak. Every one of them had to be roped and dragged into the corral of the garden patch, kicking and pitching like a bucking bronco, and trimmed of chaff and beards, docked of thorns and spines and cured of bitterness or sourness, or even poisons, which it had developed as a protection against marauding enemies. The absurd term "denaturized," as applied to foods, means nothing in our young life as scientists.

All this took not merely years but centuries, but we stuck to it like a bur, and today the wild ancestral forms of our tamest and richest grains, or gourds, or roots, or fruits, would scarce be considered fit for human food; and not a few are actually poisonous until crushed or cooked.

Every once in a while one of our mildest and tamest of food plants, finding itself in a stomach where it can act up, reverts to the primitive and stages a poison-food drama. What, for instance, could be more peaceable than porridge or milder than mush and milk? Yet the first will fresco the exteriors of some of us with a Grade A imitation of the seven-year itch; while the second will gripe the interiors of others in a life-sized dress rehearsal of Asiatic cholera. To paraphrase Scripture, we have sought bread and are given a stone.

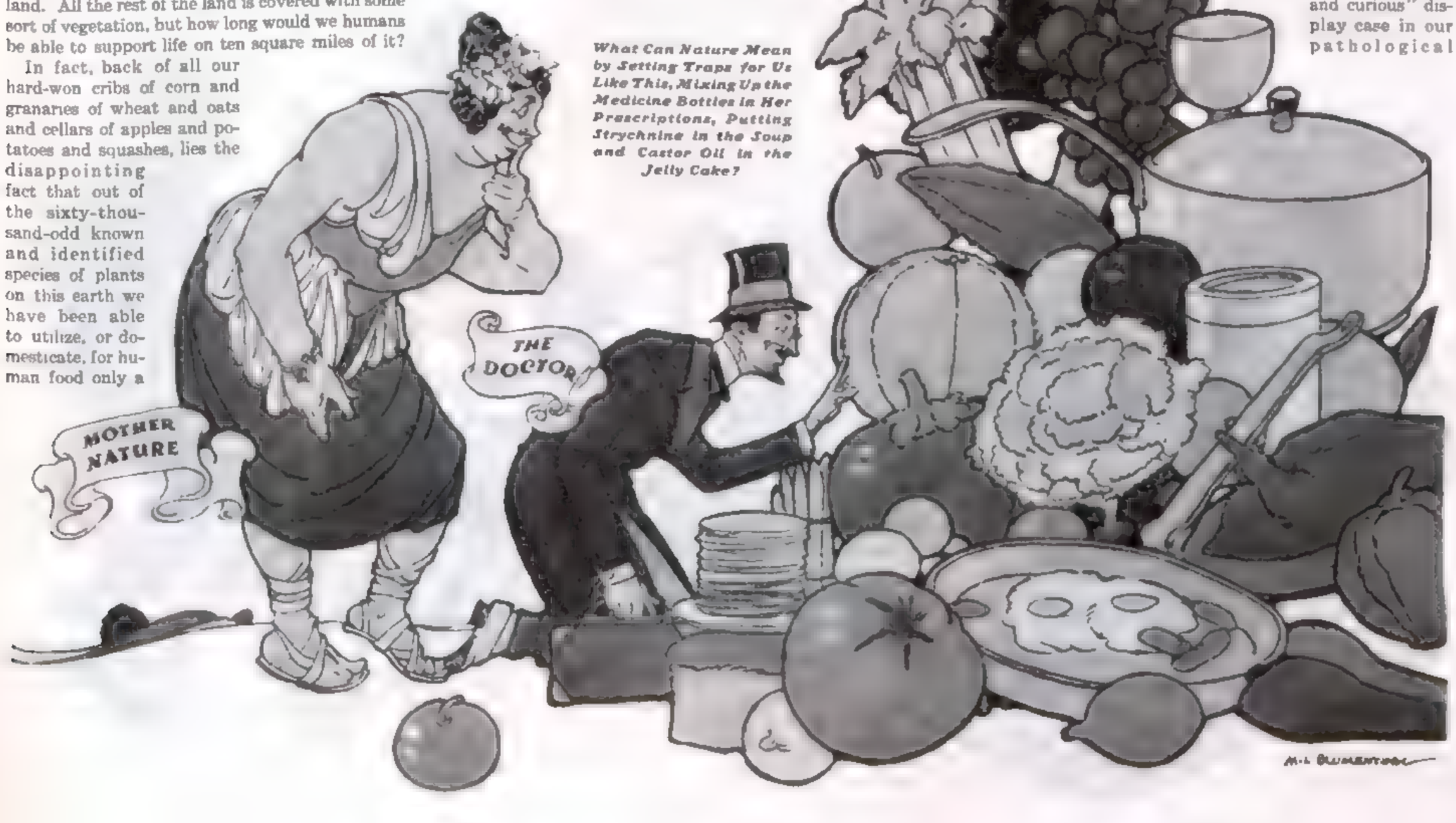
The mildest things are sometimes the most murderous. As there are weasel words, there are porcupine foods, which suddenly set up their bristles in luckless stomachs. We ride forth on our most exciting, most dangerous, if not highest adventures, not astride of a prancing charger or at the wheel of an eight-cylinder devil wagon, but on the comfortable seat of a dining-room chair.

The Rogue's Gallery of Foods

WE ARE feeding lovely, and all goes merry as a marriage bell until someone steps on one of his pet porcupine foods, harmless to others, but "death in the pot" to him, and the mischief is to pay promptly. His tongue itches and swells, his stomach burns and cramps, his skin breaks out into a blaze of nettle rash, and his joints swell and ache as if he had rheumatism. But this provoking picture of discomfort is merely finger-print No. 1 of a regular rogues' gallery of treacherous titbits, criminal comestibles, dietetic wolves in sheep's clothing, literal bad eggs.

There must be well on toward sixty or seventy portraits of known offenders. And although each one of them is prickly to only about 1 or 2 per cent of us, yet when we remember that our total list of foods, animal and vegetable, runs up only to about two hundred and fifty, this means that almost one-third of all our favorite edibles are porcupines to someone.

When our attention was called to these poison foods a decade or two ago, we believed them to be a very small and limited group, mere curiosities of medicine. We began collecting them for the "rare and curious" display case in our pathological



What Can Nature Mean by Setting Traps for Us Like This, Mixing Up the Medicine Bottles in Her Prescriptions, Putting Strychnine in the Soup and Castor Oil in the Jelly Cake?

museums, with a sniff of contempt for the sensitiveness and fussiness of modern digestions and nerves

But the reports came tumbling in at such a rate that we soon had to revise our ideas as to both the frequency and the importance of poison foods. Instead of being of rare occurrence and few in numbers, we found there was scarcely a food upon our tables which is not hostile, or bad medicine, to someone at times. And on the other hand, instead of being the occasional bane of a handful of squeamish, sensitive *malades imaginaires*, almost every one of us is possessed of or by several such food antipathies.

Incidentally, they and like reactions to dusts and pollens account for not only three-quarters of hay fever and asthma and bronchitis but also for fully half of that ancient and venerable *Dominus morborum et morbus dominorum*—Lord of diseases and disease of lords—the gout, and a considerable share of so-called rheumatism.

Last but not least, the first few poison foods to arrest our attention, such as strawberries, cucumbers, melons, clams, honey, and so on, were for the most part luxuries or relishes of high and pungent flavors. So that we were under the impression that poison foods were not only rare but of little nutrient value or practical importance.

But as soon as we took the initiative and began active scouting for them, the trail led us all up and down the menu and soon had incriminated not only nearly all the hors d'œuvres, salads, entrées, side dishes and desserts but also such highly respected worthy citizens, such plain, substantial and nutritious solids as oatmeal, potatoes, brown bread, eggs, mutton, even our revered daily bread, the staff of life, and cow's milk, the pure and perfect food of childhood!

Indeed, when the smoke of battle cleared away there remained but a single staple food towering above the wreckage and looming through the haze, like the Rock of Gibraltar—roast beef, medium. Rare is the human being who is damaged or even disturbed by that foundation of our dietetic faith, to which we had long turned instinctively when our more exotic gastronomic gods had deserted our digestive altars and we felt alone in a hungry world.

Perched high on the side of this pinnacle of glory, however, is that rubicund Pirate of Penzance—the rotund tomato. It has turned out to be a vegetable Sir Philip Sydney, descended from a line of sinister ancestors; originally grown as a garden ornament, it was long shunned as a food because of its relationship to the Salomelike belladonna or deadly nightshade, but now is proved to possess all the big three vitamines and most of the virtues, with an almost spotless record as to explosions.

The Private Life of the Tomato

THUS the human race is not the only one in which industrious and law-abiding citizens may have a near relative addicted to a life of open sin. But the tomato's private life becomes more blameless and more useful with every investigation which is made; the precise opposite, in fact, of that suggested by the color of its complexion.

Instead of poison foods being a modern invention, a new disease born of the whims of professional invalids in this day of isms, ologies and paths, they are probably one of the oldest calamities which have tortured and tormented the stomach, the nerves and the joints of man. In fact, our search for them has already uncovered a page of buried and almost forgotten ancient and primitive history, entitled Learning to Eat Things, or Education in Omnivorousness, How Man Taught His Stomach to Digest Everything! And this education, this higher course in cultural cooking, is still continuing. Even as each of us climbs his own family tree in the course of our prenatal development, so we every one repeat our ancestral history in our lifelong course of liberal education in eating and good feeding.

Starting at birth on an exclusive milk diet, with neither liking nor digestive ability for any other food, we slowly but steadily grow in stature and wisdom and peptic powers, adding to our roll of digestive accomplishments a scant half dozen of foods each year, until by our twelfth year we reach the average or standard capacity of fifty to seventy-five foods.

Of course, part of this growth in food grace and expansion of table powers is psychological—overcoming prejudice against the new and learning to like strange dishes. But in the earliest months of life these influences probably play little part, though we can cordially echo the query of the poet:

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can trace the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great Unknown,
Blind and wailing and all alone,
Into the light of day?

If we would paraphrase the first line into "Who can tell why a baby drinks?" we would frankly and truthfully confess our equal ignorance of the "why" of his little bodily growth.

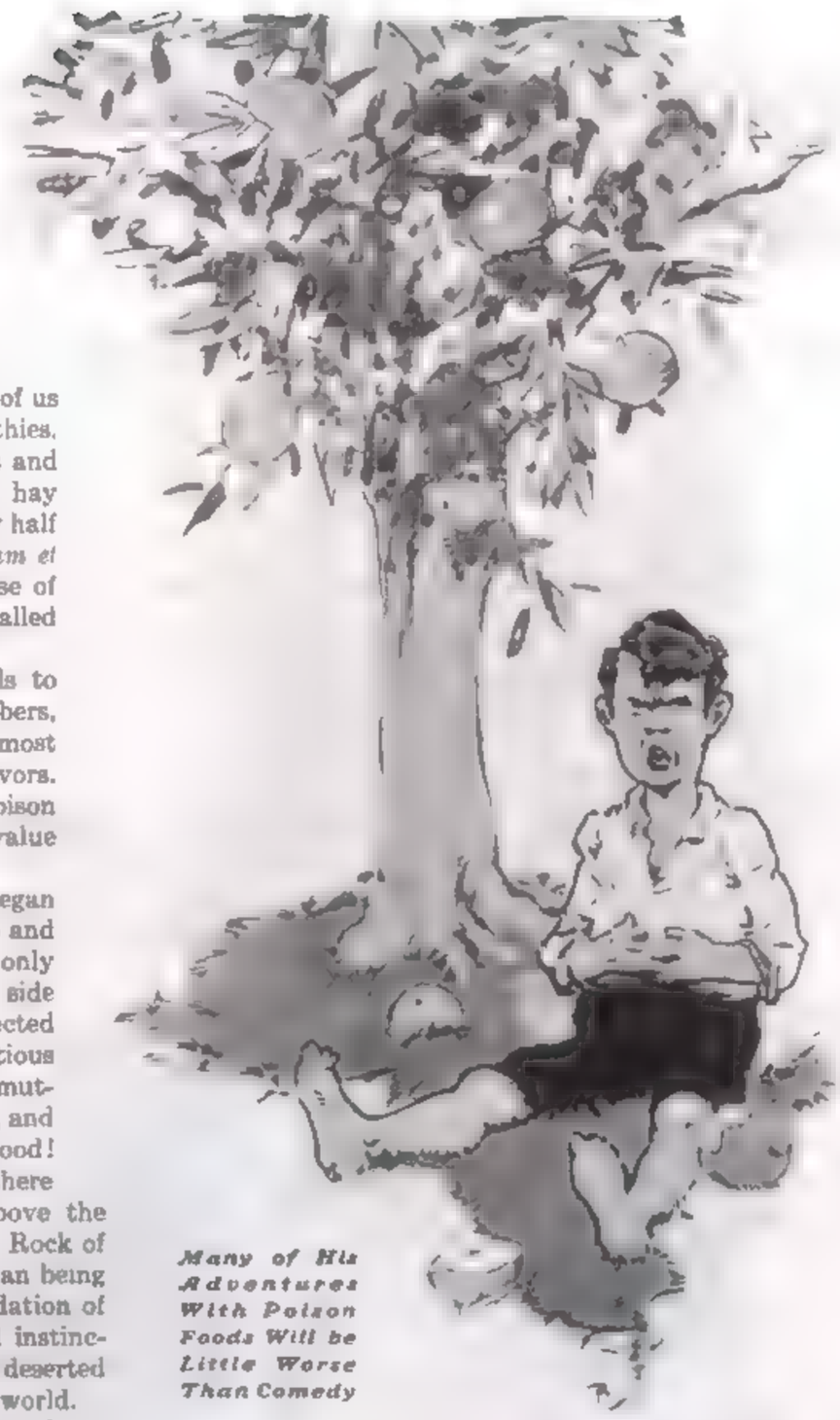
After we had got him fairly launched on a liquid diet, we were sure it was too thin and watery to build him up, and hence were always trying to add something to thicken and strengthen it—gruels, barley water, oatmeal, arrowroot. But one fine day not long ago, we discovered that a baby's salivary glands did not secrete any pytalin—the ferment which changes starch to sugar—until he was four or five months old. Hence, it is best to go light on starches and cereals—gruels, porridges, paps—until after that age, though small amounts of them can be digested by the pancreatic juice down in the intestines. Especially if they are dextrinized or half sugared by long baking or boiling: which accounts for the one-time popularity of baked-flour gruels and butter with cereal, overboiled soups and malted mixtures.

So we came back to milk—just milk, the baby's best bet. But surely we could change this chemically so as to improve it! First came alkalies to neutralize acidity, and so soda or lime water went into all nursing bottles. Soon the pendulum swung in the opposite direction, and till just recently, citrated, soured and otherwise acid, milks were all the vogue.

Into the Mouths of Babes

NOW comes one of our leading authorities on child feeding with an interesting report upon the experiences of more than three thousand babies under careful medical, hospital and visiting-nurse care. This practically sums up to the effect that seven out of eight babies under six months, with intelligence and patience on the part of the mother and nurse, can be fed and flourish best on breast milk. From the fourth month on, cereals—chiefly germs of wheat and farina—cane sugar, orange juice and tomato juice against scurvy, with vegetables, especially spinach, can be cautiously begun and gradually increased. Always remembering that to one or two babies in the hundred—of which yours may be one—one of even these mild and long-trusted baby foods, such as oatmeal, cow's milk, cereals, orange juice may blow up as a poison food.

(Continued on Page 225)



Many of His Adventures With Poison Foods Will be Little Worse Than Comedy

CHRYSLER 70

ONLY INDEPENDENCE CAN ACHIEVE SUCH STARTLING SUCCESS

THE phenomenal success of the Chrysler "70" is of the very essence of the widespread public approval which has swept Chrysler over the heads of twenty-three long established cars to 4th place—in three years' time.

Once you consider the underlying facts, however, it is not so phenomenal—it is inevitable, and possible *only* to Chrysler.

Walter P. Chrysler is an independent manufacturer, functioning at the head of his own independent company, untrammeled by engineering tradition, unhampered by obsolete equipment.

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It was this independence, this freedom that made possible the first Chrysler "70". Recall how its introduction rocked the motor car industry from top to bottom, precipitating a feverish rush to imitate and emulate its revolutionary ideas in appearance and performance.

And this same freedom is today responsible for the new elements of progressiveness in the *finer* Chrysler "70".

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Phaeton $1395; Sport Phaeton $1495; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) $1495; Brougham $1525; Two-passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) $1545; Royal Sedan $1595; Two-passenger Convertible Cabriolet (with Rumble Seat) $1745; Crown Sedan $1795

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Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

CABARET

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

The Head Waiter Looked Wilfred Over, and Weighed Him Up. His Look Was Soft and Understanding, Expressing: "Trust in Me, Young Sir, and All Will be Well"

GROWING up was an expensive job. For the past year Wilfred had been turning it over in his mind. Ever since his sister's seventeenth-birthday party—when he had counted no less than five boys, boys no bigger, stronger or more ferocious than himself, kissing her secretively as opportunity permitted—it had occurred to him that it was time that he knew what life was.

Ever since his elder brother had had that first gorgeous row with their old man about staying out at night, Wilfred had enjoyed certain bright ideas to the effect that a fellow could find more to live for than even the ecstasies of leaving school, starting office life, coming home at 6:30 every evening on the same omnibus as his father, and on Saturdays handing over to his mother a seemly proportion of his weekly salary.

It was practically dead certain that there was more to life than this. It was his elder brother George who put Wilfred wise in certain minor problems of strategy.

"When you started working, George, and mother gave you a savings box ——"

"Willie, I'll give you a tip. Her weak suit's arithmetic. Add and subtract quicker than she can follow, and she doesn't know what you've put in the box and what you've kept out."

"I've often wondered how you managed ——"

"Ah!"

"And how Dorothy manages to ——"

"Ah!"

"I know who you took out last night!"

"Time you had something to think about on your own account," said George crudely.

It was just here that Dorothy came home, bringing back with her to supper the most marvelous girl in the world.

"Hell, Willie!" said George, when through the dining-room door he had seen her fly upstairs after Dorothy.

"Hell, George!" answered Wilfred.

This was a girl such as caused even George to pause and stumble. This was a girl such as men of the world might take out to dine, and probably often did. This was a girl of wide experience and large demands. This was the last word even in girls, quickly as they supersede each other. There was nothing at all later than this one. To have been seen with her in public would be to have achieved distinction that the world of men might envy.

"Just think," said Dorothy, "Pamela dances every night of the week. This quiet evening is an exception."

Her friend smiled radiantly.

"She has seen every new play this year," continued Dorothy. "Isn't it marvelous?"

"Marvelous," faltered George.

"She plays tennis or goes on the river every Sunday," Dorothy went on. "She has more engagements than any girl I know."

"Isn't it all very expensive?" said Dorothy's mother while she kept her eye on George and Wilfred.

"I—I—I really don't know," said Pamela.

This meant, of course, that she was taken out all the time; it meant certainly an unconscionable number of admirers; and it caused a little stir at the table. George smiled feebly.

"Do you dance much at the Looking-Glass Club, and the Buttercup? Or at the Sunday River Club or the Midnight Sun?" Pamela addressed him as one worldling to another.

"S-s-seldom," said George weakly. "There are one or two little places I go to ——"

"But hardly ever," George's father added firmly. Wilfred felt too young to say anything at all.

After supper Pamela got her ukulele—which she had brought at Dorothy's request—and crossing the slimmest and silkiest knees that George or Wilfred had seen or even dreamed of, she sat and sang to them. She was stupefying.

At ten a fast sports model roared up outside, and she remarked that it seemed as if Teddie or Charlie or Hugh had tracked and called for her, and she must go. The house was then void of song, scent, light, sweetness and color.

George had gone out to tuck her in beside Teddie, Charlie or Hugh. Returning, "De Luxe Bride Model," he muttered. "Fellow looks as if he owned the earth."

"Isn't she ——" cried Dorothy, lost for words.

"Well!" said her mother helplessly. Wilfred uttered no word at all

By and by he and George sat together on George's old school trunk in George's room. "Shall you try to take her out, George?" said Wilfred from a dry throat.

"Couldn't finance it."

"I—I must say I should like ——"

"You, you mutt! When it's too much even for me!"

"Do you suppose she's engaged to the fellow with the car?"

"Lord, no. A girl like that doesn't need to get engaged."

"She's—she's ——"

"Isn't she ——" George agreed.

"She's—she's ——"

"Be thankful, Willie, you're the quiet boy you are," said George in the agony of his heart. "Be thankful temptation doesn't appeal to you. Be thankful you've never let yourself begin."

Wilfred struggled with words.

"What are you boys talking about?" asked their father, looking in.

"Nothing, father," Wilfred replied.

Because Wilfred had been inactive in practice is not to say that he had not been a devoted student of the theory of life as lived by his betters. His inferiority complex was his chief handicap to a good start. If he could overcome this he always felt he would get well away, from an inside position. His white waistcoat assisted him, mentally, to a considerable extent. He bought it three weeks after he had first met Pamela. His silk socks followed, three weeks after that.

Thanks to George's hint, he did indeed discover his mother to be amazingly weak at mental arithmetic. She

(Continued on Page 54)

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(*guaranteed* Used Cars)

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Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Continued from Page 52

knew nothing of the bonus to the staff which Wilfred's boss paid out as an Easter thank offering, and so Wilfred's dinner jacket flowered into being. Braided trousers soon joined it. A very little while after Wilfred had discovered and mended a hole in his savings box, an evening shirt was born. He borrowed George's razor.

"Whaffor?" said George shortly. George was peculiarly curt in his manner these days

About the beginning of autumn Wilfred reckoned to be ready. He was not absolutely sure what he would need for his plunge into life, but he had in his mind the spare sum of quite two pounds or thereabouts.

He kept track of Pamela through Dorothy in this manner: "Where's that girl with the ukulele?" casually.

"Dancing about somewhere," bitterly

"You've never brought her here again."

"She has neither time nor inclination to come to such a dull hole, where even the trifle is flavored with vanilla instead of sherry."

"Still, you can meet at lunchtime when you both get out of your offices."

"Meet her? She booked three deep every day with boys for lunch and tea and dinner and supper and dancing."

"Awful!" said Wilfred, with a heavy swell inside him somewhere.

His mother noted and lamented a change in him. On the other hand, George became rather more of a comfort. The indications were that he was giving up his raffish habit of once-a-week dancing with no mother knew whom; and that he was turning his thoughts to saving a little money.

About August Wilfred asked George certain things. "Do girls mostly take wine or lemonade?"

"They take what they can get every time."

"Do girls expect to be fetched?"

"They hope."

"Do you—do you, George—fetch girls right from their homes?"

"If I think there's another fellow who'll do it if I don't."

"I dare say they don't seem to care just for—for walking—or—or an omnibus, or the underground wouldn't exactly ——"

"Any girl you want to take in an omnibus or underground isn't worth the cost and the trouble."

"When you take a girl home in a taxi, I suppose——"

"I've often supposed, and been wrong."

"No, listen; I suppose you—you, George—you'd kiss her good night."

"What's the taxi for?"

Wilfred's inside seemed to swell heavily again, but a bursting sigh from his charged heart relieved it.

It was September before he considered his preparations fairly complete, and sent off the last note of the several dozen that he had been practicing on during the summer months.

Dear Miss August: I wonder if you have completely forgotten me? I shall never forget you. I have been hoping that you would perhaps have been coming to supper with my sister again. Will you spare me one of your evenings soon? Any evening any week. We could perhaps dine and dance at the Buttercup, or the Midnight Sun, or whatever place you prefer. . . .

On the whole, a very satisfactory epistle.

Miss Pamela August,
Willow Villas,
Willow Street,
Notting Hill.

Bursting sighs kept breaking from Wilfred's charged heart, but there was a serene and manly smile upon his face too.

She would come. Her reply stated that she would be delighted; on Thursday next week she was free for dinner; she liked the Buttercup; she would, however, have to leave at 10:30. Would he fetch her from Willow Villas at eight o'clock? Would he not! Indubitably she was a girl to be fetched here and carried there. He wished he had a limousine.

Ten-thirty. All the better. Home early. No questions asked at breakfast next morning. "Did I hear you coming in late last night, my boy?" or "Tell mother where you went." Ten-thirty. Providential. Precisely at 10:30 P.M. next Thursday he would be entering, with her, a glorious taxicab

"You have a very poor appetite, Wilhe," said his mother every morning for a week

Wilfred put on for the first time—save for private rehearsals—the garments of sophistication: the suit of evening, speaking eloquently in every crease of woman and wine. His face was pale, his eyes glittered; his lips were set.

He brilliantined his hair with George's brilliantine. He walked with a wan look down the stairs The dining-room door was open, supper about to begin

George was there, with a sort of look of repressed excitement about him; pretending to take quite a natural interest, however, in carving ham. All glanced up at the wonderful apparition of Wilfred in the doorway. He smiled a very sick smile upon them. There was a silence.

"Going out, mother; got an engagement," said Wilfred airily, in the manner he had often seen George assume to cover his flight

"Willie!" gasped Dorothy.

"Cheer-oh," said George, with a gleam of brotherly interest in his eye, "going out myself later."

Their father and mother just bowed their heads.

Wilfred left home. Easy. It had been darned easy. All you needed to do with a family was just to take it pleasantly by the neck and scrag it; and it capitulated. It knew when it was beat. Wilfred put a cigarette in his mouth and lighted it with trembling fingers

He traveled by omnibus, but took a taxicab within a hundred yards of Willow Villas, so that it might stand chugging at her gate, looking regardless of expense. It gave a de luxe impression to see the panting vehicle there, and the young man waiting on the doorstep, even if his heart was beating to the rhythm of: "If it ticks up many more threepence, where'll I be with the rest of the evening's expenses?"

She appeared suddenly. Her closely shingled head and slender silk legs emerged from a near-Spanish shawl—a shawl with great globular red flowers all printed on it like splashed bouquets.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Hopkins."

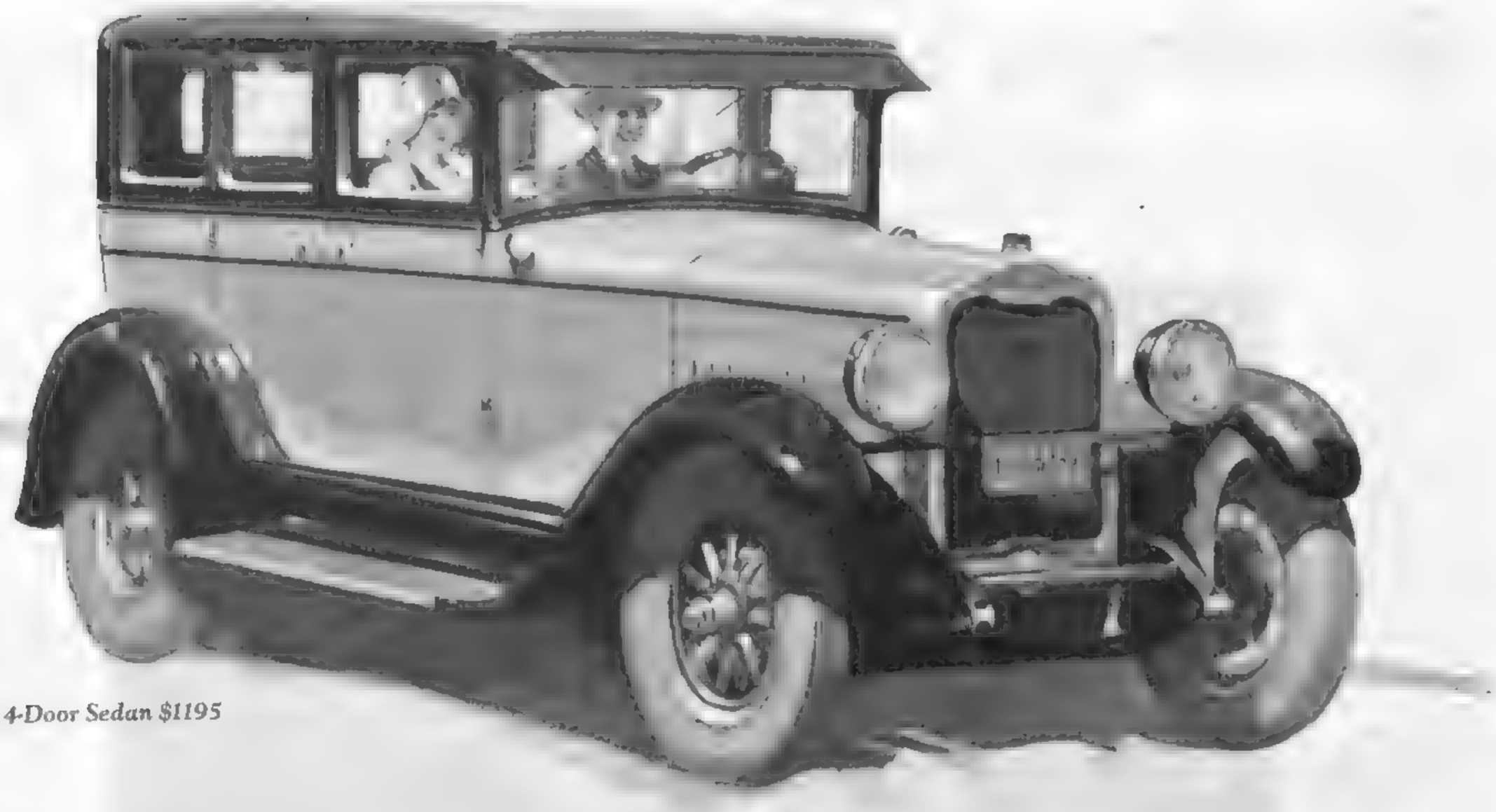
"G-g-good evening, M-M-Miss August. I-I-I've been lul-lul-lul-looking forward ——"

Buttercup Club.

They were in the taxicab. The perfume the girl used! The length of her stockings! The beauty of her lipstick! He stammered, "M-m-my sister was s-s-saying to me she hadn't seen you lately."

(Continued on Page 149)

"I Don't Care for This Sort of Thing," Said Miss August



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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS ~ WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

An Angel's Money Has Wings

By Sidney F. Lazarus

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD WOOLMAN

"'Hurry Into Your Street Clothes, Sister; 'Cause Something Tells Me We Ain't Gonna Make Our Return Trip in No Subway'"

I WISH I could land a part in a Broadway revue this summer, instead of traveling all over the whole United States an' Jersey in vaudeville," remarked Dorothy Arden to her friend, Madeline Vancastle

"Stop your kicking," replied Madeline. "You better be thankful you're working an' not laying off like a lotta acts I know. Of course they do pay good money in revues, an' also the clothes you don't have to wear in 'em is nice during the heated spell; but, on the other hand, the mortality is simply terrible"

"I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself," snapped Dorothy. "An' besides, since when has vaudeville got to be such a refining influence or anything?"

"I said mortality, dearie, not morality. Them two words may sound similar, but their meanings is as different as a Wet's an' a Dry's opinion of the Volstead Act. Morality is the thing what makes you watch your step for fear of being talked about, while mortality is the wages you would of got if you had followed your natural inclinations."

"My mistake," apologized Dot; "but just the same I'm willing to run my chances with the rest of 'em."

"You want a steady job, don't you?" asked Madeline.

"Sure—steady an' easy."

"Well, dearie, that being the case, you better leave revues alone. Their average life is shorter than the dogwood what blossoms beside an asphalt road, an' you gotta rehearse four weeks for nothing before they open."

"Oh, I see," said Dot.

"I should hope so, especially after all the trouble I've went to in order to feed it to you, predigested an' everything. You're a lucky girl, Dot, having a friend like me that can set you straight about the show business an' keep you from doing foolish things what would cost you money."

"That's right," replied Dorothy. "If mistakes was marked up as runs, instead of errors, you certainly would win the pennant. How do you come to know so much about revues though? I haven't never seen your name billed in none of 'em."

"Sure. I was in one once, about four years ago. You mustta been outta town or something an' didn't see the advertisements. Why, they had my name out in lights—in Newark."

"So is Stop an' Go, but that don't make 'em headliners or nothing. Well, anyway, there's smaller towns than Newark."

"Honest, Dorothy Arden, you'd be an awful nice girl if it wasn't for your cheap sense of humor. You've only got three wise cracks in your repertorie an' the one you just pulled is the weakest of the trio."

"All right, old dear," replied Dorothy. "Suppose you tell me about this revue you was in, so I can exercise the other two. I haven't had 'em out in a long time."

"It wasn't nothing to joke about," said Madeline.

"Oh, then that's different. Proceed with your tale of woe, dearie; I'm all tears."

"Well," began Madeline, "it was like this: I had been doing a sister act with a girl named Grace Patterson, but she got stuck on a hick lawyer up in Vermont an' married right outta the cast. That left me with a lotta snappy material on my hands, all paid for an' everything, but useless as a flannel petticoat at a artists' an' models' ball. I tried several girls in the part, without finding anybody to suit me. Them what was good enough to play opposite me wanted more money than Gloria Swanson, an' the near amateurs, what was willing to work cheap, wasn't worth even that."

"Did you try the agents?" asked Dot.

"Five of 'em, dearie, an' the nearest they came to sending me the right girl was a jane twenty years too old an' sixty pounds too fat. They mustta thought the act was gonna play Turkey or some other foreign country where they like 'em plump an' mature. Well, I had almost give up hope an' decided to hire me a piano player an' go back to doing my old single again, when who should I run into on Broadway but Gertrude Weaver, all dressed in black.

"'Hello, Gert,' chirps I. 'Whatcha in mourning for—the Democratic Party?'

"'For mother,' answers she.

"'I'm awful sorry,' says I. 'When did she pass away?'

"'Almost a month ago,' answers Gertrude. 'Didn't you see it in the paper?'

"'No,' I says. 'I never read the paid In Memoriams.'

"'It was in the news columns too,' says she. 'Anyway, I certainly do miss her.'

"'I bet you do, you being so young an' everything,' says I. 'Remember the first time we was on the same bill together over in Hoboken? You couldn't of been over ten or twelve.'

"'I'm only seventeen now,' says she

"'I wish I was—an' had all my experience too,' laughs I.

"'You'd need it,' replies she. 'Everyone is taking advantage of my youth an' helplessness. When dear mother was alive the only thing I had to worry about was getting my songs across. She designed my costumes, looked after the hanging of my scenery an' battled with the office over routes an' money. Now that she's gone, the bookers are trying to shade my salary, because they think they can get away with it.'

"'That's too bad,' says I. 'Whatcha gonna do about it?'

"'I don't know,' replies she sadly. 'Guess I'll take what they offer. There's nothing else I can do.'

"'Oh, yes, there is,' chirps I 'Team up with somebody what is onto their tricks an' can make 'em come across.'

"'Who, for instance?' asts she.

"'Me,' exclaims I. 'My pardner has just married on me an' left the profession. I'm looking for a clever girl to do a double act with. Vancastle an' Weaver wouldn't sound bad at all to my way of thinking.'

"'Listens good to me,' says Gert. 'Let's drop in somewhere an' talk it over, over a cup of coffee.'

"'Sure,' says I; an' we did.

"Well, I knew Gert's work an' she knew mine; so it didn't take us long to get together. After we'd decided how the pay envelope was gonna be split we went up to the office an' ast 'em what they thought of the combination. Charlie Brown, the head booker, said we ought to make a pretty fair team if we didn't want too much cash for the act, so I knew right away he liked the idea.

"'He wasn't very enthusiastic,' remarked Gert as we came down in the elevator.

"'You don't know Charlie like I do,' exclaims I. 'That chunk of ice wouldn't even warm up if President Coolidge an' the Queen of Rumania came in together about a sketch. He's the guy what invented the word "noncommittal" an' taught it to the rest of 'em. You just leave the business end of this team to me, dearie, an' we'll be wearing chinchilla next winter.'

"'All right,' replies Gert. 'An' now that that's settled, when do we rehearse?'

"'Come up to my apartment about three o'clock,' says I 'We'll learn the lines first an' the songs afterward.'

"'I'll be there,' answers Gert. An' she was.

"Well, I had a script all ready for her when she arrived, an' we put in a couple of hours on the rapid-fire stuff. Of course, me knowing the act backwards like I did, I could give her a lotta pointers on how to read her lines, so she got along fine. She was a awful nice girl to work with; her mother having bossed her for so many years, she didn't hand me no arguments or anything."

"So you took all the laugh lines," remarked Dot.

"As I was the comic an' she the straight, naturally I did An' besides, since when has it come in style to fatten up somebody else's part for 'em? Anyway, the act looked pretty good the way I had it routined, so nobody didn't have no kick coming. By the end of the week we was all set in our dialogue an' begun working on the songs. Two or three days on them an' we was ready to open."

"Where did you break it in?" asked Dot.

"Bridgeport, dearie; an' it was a wow, if I do say so"

"Sure it was," teased Dot. "They are all wows the first three days, an' then they lay off a month to be rewritten."

"This one didn't. It went over so big we came right into New York an' played the Mailton the last half of the week."

"For almost nothing," said Dot.

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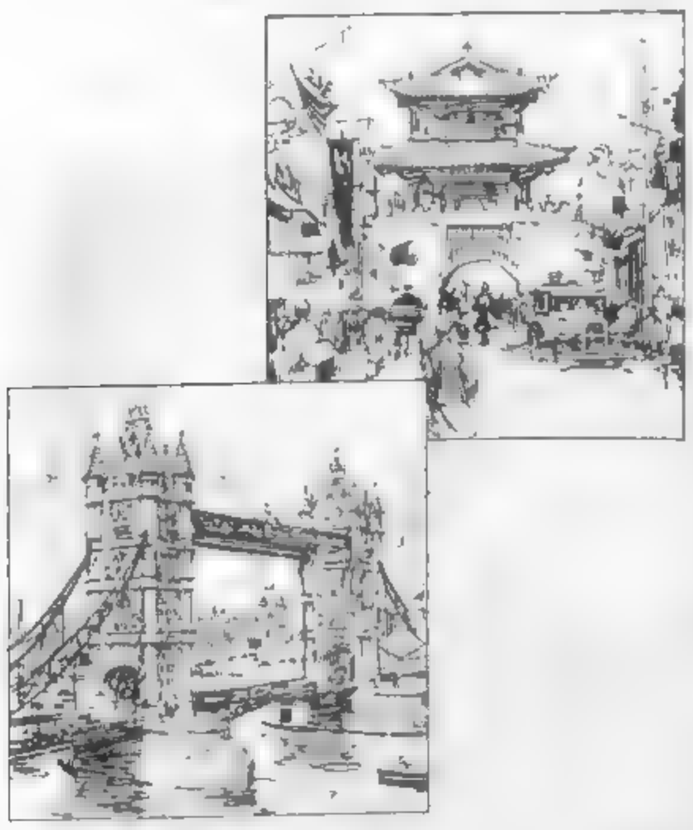
Champion Outsells Two to One Throughout the World



It is not only in the United States that two out of every three motorists specify Champion Spark Plugs.

The same overwhelming preference prevails in Canada, South America, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, Asia and Africa.

Year after year this condition has repeated itself—year after year, speed and endurance champions of the air, land and water have established new world's records with dependable Champion Spark Plugs.

There is no sentiment in this—no special sales advantage—but a world-wide recognition of perfectly plain, clear, structural, material and performance advantages which make Champion the better spark plug

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Champion Sp... have been ... since it was introduced

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.

(Continued from Page 56

"We didn't get our regular salary, of course," replied Madeline, "but they give us enough to pay our expenses, which wasn't so bad for a showing. Anyway, me an' Gert was satisfied."

"How much was you asting for the act?" questioned Dot.

"Six hundred berries a week an' it was a wonderful buy at them figures. Everybody said so."

"Except the bookers," interjected Dot.

"We wasn't looking for no miracles," replied Madeline. "Well, all them back-rail birds from the office caught the act an' told us it was good entertainment all right, but four hundred was the best they could give us for it. After deducting ten per cent agent's commission an' other expenses, me an' Gert couldn't endow no hospitals on that salary; so we laughed right in their faces an' got us some independent dates till they come to their senses.

"We played all the houses Billy Cooney controlled while we was waiting for the other fellers to boost their ante; but there mustta been an awful lotta acts outta work or something, 'cause the office didn't even call, let alone raise.

"'You know what I got a good notion to do?' says I to Gert about the fourth week. 'Let's get in a production an' leave their old vaudeville flat.'

"'I'm willing,' says she. 'We oughta go great in a show.'

"'We'll knock 'em dead,' exclaims I. 'Have you got a pull with any managers?'

"'I know Jack Henderson,' replies she. 'I saw in the morning's paper where he is gonna do a revue.'

"'I'm acquainted with him too,' says I; 'but he ain't no manager; he's a soft-shoe dancer.'

"'Maybe he's got backing,' suggested Gert.

"'That's right,' chirps I. 'You never can tell where an angel is gonna light. Jack's awful young, though, to tackle a Broadway show.'

"'Mother always predicted that he would be a big producer some day,' says Gert. 'He's got ideas.'

"'I'm sorry for his angel then,' replies I. 'Most of the ideas gets thrown out the first week in Atlantic City, an' all they bring into New York is the same old thing done in a little different way. . . . Where is Jack's office? We can at least talk to him an' see what's what.'

"'He's in the Longacre Building,' says Gert.

"'Let's go,' exclaims I. An' we did.

"'Hello, Jack,' coos I after we'd fought our way through what seemed like ten or twelve thousand outta-work Thespians. 'What's this I hear about you producing a revue an' everything?'

"'It's true,' says he, walking over an' patting Gertrude's hand.

"'Cut out that personal-touch stuff until after we talk business,' commands I. 'Gert's in my charge an' we're looking for jobs, not petting parties.'

"'Why, I've known this girl ever since she was about seven years old,' replies Jack indignantly.

"'Yes,' says I. 'Well, seeing a peach tree bloom hasn't never ruined the flavor of the fruit for nobody.'

"'I'm not a child,' chimes in Gert.

"'Certainly she isn't,' says Jack.

"'We didn't come up here to discuss adolescence or nothing like that,' retorts I. 'The question before the house is: Can you use two clever, peppy performers, with their own specialties an' everything, in this revue you're cooking up?'

"'Perhaps I can,' replies Jack.

"'Can the perhaps an' get down to yes an' nos,' retorts I. 'Me an' Gert is now considering an offer from the Keith people, but we'd rather spend the summer in town. We've got six minutes of sure-fire dialogue which can be fitted in anywhere you need laughs, also two single numbers an' a couple of doubles what'll make the pay customers bluster their hands. Being as you are a young producer an' should ought to be encouraged, we'll work for you for seven hundred an' fifty dollars a week an' no commissions.'

"'But ——' began Gertrude.

"'Children should be seen an' not heard,' interrupts I, winking to the little fool. 'I know we agreed to ast a thousand, but business never is good during July an' August an' I'm willing to stand some of the loss. What do you say, Jack? You know our work.'

"'I'd have to see the act before I gave you a definite answer,' replies he.

"'All right,' says I. 'We'll do the turn on a bare stage for your inspection, or if that don't suit you we'll play three days somewhere an' show you how to start a panic in an audience. Which shall it be?'

"'Get three days in New York,' replies he. 'I haven't time to go outta town.'

"'Do you call Brooklyn outta town?' asts I.

"'No,' answers he; 'that'll be O.K.'

"'I'll phone you when an' where,' says I. 'An' Lord help you if you start making excuses or anything.'

"'I'll catch the act,' promises he; 'honest, I will.'

"'Fine,' says I. 'Then everything is set?'

"'Absolutely,' replies he.

"'Come on, Gert,' says I; 'the gentleman's busy.'

"'Good-by, an' thanks,' coos Gertrude sweetly.

"'Don't mention it, an' drop in any time,' says Jack.

"'Seven-fifty an' no commissions,' laughs I as I closed the door of Jack's office. 'I told you to team up with somebody what had a good business head on their shoulders. Everything's gonna be all right, sister. Now let's beat it up to Billy Cooney's office an' see if we can't talk him into giving us another date in one of his across-the-bridge houses.'

"Well, Dot, Bill's a hard-boiled egg if there ever was one, but me an' Gert maple-siruped him right outta the first half at the Bedford, with Special Return Engagement by Popular Demand an' everything. I don't like to talk about myself, dearie, but I certainly did use my personality in that conference. By the time we exited from his office with the signed contract in my hand bag, Bill was so sticky he gave us twenty-five dollars more than the previous date an' didn't even know it. If that isn't vamping with a vengeance, then Pola Negri is a place they sail airships over.

"'You're certainly a wonder,' exclaims Gert when we got outside.

"'I'm working kinda good today,' replies I. 'It's a pity we can't run into a Pittsburgh millionaire or somebody like that. Maybe we'd have a revue of our own.'"

"You should ought to have been ashamed of yourself, putting them ideas in a young girl's head," reproved Dot.

Continued on Page 143

"'Cut Out That Personal-Touch Stuff Until After We Talk Business,' Commands I. 'Gert's in My Charge an' We're Looking for Jobs, Not Petting Parties'"

The little MARMON 8

AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY FINE SMALL CAR

When you try this car, you too will say—"That's it"

Little Marmon 8 Collapsible Coupe (with rumble seat)

HAVEN'T you thought that some day just this would happen—that you would see an automobile that had so much smartness and mannerism about it that your mind and your eye would immediately say, "*That's It!*"

—that you would try that automobile and find that the slightest press on the accelerator in traffic would be all that you would ever have occasion to use

—that out on the country roads you could ride along absolutely absorbed by the sheer joy and fascination of driving

that wherever you stopped people would cast an inquiring eye at its name plate.

Whether up until now you have thought about it or not, it is quite probable you will, when you drive the little Marmon 8.

It has all of these things and more. It is infinitely the most important advance of years in fine car manufacture. Previous automobiles are one thing—the little Marmon 8 is something else—way over and beyond

and the most seasoned driver will not be more than a half hour in discovering it.

Entirely Different Performance Results Based on Entirely New Engineering Developments

70 honest miles per hour with ease. Ability to maintain top speed hour after hour—a line-eight motor which delivers more power in proportion to its displacement than any other stock engine in the world.

Fastest acceleration ever known, due to new discoveries in line-eight carburetion and scientific valve design. New system of Equi-Distant "down-draft" manifolding keeps end cylinders from being "starved."

Lightning-quick gear shift—and remarkably easy in all phases of driving and handling.

18-22 miles per gallon of gasoline, and the oil consumption is practically negligible.

Easy riding as cars twice its weight, due to basic new comfort factors applied for first time to smaller car design. Longest springs in proportion to wheelbase of any car in the world (all but 22 inches of the wheelbase is spring length). Springs anchored to frame with husky rubber knuckles instead of shackles. Built-in Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers.

Extremely low-swung design—but with abundant headroom and normal road clearance, due to use of new Hypoid gear drive.

A RECENT COMMENT

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COMPLETE LINE OF CLOSED AND OPEN MODELS $1795 AND UPWARD. ALL PRICES $2000. F. O. B. FACTORY. ALSO SEVERAL MOST STRIKING CUSTOM BUILT DESIGNS

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THE WORMHOLE TURNS

By M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN MARYLAND, just south of the Mason and Dixon's Line, there is a small but up-and-coming hotel advertised with road signs reading, "Abbottsburg House. Forty Beds and Washington Slept in None of Them."

For two years now those signs have been proclaiming their iconoclastic message, and yet the hotel prospers. This may mean little to most of you, but to me it spells barefaced revolt and a starting point for this devastating article.

This spendthrifty country of ours, this celebrated United States of America, is in the throes of an antique orgy which is prophesied to explode anywhere in the interval from five years thence to five years hence. In simpler words the prophet is having a very busy time switching his guesses, and thus far he has been just as wrong as any expert could well be.

This antiquing fad, in its present state of perfection—or imperfection, if you insist—dates just about five years back. Before the worst rash broke out, there were, of course, collectors, plenty of them, doddering along in their poor addled fashion, gathering in the old-timy cripples, hugging them to their concave chests and muttering unintelligible gibberings to world-wearied families, friends and strangers. They did not try to tell it to other collectors, because then, as now, no other collector will listen to you unless you talk about his collection, and that never happens.

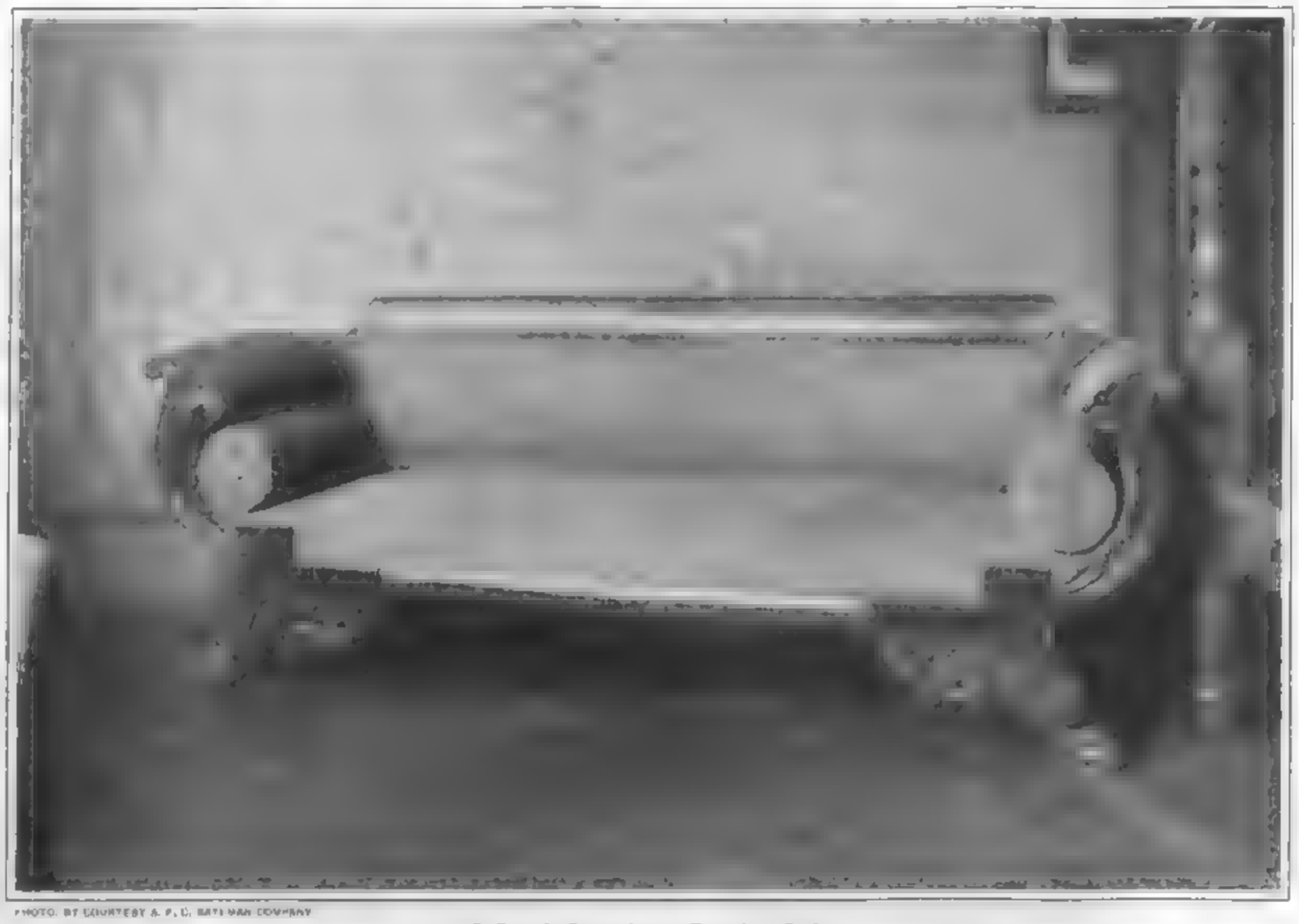

PHOTO BY COURTESY A. F. C. BATEMAN COMPANY

A Good American Empire Sofa

A Nation of Shoppe-ers

THESE old-time collectors, these pioneers in ruins, were allowed to roam about freely and quite unnoticed by the passer-by except for significant tappings on the passer-by's forehead with the passer-by's index finger. Nobody seemed to be afraid of the old-time collector. Children and feeble-minded people even spoke to him occasionally, and altogether he had a peaceable if somewhat lonely life. Then all of a sudden someone stepped on the gas—"gas" is used advisedly and with kindly intent—and the band wagon hit a vicious pace.

If urged to state an exciting cause for this present rather bilious effect I would say that the splendid idea of the New York Metropolitan Museum in establishing the De Forest Wing of early Americana is largely responsible for our sad plight. The museum conceived the brilliant scheme of arranging a number of rooms with chronologically correct interiors and appropriate original furnishings. A beautiful ensemble has resulted. The rooms start with the very earliest Pilgrim interior and slightly later ones on the top floor, and end with early Empire on the floor below.

The exhibition is charmingly displayed, the specimens are of the very best and real atmosphere has been achieved.

Assuming that you have not seen the De Forest Wing, please take my advice and go to see it soon and often. If you think that the early Americans did not do glorious work in the useful crafts, you have a great surprise in store.

Following the Metropolitan's example, several other museums, among them the Pennsylvania Museum at Memorial Hall in Philadelphia and the Hartford, Connecticut, Atheneum, have put on the same sort of show exceedingly well, if on a less ambitious scale.

The antiquing spark, somehow thrown off, did not go through the smoldering stage; it burst immediately into high flame; and, to pursue a ravaging metaphor, it is consuming our time, money and sometimes our common sense.

The shops have turned into shoppes and gone mad. Signs confessing to Secondhand Furniture Shoppe and Antiques, Jewelry Shoppe and Antiques, Delicatessen Shoppe and Antiques, Hotelle and Antiques, and Undertaking Shoppe and Antiques are already distressingly common. Lingerie Shoppe and Antiques, Surgery Shoppe and Antiques, Painless Dentistry Shoppe and Antiques and Beef-butchering Shoppe and Antiques are yet to appear; but have a little patience—they're coming!

An "X" Dining Table in Pine

Antique collecting is a great game. It has every thing that golf claims and plenty that it doesn't. It gets you into the open, it develops your business acumen, it offers a ready outlet for your and your creditor's money, it gives you an extra interest in life, it is educational, it offers opportunities for putting something over on your neighbor, it gives your spiritual side a chance to grow and it strengthens the voice.

Now let's take the next step. The collecting of foreign antiques is all right except that it is usually hauled in by the heels. Foreign antiques on the twenty-seventh story of a month-old skyscraper apartment are somewhat exotic. Italian antiques in that early McKinley Mansion, northwest corner of Main Street and Washington Avenue, is a bit of a strain. Spanish galleon models replacing the glassed dome of wax fruit is something of a hurdle, and a Louis Quatorze console elbowing out the hatrack of yesteryear is a tearful spectacle.

Foreign antiques are many of them beautiful. In a pulchritude contest they would stack up very well with early American antiques and—let's not be hidebound—sometimes win easily. Nothing could be lovelier than an old Breton cupboard-bed, and I'll try to eat an antique Spanish luster bowl if you'll give me its duplicate. Doctor Wall Worcester china is not to be sneezed at. Italian chests are very easy on the eyes. Medieval German pewter can be tolerated nicely, and I could stand King Tutenkhamun's golden bed in its proper environment.

Collect Americana First

WE HAVEN'T the background for foreign antiques. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred we know little or nothing about them. They are the other fellow's business.

I do not claim that there should be no assembling of foreign antiques in America, but I do claim that they should be housed in museums or appropriate houses. Oh, certainly, a Lowestoft dinner service, by all means. If you have an extra one lying around loose I'll be glad for it. Sunderland luster, yes; Staffordshire blue, certainly; cool Chinese jade, by all means; but, remember, these things and many other foreign-made accessories were part of the furnishings of an early American home. For quite a time we made no china of our own, and we were squeamish enough to want china.

But a Louis Quinze room, next to an Italian room, next to a Finnish room, next to a German room, looking out on a Spanish patio, makes an ideal setting for a timely murder.

Collecting early Americana is the greatest game, for an American. Here we have a valid excuse, no apologies necessary; here we are on solid ground; here we are at home. Early American antiques are the only substantial things we have left. They form our history, our background.

Tradition means something, or should mean something, in our lives;

(Continued on Page 62)

Both for Business *and* Social Usage

Powered with the Big Nash 7-Bearing Motor

Here are two Coupés built by Nash expressly for those requiring cars of widest usefulness.

They fulfill ideally the drastic demands of hard, continuous commercial employment where operative costs are the subject of closest accounting as well as the requisites of professional men. And they are equally admirable for the woman who desires her smart personal car to have the practical convenience of large package space for shopping necessities.

Beneath the gracefully shaped rear-deck of the Special Six Coupé shown in the foreground there is a compartment of 16 cubic feet in space while the Light Six model has more than 10. Behind the rear seat further space is provided.

Both are finished in color tones of lustrous richness and are fitted and appointed thruout with extreme tastefulness.

Light Six Coupé
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In the Special Six you are given the option of either fine leather upholstery or genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet. The Light Six comes in leather or real mohair, as you prefer.

Also included as standard equipment, at no extra cost, are 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design and 5 disc wheels.

(5151)

(Continued from Page 60)

American tradition if no other. Certainly we should treasure any souvenir of our pioneering forefathers in our homes if it is fitted to be there, or in a museum if it has only historical significance. Our written history is being shot to pieces by the writers, who say it is colored by political bias when not actually fake. So our antiques are all we have left. Take them away, forbid us to collect and love them, and you leave a painful void between our past and now.

By all means let's keep right on collecting early Americana, but let's face the fact that much of our collecting has gone wild and it seems to be going wilder. Appropriateness and judgment are being largely neglected and "selection" is a word corrupted for use in radio parlance.

We are doing silly things in our antiquing. Forgive me such a dogmatic statement and remember that I say "we." We are gathering, grabbing and fighting for pieces that had better be in a historical museum, left to perish in the usual way or by more drastic methods. We are preserving pieces that have only the thin excuse of age, and that so often doubtful. We are buying pieces that the conscionable dealer blushes to sell us and giving them preferred places in our homes and conversation.

May I make the bold statement that mere age is not sufficient justification for treasuring even authentic antiques—at least not as pieces for home adornment? A barn door is sometimes interesting, amusing, quaint or entertaining, as we antiquers love to say, but never a thing of beauty. The old-time barn door is only less ugly than its standardized successor. A barn door was never designed to dazzle; it was meant to keep the cattle in or out of the barn. Yet barn doors are being lifted from their original settings, where they looked at least picturesque, and hung on the neat façades of modern homes done in the French or Scandinavian taste, or both.

Then there is the milk or water bench. If you are an antiquer or antiquess, you will know this piece as a series of narrow unbacked shelves with a closed cupboard below, very heavy and clumsy and built to stand outside the kitchen door and hold pails of milk or water.

A few months ago we took my sister and her husband on their first antiquing trip. One of the objects of our quest was a milk bench—for someone else, if you please. A dealer showed us some, and I saw a perturbed look come over my sister's face. Our business done, we drove away; but my sister's perturbation continued. Upon questioning, she said she was puzzled as to how the cow ever got up on such a narrow shelf to be milked.

A milk or water bench would never have been tolerated inside the farmer's crudely furnished home, but today it has sneaked into our dining or living room, where it is serving as a sublimated whatnot. Some milk benches were well designed, with good proportions, have a naïve attractiveness; and one of these will often look very well in a farm room furnished with other early American pieces. That, however, is not the point. The point is that all milk benches, the best and the unspeakable worst, are being gathered in, and the prices have risen from ten dollars a dozen to as much as one hundred dollars apiece. No matter how ugly, they are being used, and often in otherwise daintily furnished rooms. Your decent dealer—and most dealers are decent, as you'll learn if you stick by me—will blush in shame as he sells you the average milk bench, and he is entitled to as many blushes as he has left in stock.

New Uses for Old Goods

THE little long rocking cradles have come into their own as wood boxes. . . . I am not! I can show you several being so dignified. The antiquer leaves the rockers on them and probably croons sweet lullabies to the otherwise friendless logs as he rocks them back and forth.

While we are on the subject of making antiques what they ain't, let's clean it up. You remember the big rattan-covered demijohns that were used to hold vinegar or, as mythology has it, rum? Of course you do. Well, in these wondrous times the antiquer strips off the rattan, fills the jug full of sometimes colored water and calls it an aquarium. I can easily see how the water goes in, but how the goldfish is coaxed through the narrow neck into its expensive home is a bit too much for my imagination. But they get it in; an antiquer can do anything. At that, the process must be a little unpleasant for the goldfish.

Again, the playful antiquer will fill the demijohn full of water to make it steadier or more iridescent, put an electric light in its mouth, mount a great shrieking shade on top and call the result an early American lamp. Early American flasks are being used in the same way as the demijohns, as lighting fixtures. We used to be lit up by the whisky; now the flask has taken up the burden, or something to that effect.

Old spinets, harpsichords, pianos and melodeons suffer their insides to be ripped out and are then nicknamed desks. A sweet, ancient Bible box now holds cigars or something worse, and lovely old chests become radio cabinets with loud-speakers coming through their front panels.

Fine early American furniture—the Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adam and Sheraton types, and the Goddard, Savery, Randolph, Gostelowe and Phyfe types and originals very seldom appear on sale; and when they do, the prices are such as to make Crœsus A. Smith give pause and phone to his bank for comfort. Let me call the above the first line of early American antiques.

There is a second line not quite so sophisticated or beautiful, perhaps, but still very, very well worth anybody's collecting. I refer to good Windsor benches, fine Windsor, ladder-back and banister chairs, the simpler New England furniture, Pennsylvania-German bureaus, chests painted and plain, desks and tables. Here again the prices are mounting fast, but there is still a sizable number of good specimens to be had for fairly moderate sums, and such pieces will be worth increasingly more.

The third line is not so good and yet not so bad—still, better than worse. This line comprises the early Empire period, of which the sofas, some of the chairs and a few of the bureaus and tables are quite deserving of our notice. Here the prices are fairly low, depending upon where you buy the pieces. In the aged and surfeited East the competition of the first and second line overshadows this third.

Free Translations of Classics

IN THE Middle West the early Empire goes strong. Because that section lacks the early historical background the antique urge is more easily satisfied. Eastern dealers ship a great deal of early and late Empire to the Midwest, and it is eagerly absorbed. I predict that the time is coming fast when we snooty Easterners will be very sorry that some of the early Empire furniture has gone from our midst. The high type of early Empire sofa is a beautiful and very American piece of furniture. Among one or two others I have the so-called Virginia sofa in mind. Its graceful slow-curving back line, fine ends and reserved carving in the feet make it a truly desirable collector's piece, to my way of thinking. Some of the early Empire card and console tables are of unquestionable loveliness, and I have seen two and three part pedestal dining tables of a sort to command the respect of any collector.

This third line includes also the handsome chairs with carved crestings, middle ladders and sweetly shaped seats and legs. There is unbuyable early Empire furniture in Virginia and the Carolinas that would make your mouth water.

Let me repeat, please, that I think the early Empire shows the greatest American originality next to the American Windsor chair. The first-line American cabinetmakers were very much under the influence of the foreign craftsmen, when they were not actually such. The later makers, inspired to a great degree by Duncan Phyfe, broke away, and the results are very good.

Next we have the fourth line—the late Empire merging into the early Victorian and here our search for the handsome is less productive. This brings us around 1830 to 1845. Honest cabinetmaking persists, but gracefulness is on the wane. This is the time of the heavy tall bureau with cyma-curved front corners and much mahogany veneer. The chairs are running into the loop-back carved fruit-and-flower type. Even yet not ugly in some instances. Here the prices are markedly lower. In the East you can buy a late Empire bureau in good condition for less than you'd pay for a modern substitute. Twenty-five dollars will get you a substantial specimen, and if you reckon by bulk and weight you've got an excellent bargain.

The fifth line is mid-Victorian. The cyma-curved bureau is still with us, but worse—if possible. A large curved mirror looms behind it and the marble top makes its bow. The chairs grow more florid in their fruit-and-flower carvings and the forms are clumsier. The tables also run to marble tops supported by impossible bandy legs or tripod bases with tortured bending and carved.

Self-respecting dealers will have none of this fifth line. It is still purveyed by the secondhand dealers, and you can furnish a room with it at one-half the cost of modern furniture of good construction. The chairs are quoted in dozen lots and are not handled with the bare hands.

The sixth line is the Centennial period—1875 to 1895. This is the time of the high square-backed bedstead and marble tops in everything but the chair bases. How they came to pass up marble chair seats is a mystery to me. This also is the time of the darkened parlor and a general feeling of complete desolation and black despair.

A peep into the typical bedroom of this fearful time discloses an ideal deathbed room. It was appropriate for nothing else. Ceiling-high bed backs, bureaus with attached mirrors almost ceiling high, loudly grained marble tops, crazy tables and jigsaw chairs—all in doleful black walnut. Antimacassars, photygraft albums, embroidered pierced-paper mottoes inquiring as to the possibility of a home without a female parent, wall pockets of the same material for the festive whisk broom or newspaper, waxed fruit and a stuffed canary under a glass dome, framed designs woven from Aunt Molly's hair, and a late Currier and Ives print showing a deathbed scene involving Chester A. Arthur.

Next a revulsion to the golden oak, a convulsion to mission furniture and then chaos! Following this we come to the swing back to designs in rather free translation of those of the classical makers, so-called period furniture, and the present, very present, craving for early American antiques.

During the past ten years there has been a very decided attempt to create new and entirely original furniture fostered by the proponents of the new arts—post-impressionism, futurism, cubism, any ism. At the Paris Decorative Arts Exhibition I saw a great deal of this new art furniture. It was for the most part startlingly novel and revolutionary. To me it was least acceptable where it deviated most from the classical. Wedded as I am to the old-time designs, my impressions of these new pieces are of no value, or less. I am too much biased to be open-minded. These revolutionary forms may be leading us to something new and fine—I don't know.

Thus, for our purposes, I have lined up the periods in American antiques and pseudo antiques as extending from 1750 to 1895. Before 1750 there was plenty of furniture made; but so little remains to be had that we will, for the sake of a desired brevity, disregard it. This was the span from the first settlement to 1750. It was the time of the carved New England chest, the desk-on-frame, the carved Brewster and Wainscot chair of Jacobean type, the William and Mary trumpet-legged highboy and lowboy, the screw-thread candle stand, the joint stool, the early butterfly, gateleg, tavern, hutch, sawbuck and trestle dining table, the deeply paneled open and closed corner and side cupboards and other early and rarely purchasable antiques. Authentic examples of the above pieces will set you well back on your financial haunches and can be nothing but dreams for 99 per cent of us. Except to list them in reverential mood and feed our souls on the museums' specimens, we'll have to pass them by.

I sincerely hope there will always be a great many collectors of all sorts. Not on the basis, as you might suppose, that misery loves company, but because sincere collectors are nice people and collecting helps to make them that.

The second group will always be present, because the value of authentic and worthwhile antiques will hold and increase. Many of this group will come, in time, to swell the numbers of the first group. You cannot handle antiques for long and remain insensible to their appeal.

The third group will disappear when the fad subsides, as it must. The Joneses will be doing something else and the keepers-up will bleat sweetly, adjust their nose rings and trot right along with their leaders.

The Transition of Collectors

WHEN the third group—the fashion-made one—flops, much will happen. I am afraid it will be a sad day for the dealers, since not only will they lose good cash customers for the more ordinary line of antiques but a great mass of stuff will come back on the market and high prices will stagger and probably fall into despondency. Comparatively few of the unloaded pieces will be absorbed by the discriminating collector or the investment-seeking collector.

The dumped stuff will be mostly of the undesirable sort before listed. Of course some good stuff will come back for sale, but lacking the moneyed and indiscriminating buyer of the fad class, the dealer will have to protect himself on prices. He will get this returned stuff, good and bad, cheaply, because the antique bounders will be anxious to sell at any price and disappear as possible customers. So having only the sincere and usually poor collector and the careful investor as possible outlets, the dealer will have to drop his prices if he expects to continue to sell.

Another effect of the bursting of the bubble will be that the number of dealers will automatically decrease. With such a large and ready buying group out of the market, many of the small dealers, especially those lately recruited from the collector class, will be forced to shut up shop.

This turning of collector into dealer has been a diverting phase of the present fad. With such a tremendous movement in antiques, the new gatherers went to their collector friends for advice and guidance in buying. This attained such proportions that it was less annoying and certainly more profitable for the collector to say, "Don't you bother; just tell me what you want and I'll get it for you." From there on the transition from collector to dealer was easy. They are still switching; one hears of a new one almost every week.

(Continued on Page 80)

A Car Interior As Charming As Your Home

TODAY closed cars may fairly be considered as an extension of the home. This is a logical conception because women now use their cars so much for shopping and social engagements.

They insist not alone on comfort, but also on interiors that actually reflect the beauty and good taste of their own living rooms.

That is the principal reason why so many fine car makers are upholstering their closed models with CA-VEL. This modern development of an ancient textile art is a velvet of singular beauty and extraordinary wearing quality. So fine is its texture, so rich its color that interior decorators favor it for drapes, hangings and curtains, and the most discriminating furniture designers specify it for chair coverings.

Thus the finer cars reproduce the very atmosphere of the home and the alluring beauty of their interiors remains fresh and undimmed even longer than the life of the car. Select the closed car upholstered in CA-VEL and you are assured of greater motoring satisfaction and a much higher re-salevalue. Collins&Aikman Company, Established 1845, New York City.

C A-V E L

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

The Cornerstone, the Elephant, the Cornet Band and the Celebration

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

SUNDAY, July 5, 186—yesterday was the 4th. o gosh o gosh o gosh. i gess there wasent never sutch a time in Exeter or ennywhere elce in this wirld. none of us went to chirch today. we dident even hear the chirch bells xcept mother whitch had to get up to feed the baby and Frankie and Annie. i dident get up until quarter past 12 oh clock. father got up at 10 oh clock and fed Nellie and had sum breckfast and went back to bed and hasent got up yet and it is past 3 oh clock this afternoon.

well i dont remember evrything becaus i was blew up twict, onct by a torpedo and onct by what doctor Perry called a premium discharg of a cannon cracker. i have got my left arm in a sling but i can use my rite hand to wright but my face is almost as speckled as Skinny Bruces is freckled becaus the torpedo filled my face with little peaces of brick or sumthing that looks like it.

well nite befoar last i coodent get to sleap for the longest time. jest as i wood be almost floting away the fire bells wood ring and i wood gump out and look out of the window and then go back to bed. then bimeby jest as i got almost asleap sum one wood fire a big cannon or a buntch of snapcrakers rite in front of the house. then i wood hear a lot of fellers run by and the polise after them. so how cood a feller sleap.

well towerds morning i got asleap and it dident seam as if i had slep ten minites when a feerful bang rite in front of the window brougt me out of bed and it was after 6 oh clock and Pewt and Beany was both out there holering for me. well i dressed on the way down stares and grabed my snapcrakers and a big peace of slowmach and was out doors in about ⅛th of a minit.

well ferst we fired 2 cannon crackers under old Orrin Heads window and he stuck his head out of the window in a old nitecap and sed he wood have us arested and sent to stait prizon for life if we dident get out of there and then we fired 2 moar under old Ike Shutes window and in 2 minutes old Ike was on the way down town to the polise station.

then we stopped to pay a little atension to old man Hobbs becaus we dident want him to feal hirt becaus we left him out and we dident see him ennywhere so we thougt peraps he slep late and so we got reddy and sed 1 2 3 go and we eech plugged a big torpedo at his barn and they went off with the aufullest bangs you ever hird and we hird a stamping and clanging and loud yells in the barn and out come old man Hobbs and a tin pale and a milking stool and about 8 quarts of milk and all mixed up.

we dident stop to see what happened and how long it took to sort them out but we went over Gnatt Weaks fence and through Commodore Longs yard and acrost lots up to the Chadwicks to see what they was doing. when we got up to old Buzzells house we saw him out in front of his house talking to 2 polisemen and a lot of men and saying that it was about time the authoritys woke up to the fack that american sitizens has sum rites. he sed he had spent a auful nite and that he shood hold the town of Exeter responsible for all the damige he had suffered. he sed do we live in Rooshy or Prooshy or Sodam or Gomorrer. did the sitizens of Exeter have no pertection to their property or life and limm. he wood like to know what he had did to disirve these unwelcom attensions and these damnible and ruffanly insults.

so we went back becaus we desided the Chadwicks had kep up the good fite and they dident gneed enny help from us.

then we went down to the square. it was all covered with busted snapcrackers papers and evrything and the ashes of a big bonfire most out. but most of the fellers had went home to breckfast. so we went back to Court Street jest in time to see old William Perry Molton leading his jirsey cow to pasture. his hired man had been out all nite drunk and was in the lockup. so old William Perry had to milk and lead his cow to pasture.

well me and Beany and Pewt hid behine old Commodore Longs fence and when old William Perry come along with the jirsey cow we lit a big cannon cracker and throwed it in front of her. well when it went off i dont know whitch gumped the highest, old William Perry Molton or his cow. i gess he went the higest becaus the cow lit ferst and the minit she lit she went down the driveway and into Gilmans field like a deer with old William Perry Molton hanging onto the rope with both hands and taking the feerfullest stradles with his hine legs you ever saw. but in spite of his stradles he coodent keep up. he lost his hat the ferst gump and befoar he had gone 10 stradles which must have been 10 feet eech whitch wood maik 100 feet, he let go the rope and tirned a front summerset. He got up kind of wobbly and put after the cow and the last we saw of him he was going down towerd the woods with his linin coattails flapping in the breaze.

we all hoaped he wood get back befoar the percession but we dident know. the cow had a prety good start of him. then we went to breckfast. i let father feed Nellie becaus he dont get a chanct verry often and i dont want him to forget how to do it becaus it may come in handy

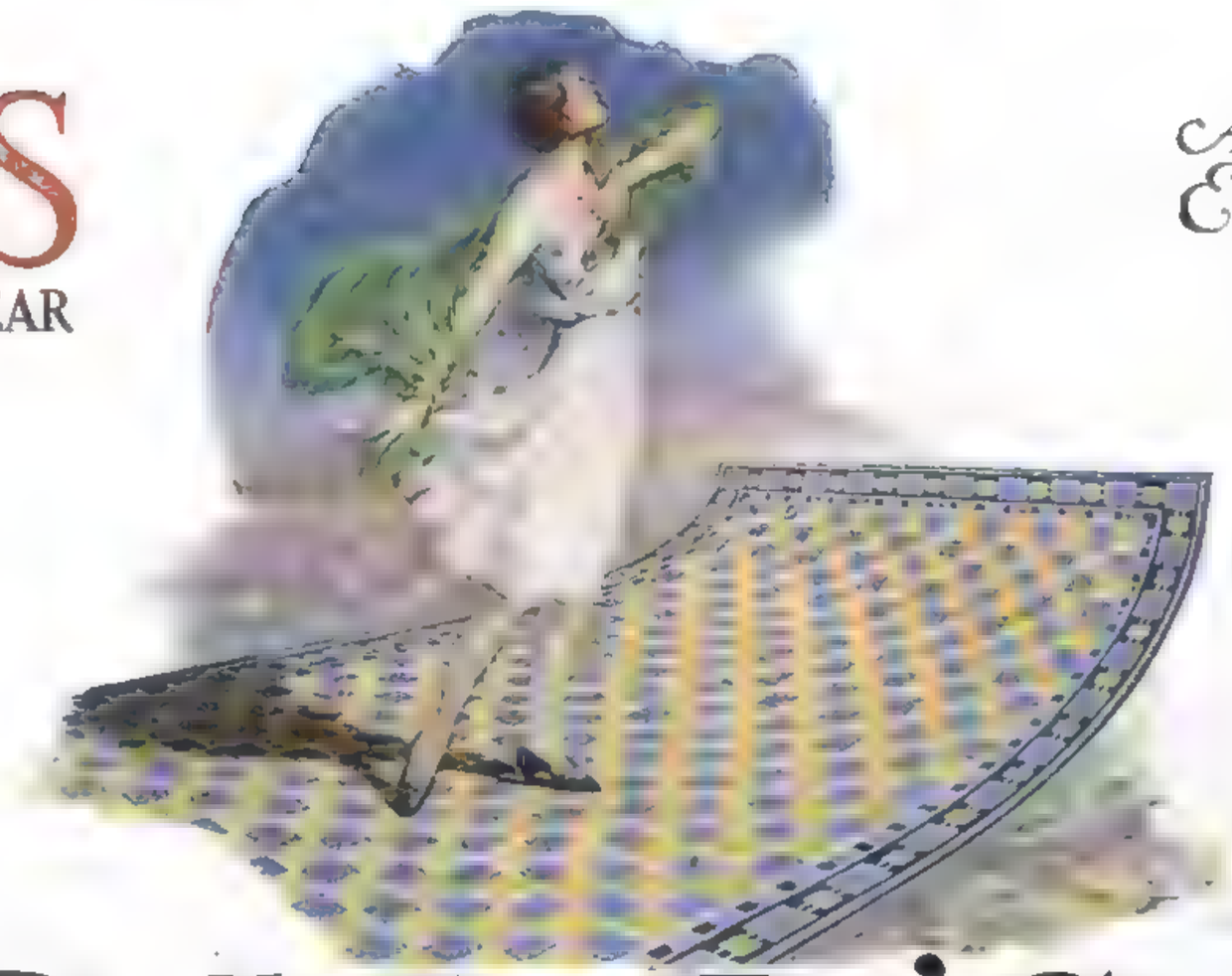
(Continued on Page 83)

Rite After Was a Elefant. I Thougt at Perst it Was Real

BIRD'S RUGS DEFY WATER AND WEAR

A Rug for Every Room

The Magic Rug of the Twentieth Century



BIRD'S

MAGIC – because they take the drudgery out of housework—they are cleaned with a few whisks of a damp mop.

MAGIC – because their enamel-like surface, built on a waterproof felt base, makes them wear, and wear, and wear.

MAGIC – because they lie flat without fastening.

MAGIC – because enormous production makes it possible to buy them in a variety of patterns and colors in room sizes from $9 to $18.

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If any salesman says, "It's Bird's"—that's really all you need to know. Look for the patented red wax back.

For cleanliness, beauty, and economy, you owe it to yourself to use Bird's Neponset Rugs or Floor Covering in every room of your home.

Beneath the Magic Rug extends a landscape dotted with Bird's Roofs.

Pleasant homes are roofed with Neponset Asphalt Shingles in all their delightful color variations of Art-Blende, Green, Blue-Black, or Red.

Farm buildings, warehouses and industrial plants are roofed with "Good Old Paroid."

There is a Bird Roof within the reach of everyone who is going to build or repair.

These roofs meet the modern demand for:

WATERPROOF ROOFS—made with time-defying asphalt.

SAFE ROOFS—they do not catch fire from falling sparks.

HANDSOME ROOFS—surfaced with colorful crushed slate.

DEPENDABLE ROOFS—131 years of manufacturing experience are back of them.

There is a Bird Dealer near you who will help you select a suitable roof, or our advice is at your service.

BIRD & SON, inc.

EAST WALPOLE—*Established 1795*—MASSACHUSETTS

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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A Roof for Every Building

BIRD'S ROOFS DEFY WATER AND WEAR

OLD LOVING-KINDNESS

(Continued from Page 19)

project for a golf course on the pasture ridge above the village, and although he himself financed most of the original expenditure, and although he remained the dominant figure in the organization, the excellences of the course itself and the attractions of the locality drew a steadily increasing membership. Maybury became fashionable. The automobile rendered it accessible, and more and more Denham folk fled from the grime with which the mills so liberally sprinkled the city to the fresh green beauty of the Maybury countryside. Besides the big places on the surrounding hills, there were smaller houses clustering in new developments, and in the village itself, some old residences which had been closed by death were reopened and remodeled to make them the more available now.

The old white church shared, necessarily, in this era of growth. Not all those who came to live in Maybury were that way inclined, but a considerable number of them, accustomed regularly to attend religious service, transferred their allegiance to the congregation of the old minister. Old Loving-kindness seemed to be stimulated by this larger audience. He came to speak with a new warmth and a new conviction; and some of those who heard him found themselves in full accord with that he had to say, and others were charmed by the novelty of the gospel which he preached and by the nobility of the figure which he presented in the tall pulpit above the straight-backed pews. He towered there, his snow-white hair like silver gleaming; and his deep eyes, turning slowly from face to face with a penetrating glance, seemed to establish between him and each one of his listeners a close and personal communion, so that each felt as though he and the minister were closeted alone, discussing these old and sacred things. The man's rugged countenance, somewhat softened by age, broke more and more often into that transfiguring smile which rendered him, who was habitually a somewhat uncouth and rugged figure, strangely beautiful.

Men heard his sermons for the first time with an unfamiliar sense of comfort and assurance. Women thought him lovable, and they liked to cluster around him at the door of the church and to assure him in exclamatory phrases that by his words that day he had helped them so tremendously. The old man throve under this attention. He dined every Sunday with his son and Eunice in the big house on the hill, driving up after church in Willie's gleaming limousine, and on the way he used to say, with faint complacence:

"I thought they listened attentively today, Willie." Or, "I believe they were helped today."

"You bet they were!" Willie would retort in that great booming voice of his. "I told you, father, that the time would come when you'd have a congregation worthy of you. I've always told you there wasn't a preacher in the world could touch you. Now others are finding out it's true."

Eunice was always with them, but she took no part in their conversations. Even as a little girl she had been quiet. Now, perhaps by the dominant and overpowering personality of her husband, she was reduced to a shadow in the background of his life, seldom speaking, watching what went forward with still, attentive eyes. Sometimes she did little services for the old minister in a diffident way, curiously, as though she pitied him. She may have foreseen what presently occurred.

For after a time it became apparent that the minister's hold upon his new audience was slackening. He was an old man, and as is the way of age, he liked to tell an old story over and over again. There were a score or so of sermons which he had delivered so many times that they were very dear to him, and he used them repeatedly, assured that they would appeal as forcefully to those who came to hear as they did to his own mind and heart. But under these repetitions some of his listeners began to be restive, and when repetitions were repeated, and it became apparent that the fare he had to offer them was most often only old tales retold, there began to be an increasing discontent.

It took form at last. A committee consisting of two women and a man sought an interview with Willie Lamb. Willie, since coming to live in Maybury, had succeeded to that position of official dominance in the church so long held by James Ginn. In so far as the organization had an administrative and executive head, that head was Willie Lamb; and he was fortified in his authority by his wealth, by his status as a pioneer in the new Maybury, and by the dominance he exercised in every activity in the town. They came to state their case to him. That case was a simple one. The minister, they said, was too old to continue his ministry. The church required new blood.

Willie heard them patiently enough, and when now and then they faltered he encouraged them to speak their minds. Not till they were done did he state his own position, but when he did so it was positively and with authority.

"I don't blame you good people for coming to me," he said in that loud, somewhat oratorical tone which was characteristic of him. "I can understand your point of view, and I want to say that I respect your courage. You know, as everyone knows, my devotion to my father. You know that I believe he's as fine a preacher as any man in the world. I have listened to his sermons for thirty years or more, and they've done me good. I have heard them over and over, and I'm willing to hear them over and over again.

"But I realize the fact that I'm an unusual man, that others may not feel the same; and I cannot blame anyone whose capacity for appreciation is not so great as mine.

"Of course," he added in a half-apologetic tone, as though he expected their quick denials—"of course, I may be prejudiced by the fact that he is my father, but he brought me up in that simple faith of his, and it's been good enough for me."

They did not deny this, and he became suddenly more vehement, leaning forward to strike his heavy palm upon the desk before him.

"Here's my answer to you then," he said. "I think you know that in the last analysis things have got to be as I say; and I tell you now that so long as my father wants to occupy the pulpit in that fine, old white church down there by the green he's going to do so. He's an old man, God bless him, and I suppose he's not long for this world. I have taught myself to expect that I must some day lose him, but I would be an ungrateful son if in his old age I were to join with those who failed to understand him to take away from him the thing which is the dearest part of his life. And no one—no one—can accuse me of being an ungrateful son. No, my friends, my father will not be here long, but so long as he is here he's going to preach from that pulpit where he has stood so many years."

One of these two women—she was Mrs. Dowson, and her husband was one of Willie's first aids, so that her courage must be respected—said to this: "But, Mr. Lamb, that is all very well. If you say so I suppose it must be so. But you can't compel us to go and listen to him. Your father is a very lovable old man, but to hear the same sermons week after week is tiresome. And after all, you know, he is old-fashioned."

"He is not too old-fashioned for me," said Willie vehemently.

"He is for some of us," she retorted.

He banged his heavy palm upon the desk again. "I can't help it," he said. "I have told you where I stand. My father is going to preach from that pulpit down there so long as he wants to. Mrs. Lamb and I will be there to hear him if we have to sit there alone. We shan't desert him, and those whom I count my friends won't desert him either."

Mrs. Dowson said with some asperity, "Religious tyranny is out of date in this country, Mr. Lamb."

Willie, although he could be dictatorial, was also somewhat of a politician; else he had never attained to the position which he held.

"I don't mean to be tyrannous," he replied. "Perhaps I spoke too strongly. But you must appreciate the fact that this strikes very close home to me."

The man in the party was Ralph Fleckner, and he had no direct business connection with Willie. "Mr. Lamb," he suggested mildly, "there's an alternative. Some of us feel, and I think with justice, that your father is old-fashioned. But so is the church in which he preaches. You are perhaps right in feeling that such a background requires such a minister."

"The church is all right," Willie said quickly. "There's a stained-glass window in memory of my mother in that church. I've sat in a pew there every Sunday for thirty years."

"Yet," Fleckner suggested diplomatically, "it has its defects. Some of us like a pipe organ, for example."

"If that's all," Willie ejaculated, "we can have an organ."

"It occurred to me as possible," Mr. Fleckner replied, "that a new church would be more advisable. Any drastic change in his surroundings might make your father unhappy. I've been talking with some of the congregation, and we considered the possibility of building an attractive little stone church down by the brook below town, on that knoll where the drive runs toward the lake. We could put in a pipe organ there and have everything modern, and get a live young man for a minister; and those who prefer youth could go to hear him now and then. I myself should like the opportunity to hear your father preach occasionally, but as a steady diet he does grow wearisome. Would you care to make a contribution toward building a new church?"

Willie considered this for a moment, and then smiled. "Why, I'm a public-spirited man, Mr. Fleckner," he said condescendingly. "You know that. Of course I'll do my share towards any enterprise calculated to improve Maybury."

Fleckner rose. "I was sure we could count on you," he agreed politely. "Very well. When we have the project more in order I shall consult with you, Mr. Lamb, and I shall count on you to head the list of subscriptions."

"Certainly," Willie assured him. "You know that I am sensible of my obligations here."

On this note the conference ended, and in all friendship. Willie was pleased with himself. He had, he felt, asserted and maintained a fine and commendable loyalty to his father, and at the same time he had taken his proper place as chief supporter—if not as leader—of the new enterprise. But he did not report the matter to Old Loving-kindness. It seemed to him possible that his father would be unhappy about it, and as he told Eunice, he wished to spare the old man pain. Eunice made no comment on this sentiment.

The preliminary arrangements and the construction of the new church occupied months that extended themselves into years, but when the work was done most folk in Maybury agreed that it had been very well worth while. The church stood on a knoll so near the brook that through its open windows on a summer's day you could hear the dancing song of the water. It was built of quarried stone in uneven shapes and patterns, and the roof was of heavy slate, and the windows were all of stained glass, so that when the sun shone the shadowy interior of the place was shot with bright and parti-colored rays. The plans were drawn by a firm of Boston architects; the interior finish was done by the foremost New York decorators; and to the last detail all the appointments were the finest of their kind. It was beyond question a distinct addition to the architectural beauty of the little village.

By the time the church was done, there was a congregation waiting for its dedication. The numbers of those who sat Sunday after Sunday in the high pews below Old Loving-kindness' pulpit had steadily diminished. The forces responsible for this shrinkage were of a varied sort. There were some who quarreled with the old man's theology, either on the grounds that he was too liberal or too old-fashioned. There were others who were weary of him. There were others still whose interest in the new church dulled their enthusiasm for the old: the charm of novelty was more attractive to them than the patina of age.

This state of affairs must have been bitter for Old Loving-kindness. He had perforce inured himself to that slow weakening of his hold which had become apparent during the years before the boom in Maybury, but when Willie Lamb and these others came to the little town to live, and his congregation became more numerous and for a while so much more attentive, the result was to stimulate the old man, to make him feel, for all his natural humility of spirit, that perhaps his voice, so long crying in the wilderness, was at last to be heard across a larger field. The very contrast between that brief period of success and this slow rot that followed made his latter state the worse.

But if the minister suffered—as he must have suffered at the process which went forward more and more swiftly—he concealed his sufferings, as old folks must, in an unsympathetic youthful world, beneath the calm exterior and the faint and peaceful smile which he habitually wore.

He still lived in the house near Adam Hewey's, still took his meals with Adam and his wife; and Sunday morning and evening, and on those evenings during the week when his direction was required, his tall figure might be seen taking its way across the green toward the white church in which he had ministered for so many years. Of late he had moved more rapt in thought than formerly. It was not so sure that he would recognize you if you passed him by upon the street. It was as though he withdrew into a secret place, from which no windows gave out upon the world; and his eyes were apt to wear a blank and level glance, like a mask across them. Yet twice on Sunday, and on Wednesday night for prayer meeting, and on Friday night for choir rehearsal, he took his way to the church and assumed his place and did his functions there.

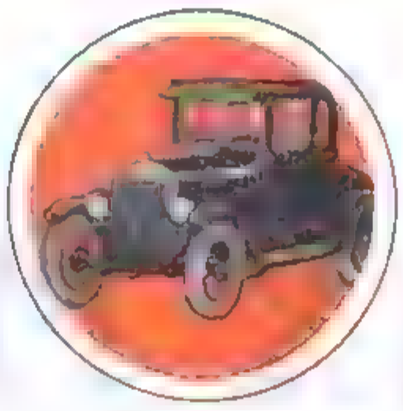
The year after the new church was built choir practice was abandoned. The number of singers whose attendance could be counted on had shrunk till even a quartet was uncertain. Thereafter Mrs. Hewey played the organ; and the old minister in his pulpit and the congregation lifted their voices in undirected song, following as best they might Mrs. Hewey's not too skillful leadership.

Their combined voices had no great volume. There were during the last year of the old man's life occasions when, save for Mrs. Hewey at the organ, and old Adam nodding in one of the front pews, and Willie Lamb and Eunice, the church held no more than a dozen people. But the old minister, apparently oblivious, pursued Sunday after Sunday his accustomed way.

Some folk undertook to remonstrate with Willie, to declare that he should refuse

(Continued on Page 71)

The Simplest Way in the World to end FORD CHATTER



A photograph of a Ford transmission band, removed from a car which chattered badly after four months' service.

A transmission band removed from a Ford also after four months' service. This car showed not a sign of chatter. It was lubricated by Veedol Forzol.

The simplest way is to use Veedol Forzol. And . . . here's the proof.

NOT the car itself, not the transmission bands, not even the mechanic who last repaired the bands, should be blamed for Ford chatter. Nine times out of ten, chatter can be traced directly to incorrect lubrication.

The Ford system of lubrication differs from that of any other car. *One* oil must lubricate the motor and, *at the same time,* lubricate the transmission. The dual task requires more than an ordinary *motor*-oil. It demands a special kind of oil, an oil made exclusively for Fords.

Why the wrong oil causes chatter

ORDINARY *motor*-oils, even those "recommended for Fords" are neither designed nor qualified to lubricate the Ford transmission and the Ford motor as well. They fail to impregnate the fabric lining of the transmission bands and keep it soft, pliant and even in texture. The fabric soon becomes worn and rough in some spots, and glazed like china in others.

Then, when you start, stop or reverse your Ford, the bands slip, grab and slip again. Your entire car is wracked by excessive vibration. It becomes uncomfortable to ride in, and liable to premature repairs.

An oil that ends chatter

BUT there is one oil, Veedol Forzol, which was created *solely* for use in the Ford car. This oil was perfected by Tide Water technologists, after four years of study and experiment, after thousands of laboratory tests and hundreds of road tests.

Veedol Forzol not only masters deadly heat and friction in the Ford engine and keeps it sweet-running, quiet and free from repairs, but it correctly solves the problem of Ford transmission lubrication. This oil keeps the fabric bands thoroughly saturated, flexible and positive in action, and free from chatter.

So completely does Veedol Forzol answer the twofold problem of Ford lubrication that it results in definite savings in the operating of your Ford. These savings are known as

"The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol"

Veedol Forzol eliminates costly chatter; gives 10 to 25% saving in gasoline; gives 10 to 25% saving in oil; reduces carbon 10 to 25%; resists destructive heat and friction; resists fuel dilution; increases ability to coast; reduces repair bills.

TODAY Veedol Forzol is used by more than a million Ford owners and endorsed as no other oil for Fords has ever been endorsed.

Stop today at the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol Forzol. Then you'll know what it means to have a Ford that is free from chatter, quiet, smooth-running and economical.

Always ask for Veedol Forzol by name.

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The economy oil for Fords

The SUPER-SIX PRINCIPLE *amazingly revealed*

ESSEX *is a*

ESSEX SUPER-SIX
COACH $735
F. O. B. Detroit, plus
war excise tax

Engineered to lowest operation and maintenance cost

SUPER-SIX

Effortless Ease in Performance

A smooth, fast pick-up free from jerking or violence.

Long life to all wearing parts—accessibility, and the most advanced engineering for low maintenance and operating costs.

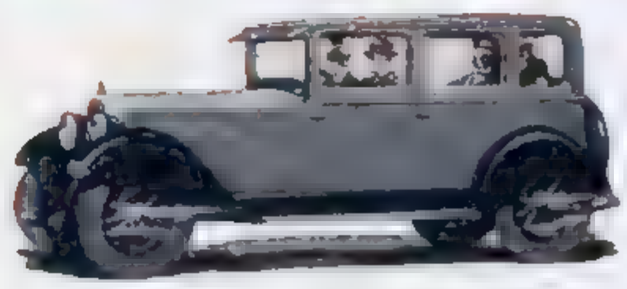
50 miles an hour all day long—yet that is far below its maximum.

Riding and driving ease equaling anything you have ever experienced—surpassing anything ever achieved in a car of its cost.

* * *

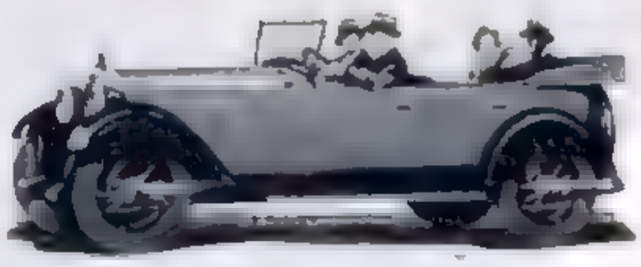
No nerve-shattering motor vibration, no chug-chug-chug-chug to mar the enjoyment of your trip. The smooth stream of Super-Six power whisks you along any road for any period of time or distance in carefree comfort.

No car of our experience has ever met with such enthusiastic reception. It has been the outstanding attraction at all automobile shows. The beauty, comfort and detail of each body type are commanding highest praise. And dealers everywhere are reporting sales that indicate the greatest Essex popularity of all time.



ESSEX SUPER SIX SEDAN $795

ESSEX SUPER-SIX COUPE $735



ESSEX SUPER-SIX 4-PASS. SPEEDSTER $785

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The New Extra Heavy Balloon, made of the Fisk *"Fillerless"* Cord, is the outcome of the Fisk effort to better tires that have won a reputation for quality and endurance.

It has all the comfort a super Balloon tire can give with the added strength of the extra heavy construction throughout. Its stronger, wider tread gives a traction that instantly inspires a sense of security.

*A copy of this design No. A-25, in full color, enlarged for framing, sent free on request. The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass

FISK

(Continued from Page 66)

to permit the old man this persistence. They warned Willie that Old Loving-kindness was feeble, that his strength was inadequate to the task he set himself; they told Willie that his father had earned the right to rest at last. But Willie had one constant reply to these murmurers.

"He wants to preach," he told them. "And he's going to preach as long as he wants to." So the old man continued in his ministry. Last summer, the young clergyman who had taken charge of the new church down by the brookside, in order to combat the usual seasonal falling off in attendance, varied the routine of his Sundays. In June he brought a successful evangelist for two services; on the second Sunday in July the senior senator from the state was the speaker; and on the fourth Sunday a man who had been upon diplomatic service in Russia.

For the first Sunday in August the young minister found himself able to announce that one of the foremost business men in the country, who was summering upon the seashore a hundred miles away, had consented to come and speak to them. It was his opinion that Willie Lamb was the person whose proper function it was to introduce this speaker, and he approached Willie with this invitation. Willie, after some hesitation, accepted. It would be the first time since his return to Maybury that he had failed to attend his father's Sunday morning service, but he assured himself that the occasion justified him.

"Father won't even know," he told Eunice. "The old gentleman doesn't see as well as he used to. I've noticed that lately. It is really my duty to go, and father won't notice whether we are there or not."

Eunice seldom objected to anything he proposed, but she did say now, "I might go, just as usual."

He shook his head. "No. No, that wouldn't do," he assured her. "You'll have to come with me. They will expect you to be there." And she made no further protest to his plan.

The Sunday in question proved to be the hottest day of the summer. The air lay still and sultry in the valley, and even upon the hilltops there was no breeze worth the name. As the hour for morning service approached, there were few people on the streets of Maybury. Old Adam Hewey went to the church, as his function was, to make all ready there; and he opened the tall windows at either side so that through them a cooling breeze should blow, and he set upon the pulpit a pitcher of ice water and did what was possible to protect Old Loving-kindness from the utmost rigor of the day. When he had done this, however, he went home. Mrs. Hewey was indisposed, and it was necessary that he attend her.

On his way across the green he met Old Loving-kindness, and he stopped for a moment to explain the situation.

"Mrs. Hewey ain't so well, Doctor Lamb," he told the old minister. "You noticed she didn't get up for breakfast. I made the coffee, but I guess it was as good as hers. But she won't be able to get to church today, so I guess you'll have to do without the organ. I'd play it if I knew how, but I'd be worse than nobody at all."

Old Loving-kindness nodded gently. "I don't think mechanical assistance will be necessary to our worship, Adam," he said in a tone faintly quizzical.

"I've got everything ready," Adam assured him. "There's ice water on the pulpit, and I opened the windows so that it will be as cool as it can. You'd better make the service short today, reverend. It's too hot to praise the Lord."

The old man smiled. "You need not concern yourself, Hewey," he assured the other. "The service grows shorter all the time."

"I'll be back," said Hewey, faintly uncomfortable. "I'll come in time to close up, or probably before you're through. Just soon as I get Mrs. Hewey took care of and comfortable."

"I expect she needs your ministrations more than I do," the old man told him. "Don't feel that you must hurry, Adam."

They parted with a further word, and the minister went gravely across the green. When Adam, from his own door, looked in the direction of the church, Old Loving-kindness had disappeared inside. There was no one in sight who seemed bent that way, and Adam thought grimly that the congregation would be small. But this, he reminded himself, was not unusual; and today the heat would keep many away. He went inside to comfort Mrs. Hewey.

About half an hour later, when he had done what he could for her, he emerged and crossed the green toward the church again. As he approached it, in the still summer morning he could hear the minister's voice coming clear and resonant through the open doors and windows of the church, and Adam thought there was in the tone something triumphant and sonorous; and he murmured to himself:

"The old man's giving it to 'em today!"

The sexton did not enter the front door, but went along the path at the side of the church, where a certain shade lay, and comfort from the sun. Through the open windows he could hear the minister's strong tones; and when he reached the rear door he hesitated, reluctant to go in. Listening, he recognized the sermon the old man was preaching. It was that most familiar of all his discourses, which Adam had heard scores of times before. And the day was very warm.

"No sense in my going in," the sexton told himself. "It's cooler here, and I can hear; and even if I couldn't, I know about all he's like to say."

So he sat down on the steps by the side door and took off his stiff hat and laid it there beside him; and now and then, while he listened inattentively, he passed his handkerchief across his brow.

The service at the new church that day was, in spite of the heat, a great success. The renown of the speaker attracted the men of the village, even from the golf links, and their wives came with them. The little church was almost uncomfortably full, and Willie Lamb, who sat in a chair beside the young minister and just behind the pulpit, surveyed the faces below him with a lively satisfaction in the thought that to these people he was in his way as important as the man who was speaking to them now.

Afterward there was an impromptu reception to the financier. Willie, after some consideration, had invited the great man and the young minister to come home and dine with him and Eunice, and it was necessary for him now to wait until the others were free to go. So he stood, blandly smiling, while the congregation paused to shake the rich man's hand

After a little the throng in the church began to dissolve and melt away, and eventually Willie and Eunice and the minister and the guest came out of the church together. Willie's limousine was waiting for them in the driveway there, and the young minister helped Eunice in. But as Willie was handing the rich man into the car someone touched his elbow, and he turned in faint surprise to see little Adam Hewey.

Adam was a gray old man, and he had never the ruddy cheeks which are so often shared by infancy and age; but today it seemed to Willie that the sexton wore a pallor unusual even to him, and the man's lips were mumbling as though they found distasteful the message which they must convey.

Willie said in his loud tones, "Good morning, Adam." And Adam clutched at his arm.

"Come up to the old church, Mr. Lamb," he exclaimed. "Come up to the old church with me right away."

"What's the trouble, Adam?" Willie asked. "I'm engaged just now. Did father send for me?" Adam stammered something, and Willie said, "Go back and tell him I will send the car for him in fifteen minutes. We must make two trips today."

"He's dead," said Adam. "You come up right away. You'd better come. He's dead, laying in the pulpit there."

Willie Lamb was not one of those men who are likely to be hushed by grief. "Dead?" he exclaimed in a tone even louder than his custom was. "My father dead?" And he heard his wife's low cry.

"Laying there," said Adam Hewey. "Laying there!"

There was a pity and a terror in the little man's tones which had its effect upon Willie Lamb. Without quite knowing why he did so, without even remembering his social responsibilities, he turned and began to run up the driveway toward the village, with Adam laboring upon his heels; and Eunice, his wife, who was always like his shadow, stumbled out and followed them with quick little steps which seemed to be curiously ineffective, yet which brought her not far behind. She had half scrambled over the knees of the rich man when she climbed to the ground. It did not occur to her, any more than it did to Willie, to give instructions to the chauffeur; so the car and the chauffeur, the great man and the young minister, were left to stand forgotten in the sun.

Willie and Adam and Eunice ran up the drive toward the village green. When they came into the church Willie was half a dozen paces ahead, but at sight of the empty interior he stopped until Adam overtook him, and he cried accusingly:

"Adam, there's no one here!"

"No one but him," said Adam. "He's laying there!"

"Where did they go?" Willie demanded in that booming voice of his. "I'll make someone suffer for this! Where did they go?"

Adam shook his head. "There wasn't a soul in church," he said. "I was sitting on the side steps. It was hot, and I sat out there. I could hear him preaching. That sermon about loving-kindness. The one he liked so much. And it sounded better than it ever did. As though he meant it something special today. And then all of a sudden he come to the end, where he always says, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself, and love the Lord thy God.' And he kind of stopped there, and I heard a thump, and I got up and looked in. There wan't anybody in the church. Only him. He'd been preaching just the same, to the empty pews."

Eunice had come up behind them, and she made a little whimpering sound. Willie Lamb looked at her, and something made him turn his head as though her glance had thrust his eyes brutally away. He swung and started up the aisle toward the pulpit, and Adam trotted at his heels, and Eunice came more slowly behind.

So they bowed above the body of the old man there. If while he preached to the empty church his heart at last had broken, yet had grief left no mark upon him. His face was not contorted; his features were serene and calm; his lips were even bent in their habitual kindly smile. The three stood silent, looking down upon him for a little while.

Then Willie stirred. There was quite obviously nothing to be done, but Willie Lamb was not a man to do nothing. He brought that heavy palm of his down upon the surface of the pulpit with a resounding thwack. "By heaven, father!" he cried, in that bellowing voice of his. "I'll show them! I'll build you the finest tomb in the state for this!"

The others did not speak. Eunice was kneeling beside the old man's body, and she was crying softly. Willie watched her for a moment, and he began to be uncomfortable. He spoke to her at last, at once in challenge and in appeal to her to be reassured

"Won't we, Eunice?" he demanded.

For a moment she did not reply. It was necessary for her to control her tones. When she did speak to this great man who was her husband, it was indifferently, and without raising her eyes.

"I don't think you can hurt him more," she told the old man's son.

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THE TRICK

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

Three Steps—Five Steps—Seven Steps—and the Rocks Protecting the Big Rat's Camp Suddenly Loomed Up Through the Rain, Right Before Them

BEHIND a huge bowlder three men sat in grim conference, their shotguns beside them, while a fourth was prone upon his stomach in a little trench two feet deep—a trench that extended less than six inches beyond the cover of the big rock. He was the lookout, and beside him lay a hunting rifle. Very slowly and carefully he had pushed two stones, curiously shaped, somewhat like paving blocks, out from behind the big bowlder and placed them side by side at the exposed end of his trench. Now, with one eye closed, he could lie in his trench and peer out through the narrow aperture between these stones without offering a very attractive target; in fact, at three hundred yards a target one inch wide is no target at all. It was his job to shoot on the slightest provocation, principally in order to suggest the presence of more long-range rifles like his own instead of those almost useless shotguns.

Three hundred yards across a level, sandy, rocky waste, fifteen men were similarly concealed, and equally well. If they had known that there was only one hunting rifle behind the huge bowlder they were watching they would have surrounded it quickly, at a safe distance, and picked off the four defenders. It was Tom Cutter's job, lying in his trench, to keep them fooled, and he had done it now for nearly two hours. If he could keep them fooled until dusk he and his three companions had a chance to get away; otherwise not, for the rule in this warfare would be no quarter. And even the chance that dusk promised was very uncertain, for there was only one way out, and beyond question a detachment had been sent to close that passage.

But, because of Tom Cutter's rifle and the presumption it raised of three more like it, the detachment would be traveling in a circle, a long and difficult circle, leading first up a canyon wall, then over loose gravel and sand between treacherous rocks that might start rolling with astoundingly little encouragement, considering their weight. Speed would be impossible there. Even to walk was not easy; to run, impossible. The detachment would have to negotiate this painful journey, then pick its way back down the canyon wall to the level on which Tom Cutter and his companions had taken refuge behind that one bowlder. If the flanking detachment could do this before dark the fight would be short and the outcome certain. If they could reach the pass just as dusk released the besieged four from the enemies in front of them, then the trap was closed and the execution could wait for sunlight. Thus the strategy on both sides had resolved itself into a struggle against time. In the interim, however, if Cutter and his companions could think of some trick that would enable them to leave the cover of that bowlder and move unobserved across open ground back to the pass, escape would be easy, for the one and only pass lay not far behind.

On the other side, the game was to hold them where they were until the pass was safely closed, then surround them slowly, with due respect for the nice accuracy of hunting rifles in experienced hands, and pick them off. Tom Cutter, lying in his trench, kept watch; meanwhile his three companions conferred. Also, meanwhile, those of the fifteen not on guard conferred. They, too, were trying to think of a trick—a trick that would lure the four men behind the rock out into the open while the sun still blazed.

Presiding over their council of war was their chief, known as the Big Rat because of his wizardry in finding loot whenever the little band raided a ranch, or, as more frequently happened, the one community in this small, isolated Mexican valley. They had now raided this village of two hundred inhabitants nine times in two years, carrying away such supplies as were needed to make life pleasant in their rocky lair. They were not very greedy; usually they took only what they actually needed. Money, for example, did not interest them nearly so much as oranges, candy or a good guitar. However, shrewd understanding of the people they robbed, and not mercy, dictated this policy. As long as the losses were bearable the people of the valley would be slow to act. Keep the raids chronologically far enough apart, the victims properly distributed geographically, so that a whole group of them wouldn't start talking themselves into action while their nerves were yet jumpy from a recent raid, and the enterprise might flourish indefinitely. The business of being a bandit has its scientific side, and the Big Rat, in addition to his other accomplishments, was a workmanlike journeyman psychologist.

Although the villagers themselves had very little beyond the necessities of life, they bore their losses with that astounding stoicism characteristic of their Indian ancestors, hoping that some day the Big Rat would disappear as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come. Also, they were afraid of him. Human life was not sacred to the Big Rat. He had explained his code both by word and deed, and they found terror in its simplicity. Moreover, they could see that to him it was the essence of justice and reason. If people would not give up their property at his request, then they had committed suicide. During his first raid four men were guilty of this folly—since then none. However, even that did not win the village complete immunity from bloodletting, because a raid, as the Big Rat understood such ceremonies, called for much promiscuous shooting. If someone happened to be hit that was his misfortune. To imply malice was absurd.

Only five had died of their wounds. Didn't that prove his point? His men would shoot better than that if they meant business. Thus argued the Big Rat. Horses galloped through the streets; there were shouts, screams, curses; commands and much running to and fro, and a great deal of aimless shooting.

The principal and original purpose of the shooting was to give notice to the five soldiers stationed in the village that a raid was in progress, so that they, being outnumbered, could get out of the way, which they invariably did—that is, until a local wag wrote a song about them and hurt their feelings. Then they deserted and joined the Big Rat. Since that event there had been no soldiers. The deserters were not replaced; affairs in the national capital, rumor reported, were very much disturbed. The national capital was a long, long way off, and one couldn't be sure, but it was said there had been revolutions. As to who was now president, opinions differed. Various demands, proclamations, requests, commands and other documents bearing imposing seals arrived by courier from time to time and should have thrown light on the subject, but the wide range of signatures adorning them was confusing. Mayor Espinosa would look at each in its turn and mutter, "*Pobre Mexico!*" Poor Mexico! Then he would return to his general store and place the document in his safe.

Eventually news filtered through the mountain passes that the United States had declared war. This was in the spring of 1914. Battleships, it was reported, had bombarded every city on the coast. Half a million troops had landed and great battles were being fought.

"Now," said the Big Rat—"now is the time. At last we can raid that mine. No one will object now. No one will send troops. War has been declared. The Señor Cutter and the Señor Lake and the Señor Root and the Señor Small are enemies of our country. We are patriots, so we will fight them to protect the gold in our hills. They are robbing our country and we must prevent it."

To do him justice, the Big Rat really had originally launched his career as a patriot, but the self-appointed generalissimo and provisional president whom he purposed following at the time, had long since been shot as a traitor along with quite a number of his supporters. The rest had either recanted and joined other leaders or were in hiding. As the Big Rat viewed the situation, however, he himself was still a patriot. Therefore the people of this valley owed him and his followers a living. If the people of the valley thought otherwise it mattered little, because the Big Rat soon had several paths up the walls of the canyon to the wide stony ledge where his camp was pitched, while the villagers knew only one path. One had always been ample, since there had never been anything worth seeking on that barren ledge until the Big Rat took possession of it—took possession, as he had announced, in the name of Long Live Liberty.

"Some day," so said the villagers, "we will get those rascals and stand them against a wall." Then cigarettes were lighted and life went on about as usual until the Big Rat again noticed that his supplies of brandy, coffee or rice or sugar were perilously low, whereupon he visited the village and for a few hours life was exciting.

He had cannily avoided the Americans and their little mine lest the national government take cognizance of his existence; but with the receipt of news about the war immunity ended. Having announced his purpose, the raid took place on the following day, and, since not even lightning could have been more unexpected that sparkling clear spring morning, the raid was a complete success. The four Americans who owned and operated this mine were all at work when the Big Rat and his squad of cavalry arrived, shooting and yelling. The mine itself was merely a slender vein of gold running through an exposed ledge of quartz. The four miners worked in broad daylight, their only modern tools being an occasional stick of dynamite and a none too modern drill.

At intervals of about two months they took their accumulation of gold to market. The package was never heavy, but it brought supplies and sustained their hopes. They couldn't ship the ore because there were no facilities, so they reduced it at the mine as best they could. Some day, they thought, the vein might grow richer, or they might find another and bigger one. Meanwhile they worked and lived, and, when the time was available, prospected other exposed ledges of rock.

"I'm glad Martha went to town this morning," Tom Cutter remarked to Sam Lake, as he raised his hands above his head obedient to the command of the Big Rat. Martha was Mrs. Tom Cutter. She presided over the little house that stood less than a hundred yards from the mine. Some eight or ten of the bandits, including the Big Rat, were now on their way to the house. Thirty minutes after their search began the Big Rat's triumphant yell announced that the little package of gold had been found. Ten minutes later the Big Rat and his crew were off at a gallop, their saddlebags stuffed with miscellaneous loot and flapping up and down like pillows.

"Caught us flat-footed," was Tom Cutter's verdict as he stood in the doorway of the house and watched the cloud of dust that marked the progress of the bandits. "Yes, sir; caught us flat-footed."

"No wonder they call him the Big Rat," Sam Lake remarked, trying to smile and failing. "He sure found that gold quick. You'd have thought he could smell it."

"They made a thorough job, all right," Ted Root added as he stared at the overturned furniture and disorder of clothing strewn over the floors.

"All the canned peaches are gone," Bob Small announced from the kitchen. "Tom, I hope Martha brings some more from town."

"I hope they didn't meet Martha," Sam Lake said, and immediately wished he hadn't, so he added: "But no, I guess she would have had time to get to town."

"H'm," mused Cutter, "we better saddle up and follow those fellows; better make sure. They might visit the town too. We better see where they went. They were talking some kind of foolishness about war with the United States. They may be leaving the valley. First we'll see if they went to town; then we'll climb the canyon and see if they're up on the ledge."

Half an hour later Cutter and Lake and Root and Small were mounted, armed with their hunting equipment and riding toward the town. There they reported the raid to Mayor Espinosa, who shook his head sadly, made funny little noises expressive of his sympathy, and listened to their inquiries about Martha Cutter. No one had seen her. But then—and Mayor Espinosa's grave countenance brightened—no one else had come to town that morning by the road which the Big Rat traveled. No doubt all had seen his band at a distance and immediately left the road. That was the customary procedure. Mrs. Cutter, doubtless, had followed the local custom. No one was unacquainted with it.

"That's right," Tom Cutter agreed. "Yes, that's right. She's probably safe. Probably be home in a little while. Probably come back here to find us. But anyway, we'll follow those fellows just to make sure. When she comes you tell her that we've gone to find out where the Big Rat is. We'll climb the canyon and see if he's on that ledge."

On hearing this casual announcement Mayor Espinosa, without realizing it, crossed himself. For two years no villager had willingly climbed that ledge. Some Indian girls had been taken up there and later sent down again, but the less said about that the better.

"It is a very hot day for climbing," Mayor Espinosa stammered. He liked these strangers and yearned to give them good counsel. The four Americans smiled, then mounted their horses and set off, leaving him staring after them, appalled. They followed the narrow, winding pathway that led from the mountain stream near the village up the first long slope of the canyon and thence onto a ledge. To this first ledge it was a fairly comfortable journey; then they rode along level ground for twenty minutes until they picked up the path that led higher; this one was rather steep. At the next ledge they left their horses and proceeded on foot. There was no sign that the Big Rat had come this way; but that meant nothing, for he knew other paths. On the wide ledge where his camp was known to be there was still no indication of his presence. The four men proceeded warily in the direction of his camp, at the same time bearing toward a huge bowlder that would afford cover if they were fired upon.

The Big Rat and his little army had seen them the moment their heads appeared over the rim of the canyon. Concealed now, they waited gleefully as the range grew shorter with each step.

"Let them come as near as they will," ordered the Big Rat. Would they go beyond the bowlder? he wondered. If so, it would be easy. They must never return, for that would be damaging to his prestige in the village, and the prestige of a bandit such as the Big Rat is his life. This ledge must remain a place of terror. Anyone who visited it uninvited must die, preferably on the ledge. Then probably no one else would come to inquire. The Señors Lake and Cutter and Root and Small would simply have evaporated. No one would ever hear of them again. It would be a mystery; always a very convenient conclusion for the business of a bandit. "Let them come on," he repeated. And they did so, until they reached the big bowlder; then when it became quite clear that they were going to take cover, eight rifles spat fire while the four targets fairly dived toward their objective.

"Anybody hit?" asked Cutter as he sat up and brushed the sand from his clothes.

"Singed a little on the left arm," Small said, examining the tiny hole in his coat sleeve. "Nothing to bother about." There were no other casualties. Ted Root peeped out from behind the bowlder and immediately drew fire.

Then the four set to work digging a trench for Tom Cutter, who had the only rifle. The rest had brought only their twelve-gauge shotguns.

"This was a kind of a fool thing to do," Cutter remarked to no one in particular as he shoveled sand with his bare hands; "but we're here, so we'll hold the fort until the light gets dim and then crawl back. It'll take them a good while to get in behind us."

"Tell you what we might do," Root suggested. "We might take off our clothes and make some dummies, expose them and ——"

"No good," declared Small, after which there was silence for more than an hour, except when Tom Cutter, lying in his trench, fired and drew fire in return. At the end of two hours the conference was resumed, but every plan suggested was found faulty. Nevertheless the conference proceeded.

"I smell rain," said Cutter, still peering through his narrow loophole. "Do you see any clouds?"

His three companions looked. "No clouds," Small reported, "but it's raining somewhere around here. I can smell it too."

"Lord, I hope we get it," said Ted Root. "If it's the kind we usually have we could walk out. They wouldn't be able to see an elephant ten feet away."

A gust of wind swept across the ledge, picking up sand in little whirlwinds. Then came a rumble of thunder, but it was impossible to determine from what direction, for the canyon walls still towered above them.

"Well," said Lake, with a sigh of relief, "I guess it's coming."

"Look!" cried Small, pointing. "There it is! Come on, you black cloud, and do your best! We'll be out of here in thirty minutes if it doesn't veer off. Come on, you black cloud!"

Suddenly Tom Cutter rose from his trench, in full view of the bandits. Root and Small gasped, blinked and felt as though they were choking, so great was their astonishment; but Sam Lake, who was nearest to him, grabbed his coat and pulled him behind the bowlder before he had risen to his full height. Overbalanced, Cutter fell sprawling. Then bullets whistled and one struck the bowlder with a resounding smack.

"For God's sake, Tom!" Lake exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"They've got her!" was the whispered reply, and Cutter mopped his face with his handkerchief.

"Got who?" Root asked.

"Martha."

"Did you see her?"

"Yes. She ran out from behind one of those rocks. Someone threw a lasso—they dragged her back. You fellows go when it rains. I've got to stay now; I'm going to kill the Big Rat."

Again Cutter stepped out from behind the bowlder and again Sam Lake grabbed his coat, pulling him back, and at the same time exclaiming: "Tom, don't lose your head!"

"I want my rifle," Cutter mumbled, again mopping his brow, though the air was now quite cool and clouds were rapidly obscuring the sun. Lake waited until the second burst of fire from across No Man's Land had ceased, then slipped into the trench, wriggled into the correct position and assumed the duties of lookout, with the hunting rifle beside him.

"So they've got her," Ted Root mused silently. "Well, then this is the end of all of us, because when the rain comes we'll go over there instead of back to the pass. There isn't anything else to do. I don't mind a great deal about myself, because I came to this country for adventure and now it looks like I'm going to get it. But I'm mighty sorry for Tom and Martha. They don't make 'em any better than that pair. Sorry for Lake and Small too. They're trying to make a living; I came just for fun." Meanwhile he opened the leather bag that hung from his shoulder, drew out a little can of oil, then a greasy rag, and began to prepare the barrel of his shotgun against the coming rain.

Bob Small absent-mindedly watched this operation. "Tough luck," he was thinking. "Ted is going over there with Tom. I can see it in his eye. He's just a kid, too—twenty-six. That's pretty young to be bumped off, especially with his education. I wish I'd had a chance to study rocks and ores and things like that. There ought to be a good future ahead of him. I'd get Ted out of here if I could, but it wouldn't be any use to try. He's going over. Tom and me, we're just prospectors; we expect to take chances. Martha—her father was a mining man too. We three came into this with our eyes open, so of course we'll go through." Bob Small lighted a cigarette and began to smoke, still staring absent-mindedly at Ted Root while silently announcing to himself, "I'll go with Tom. He wouldn't care much for life without Martha and it wouldn't mean much to me without my old partner. We can at least teach those fellows over there that the price is high."

"If it just rains hard enough," Sam Lake meditated, lying in his trench, "we can get pretty close to that rock barricade before the shooting starts. In a real storm, shotguns would be ten times better than rifles. Of course, those fellows are bound to get us eventually, but first we'll make it hot for them. The luck certainly broke against us today. If they just hadn't got Martha we could all get away. We'd be home in about three hours. But there's no use thinking about that now. I'm mighty sorry for Tom and Bob. They've worked hard on that

Continued on Page 79

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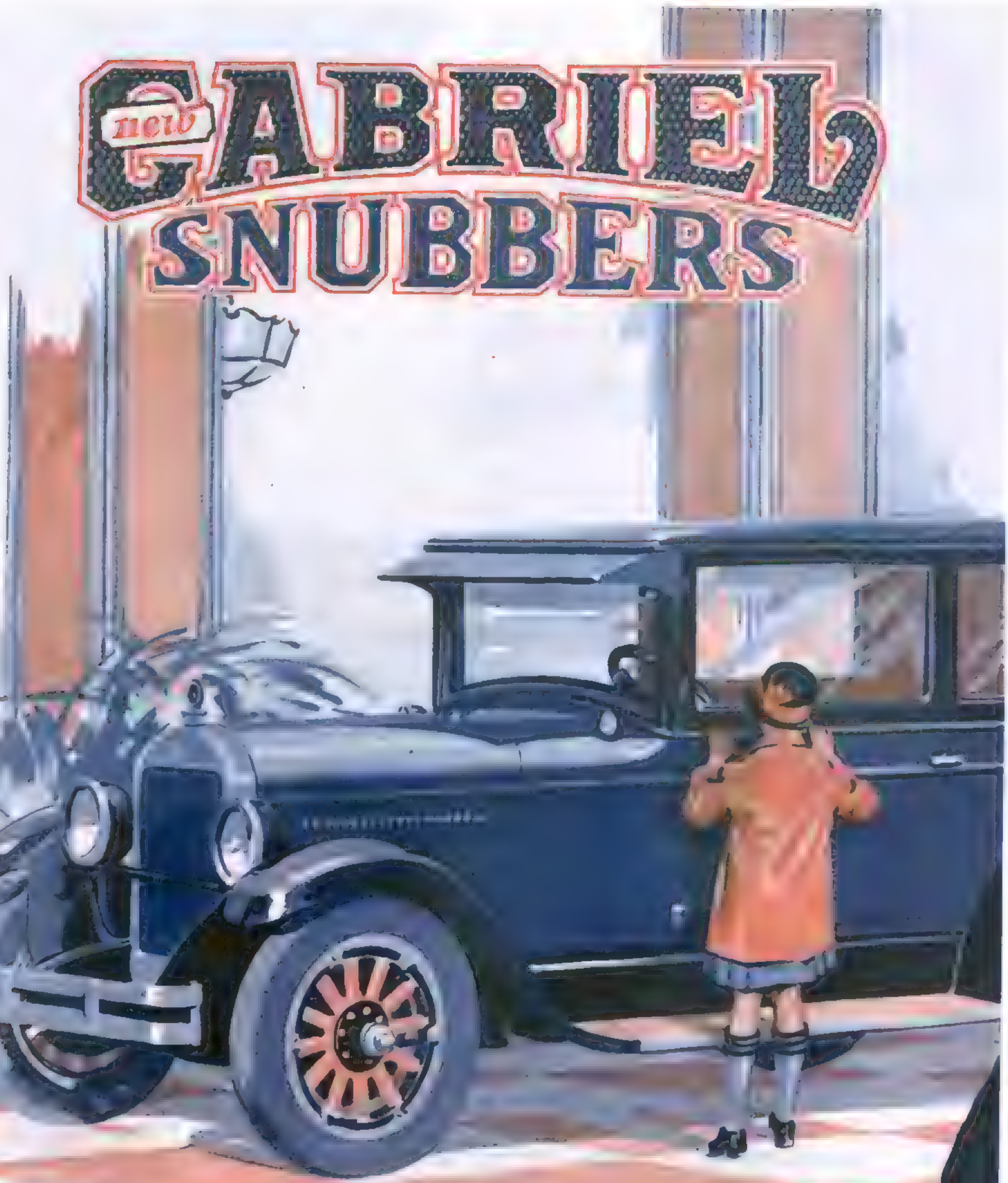

Gabriel—and Only Gabriel—Is a Snubber

The Car Dealer's Story

When a motor car dealer tells you that the shorter cars need spring control even more than those with longer wheelbase, he is repeating what all dealers know.

Motor car manufacturers also recognize this and drill holes in the frames of their cars so that New Gabriel Snubbers may be quickly attached without alteration to the car.

On smooth roads, you want the soft, velvety ride which balloon tires and flexible springs give you. Gabriel's anti-pre-loading brake assures this by keeping the springs free from restraint within certain limits of their movement.

At the same time you want comfort and protection, for yourself and your car, on rougher roads. Here, Gabriel's multiple coils snub the pitch and roll which would otherwise throw you off the seat and wrack your car.

Motor car dealers are genuinely interested in increasing your riding comfort and that is why thousands of them are adding New Gabriel Snubbers *before their cars are shown to the customer or demonstrated for him.*

THE GABRIEL SNUBBER MANUFACTURING CO. · · CLEVELAND, OHIO; TORONTO, ONT.

New Gabriel Snubbers are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the price will be refunded after 30 days' trial.

How New Gabriel Snubbers Work

The anti-pre-loading brake does not allow the Snubber coils to operate until the car springs deflect beyond a small range of movement.

When your car strikes a bump that causes this limit of deflection to be passed, the Snubber belt recedes into the case, releasing the anti-pre-loading brake. The internal compression spring then expands, instantly taking up the slack in the belt.

As spring rebound starts, the multiple coils immediately tighten, creating a gradually increasing brake action that allows the car springs to return to normal without jerk or abrupt stop.

"THE Dancing Chiffon." An all-silk chiffon from top to toe, of sheerest weave—for beauty. With an invisible "inner-foot" of lisle—for extra wear. Pure thread Japan silk, dyed in all the latest shades.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us a post card. We will see that you are supplied. For your own protection—

Ask for Allen-A

Style No. 3785

We created this chiffon hose especially for dancing

Exquisitely sheer—with an invisible "inner-foot" of lisle at heel and toe

No woman can treat the selection of her hose lightly today. For they are the most conspicuous part of her ensemble.

Here, then, is a lovely Allen-A chiffon that enhances all costumes and serves every occasion. (Specially made for dancing.) Silk from top to toe. Exquisitely sheer. Full fashioned, of course—giving that slender, trim ankled appearance that every woman wants.

And with this charming beauty comes long, serviceable wear. For, hidden from sight, is an "inner-foot" of fine lisle—that reinforces the silken foot at the heel and toe—the weak spots of most chiffons. With this new hose you can dance "'til morn" without a single thread weakening.

Take this advertisement to your own dealer. Insist on this Allen-A creation Style No. 3785. In all the newest shades. If he does not carry this hose, send us his name. We will see that you get this stocking at once.

Allen A

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

Hosiery
for men, women and children

Underwear
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

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THE ALLEN-A COMPANY · KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 74)

little mine. It was mighty good of 'em to take me in broke. I'm sorry for Ted too. I wish to the Lord there was some way he could get out of here without feeling like a skunk the rest of his life. Out of the whole bunch, I'm the one that could best be spared. I wish they'd let me try it alone while they go for help. But, after all, there isn't any use going for help; these people around here have put up with the Big Rat for two years, and they tell me he carried off some of their women too. Well, he got the wrong one this time. Gee, I hope I get one shot at his pock-marked face before I go down—just one!" Then he raised the hunting rifle, fired at nothing very definite, and hastily ducked.

Cutter was sitting with his back toward his companions, thinking and working. His elbows moved back and forth like the driving rods of an engine, and from time to time his companions heard him tear cloth into strips. Finally he reached back and confiscated Ted Root's bit of greasy rag without even bothering to ask permission. Whatever he was making required also his shirt, his handkerchief and the tops of his socks, which he cut off with his pocket knife. At any other time this mysterious activity would have elicited questions, but now everyone was preoccupied with his own thoughts—Tom Cutter most of all.

"If they come along," he was thinking, "I can't stop them. But this is my own affair. For me there is no alternative. For them it is whatever their consciences dictate. When the rain comes I will go about my business without a word to anyone. They can do as they please. They are good, square fellows and in the prime of life; they have always come clean with me and they owe me nothing more. If I want to toss my life away that's my business, so I start alone. I hope they'll be sensible."

There was a flash of lightning, a shattering crash of thunder, and the storm broke. Peering through the aperture between the two stones at the head of his trench, Sam Lake saw the sharp outlines of the rocks protecting the Big Rat's camp slowly become blurred as though his eyes were failing; next the rocks disappeared entirely. Rain was falling now in torrents, and it pushed back the range of his vision as though that range were a tangible thing, a curtain moving rapidly toward him. He waited until it stood still, less than fifty feet away, then he picked up the hunting rifle and rose to his feet.

Immediately Cutter grabbed the rifle from Lake's hand and said, "Well, boys, good-by." He was off. Lake glanced at the others, then turned to remark, "I guess we're all going." But Cutter, by that time, was six paces away. Lake had to yell the announcement of their intention. Then he picked up his shotgun, and with Root and Small beside him hurried forward. They ran fifty paces before overtaking Cutter, who gave no sign that he saw them. Silently the four trudged, side by side, their chins down so that their hats might better turn the rain and occasional flurries of hail. Thus they walked for perhaps one hundred yards, when it occurred to Cutter that there was something he wanted very much to say if only he could think of the words. But—or so it seemed to him—there are no words for that sort of thing. At least, though, he could do his best, so he said, "Thanks." And they, equally bereft of words, simply nodded their acceptance and understanding. Then silence, except for the pounding rain and occasional splatter of hail; silence except for the crunching of heavy shoes. A long, long minute exhausted its sixty lengthy seconds.

"Oughtn't we to circle a little?" Ted Root finally asked.

"No," Cutter replied sharply. "Wastes time."

"They're not expecting us, anyway," Lake added. "They probably think we're gone now."

Another hundred yards, then Cutter motioned for them to draw nearer to him. "Still time to turn back," he said, without slackening his own pace. The steady crunch of heavy shoes on wet gravel was their only answer. He waited ten seconds, fifteen seconds. Then: "If you're coming along, each of you better take one of these." And he produced from a leather bag four balls made of strips of cloth, loosely wrapped. Each was somewhat larger than a baseball and encircled four or five times with what appeared to be stout cotton cord, but closer examination disclosed that it was fuse, the kind they used in setting off a blast of dynamite.

"Anything in these?" Lake asked, squeezing the soft rags.

"Only rocks," Cutter answered; "but those fellows know what homemade bombs are. They'll see the fuses and it may bring them out from cover. No harm in trying. First thing we do, when we can see them, is to light these fuses and throw. I've got them fixed so they won't get wet. They may not do any good, but at least they'll burn. We'll try 'em anyway. All of you got dry matches?"

They told him they had—still trudging forward through the blinding rain.

"So that was what he was doing," mused Small. "He was tearing up his clothes to make these rag balls. Well, I hope they work, and they may too. If those fellows duck away from their barricade of rocks we can knock 'em down pretty fast. Three shotguns—six shells in each—that's eighteen shots. None of us seems to be nervous, so we may get some of those fellows. Don't see how we could miss with shotguns."

Cutter tucked his fake bomb under his coat and tossed onto the ground the leather bag he had been carrying.

"Won't need that any more," he explained. And then, grinning, "Probably won't need anything any more, eh?"

"Getting close now," said Root. "I think I just made out a rock. Shall we crawl?"

"No!" snapped Cutter. "I do no crawling today. Let's trot. I'm in a hurry to get in one good shot. When it starts, boys, keep going forward, and keep blazing. There's no use trying to play safe. If they start running, don't let up. Any we don't kill today will kill us tomorrow. Now let's trot." They struck a faster pace, Cutter again well in the lead.

Suddenly he crouched, turned toward them and pulled the rag ball out from under his coat. They hastened forward to catch up with him, then stooped to cover their own matches. Crouching over the sputtering fuses, all four ran forward—three steps—five steps—seven steps—and the rocks protecting the Big Rat's camp suddenly loomed up through the rain, right before them. Four sputtering rag bombs were hurled, and then Ted Root brought his gun to his shoulder while the others hurried on. From behind the largest rock in the barricade three men leaped into plain view, firing as they appeared, but without aiming.

"It worked," Ted said to himself as he sprayed them with buckshot and pressed forward. Over another rock a gun barrel appeared and he drew a bead on it; then a head came up and he fired; the head went down. Again he hurried forward. Now he was actually leaning against one of the rocks of the barricade, while his companions had gone beyond it. What a lot of scurrying about! Targets everywhere! And as he fired, coolly picking out the bandits who were aiming in preference to those who were merely running, that strange part of the brain which detaches itself and contemplates from afar the immediate details of the business in hand went musing on: "I'm using their barricade! We must have caught them flat-footed. Either that or the fake bombs worked. I wonder why they run around so. They might just as well come right at us. We've got their barricade now and there isn't any other cover. Oh, I see! It's Lake and Small. Gosh, but they shoot fast! I can't shoot that fast. I see now what they're doing; they've gone along that barricade and cleaned it out, rock by rock, one on one side and one on the other. No wonder I'm getting so many easy targets down at this end. Those fellows have to run. Lake and Small have got 'em between a cross fire. And there's Cutter right out in the open. He gets 'em at that end and I get 'em at this end."

"Hold that shot, Ted!" shouted Sam Lake, running toward him.

"Why?" asked Root.

"I've got to reload, so cover me a second. I made every one count, Ted. Landed right in the middle of the covey." He crouched behind the rock and began jamming shells into his gun. The task completed, he stood up and immediately reopened fire.

"Got to work fast," he shouted above the din. "I'm bleeding. I'll faint pretty soon. Getting weak."

"Serious?" asked Root, and then both guns blazed.

"No," Lake answered. "Shoulder. Just flesh. But I'm an awful cry-baby; always faint when I bleed. Reload now before I go out." Root did so, and then caught Lake as he crumpled and fell. During those few lost seconds, however, his targets had diminished astoundingly. But they had not all disappeared. Most of them were down, and he could see the flashes from Bob Small's gun far over to the right—that is, considering the low visibility, it was far. Tom Cutter had never paused to take cover, and now Root could see him running forward recklessly exposed. Pursuing someone, Root assumed, but he could not see far enough to be sure.

Except for Cutter's activities, which quickly moved beyond the range of Ted's vision, the fight seemed to be over. He and Bob Small continued to fire at everything that moved, but in a very short time there were no shots in return. The real battle had lasted less than five minutes. They had taken the barricade at a rush and after that it was a slaughter. The visible casualties gave assurance that they were no longer outnumbered even by those who possibly had escaped.

Root was tempted to march straight across the field of action and find Cutter, but hesitated on account of Lake, who was unconscious. Still undecided, he peered through the sheets of rain and saw Bob Small experimentally exposing himself, then drawing back behind a rock. Three times he did this, then stepped boldly forward, running in the direction Cutter had taken. Confident that this would draw fire, Root poised his shotgun to answer the first flash. To his astonishment there was none. Then the battle really was over, so far as that part of the field within his range was concerned. Somewhere in the distance a rifle cracked. It was answered by another. He waited anxiously, straining his eyes for any sign of movement. In less than a minute the well-known forms of Small and Cutter emerged through the wall of rain. He recognized them instantly, but they cautiously hailed him, yelling his name. In his right hand Cutter carried the barrel of his rifle and in his left he carried the stock.

"Did you throw it at someone?" Root asked. He intended to laugh, but found that he couldn't. Every muscle and nerve now felt strained and taut. They did not answer him until they were ten steps closer, then Small announced, "Tom got him. He got the Big Rat."

"Why did you club your gun?" Root asked.

"Had to," Cutter replied impatiently. "Missed nearly every shot. Lost my hat and the rain blinded me. It's almost impossible to do anything with a rifle in this rain. I got one or two when we started; then they shot my hat off, and that finished me. But they couldn't shoot straight, either. You fellows had a cinch when the bombs stampeded them. The Big Rat missed me point-blank ten feet away. Then I missed him and we closed. I'm cut in the leg, but he's out. I asked him where Martha was. He wouldn't tell me—said he didn't know. Then I finished him. Let's look around and see if we can find her."

"Sam is wounded," Root said. "He's behind this rock." They gathered around Lake and cut away his clothing. Small's examination confirmed Lake's own report of the wound. It had quit bleeding.

"He's all right," Cutter said. "He faints easy; ought not to have come. Let's look around."

Near by someone groaned, and then called, "Señor!" Small strolled along the barricade in the direction from which the sound came. Presently he exclaimed, "Hello!" It was an expression of astonishment, not a greeting. Root and Cutter hurried to him.

"What do you make of that?" he asked, pointing. On the ground were a woman's skirt, hat and cloak. They recognized the garments—Martha's.

"Señor," said the voice that had first attracted their attention, "water, please." They turned to look at the wounded bandit, then Cutter picked up Martha's skirt and held it before his eyes.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded, speaking Spanish.

"In your house," was the calm reply. "I took it for my next sweetheart."

"It belongs to my wife. Where is she?"

"I do not know, señor." Cutter reached for Root's shotgun. "She is not here," the man hastily added. "We have not seen her. It was a trick."

"A trick?" Cutter repeated. "What kind of a trick?"

The wounded bandit managed to smile faintly as he answered, "A very clever trick, Señor Cutter. The best trick that ever the Big Rat invented. . . . May I have some water?"

"We'll hear about that trick first."

"Very well, Señor Cutter. When I talk the rain falls in my mouth and it feels good, so I will tell you about the trick." He closed his eyes for a moment in an effort to conceal the evidence of a spasm of pain, then resumed: "We saw the rain coming and we knew that you could get away. Naturally, we wanted you to stay. The Big Rat said that he knew what would do it. He knew a trick. He was very proud of his trick, so he talked in jokes, grinning all the time. 'You, Tomas,' he said to me, 'you will put on those clothes that you took. You are about the right size and you have a beautiful figure. So you will be the lovely American lady, Señora Cutter.' Oh, but it made him laugh. 'You will put on those beautiful clothes, Tomas,' he said, 'and the gallant American gentlemen will immediately be on fire to rescue you. They are woman worshipers,' he said, 'and they will never be able to resist if they see you just for a second, so we will arrange that too. I will tie a rope around you,' he said, 'and you will dash out from behind a rock. Then I will drag you back with the rope. That will turn their hearts to flame and they will never leave you in the camp of the enemy. No, they will come to see you immediately. And they will want to tell me that I am very naughty. So we will wait for them, and when they come we will kiss the dear, brave, gallant gentlemen with some nice warm slugs of lead. Then they will die, and, since they will think it is for an American woman, why, of course, they will expect to go straight to heaven.' The Big Rat was delighted with his trick. When I put on the clothes he said, 'How beautiful you are, Señora Cutter!' Yes, he was proud of his trick.

"But the trick worked too well. It made you madder than was good for us. And, anyway, we were too much amused. We saw you in plenty of time. I, at least, saw you stoop down, and the Big Rat said, 'Oh, such a farce! Such clowns! They are going to crawl and take us by surprise. We should have a windmill here to welcome these Don Quixotes.' That made me laugh, too, Señor Cutter, because the Big Rat could not read, still he knew Don Quixote. Well, but who doesn't?

"Then came the bombs, and naturally we jumped. We lost our aim. In a second it was too late. Santa Maria, you must have been mad to come at us like that!

Watch This Column

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IVAN MOSKINE in *"Michael Strogoff"*

When you see Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff" in picture, as you doubtless will, you will be impressed, as I was, by the fine acting of IVAN MOSKINE, who plays the hero in this remarkable adventure. It will show you how thoroughly an actor can throw himself into a rôle when he is talented and sincere.

This actor is no longer a resident of "over there." He is at Universal City, and I am preparing to put him in American-made productions which will call for the fire and versatility of which he is capable. After you have seen him in "Michael Strogoff," tell me what you think of him and what kind of a part you would like to see him play.

LAURA LA PLANTE has made such headway both in comedy and dramatic rôles that she has become one of the sterling attractions of the screen. We are seeking good plays for her and if you have any in mind which you regard as suitable, please write to me.

In "The Love Thrill" note her remarkably deft ability as a comedienne. Then write and let me know of some favorite story whose heroine just brings to your mind a picture of Miss La Plante.

Do you ever ask your favorite theatre to show Universal pictures in which you are interested? Don't you think it would be a good idea? Ask it to show "The Collegians," Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s, stories of college life. They are delightful.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

The trick worked entirely too well. It is not good to make men as mad as that if you have to fight them. You came as though there had been a hundred instead of just four. Was it four, or did —— But no, I saw you myself. You were only four. It was those shotguns. With those you could not miss even in the rain, while we—we had to do the best we could. Once I had you, Señor Cutter, but the hail blinded me. And then I was hit—all over. Both my arms are shattered. The Big Rat said it would make you like crazy devils and he was right. It did. The trick worked too well. Now may I have some water? I have a canteen. It is around here somewhere."

Ted Root and Bob Small began looking for the canteen.

"Why scowl at me, Señor Cutter?" asked the bandit, again forcing a smile. "That is very foolish, because in a few minutes I will be dead. I am shot all to pieces. While you—you will dine tonight with your wife."

"I will if the pass isn't guarded," Cutter growled, looking at his watch.

"You will find it open," said the bandit. "Garcia and his men, unlucky fools, came back. When the rain started they gave you up. And they got here in time for the fun."

Cutter was frankly suspicious and scoffed at this. "They traveled for at least an hour and then got back in about twelve minutes, eh?" he asked.

"They were climbing, señor," was the calm reply, "and they came back sliding on a rope. We have a rope from every ledge of the canyon. Anybody is welcome to the information now. It will take only one minute to walk to that rope and see it for yourself, not that I care."

"Neither do I," said Cutter. "If they're dead, they're dead. If they're alive, we'll beat them to the pass; we still have time. There will be no more tricks today, Tomas."

Bob Small knelt beside the man and gave him a drink of water. Then they hurried away to pick up Sam Lake, who insisted upon walking.

"There's just one more little detail that we've got to fix up," Cutter remarked as the four resumed their journey. "This little tea party ought to be reported to Mayor Espinosa. He's a pretty good friend of ours and we've got a chance now to do him a favor. I'll slip him the news confidentially and he can organize a little posse of his sons and nephews and come up here tomorrow morning and win a whale of a victory. They can wipe out the Big Rat and his whole gang—understand? That will make the old boy famous. He'd like that, and it won't cost us a cent. We're just miners and prospectors, but he's more or less in politics, see?"

THE WORMHOLE TURNS

(Continued from Page 62)

The other reason for the collector turning dealer lies in the fact that your real collector is ever seeking to improve his collection—new and better pieces to replace old ones. Rather than send these replaced pieces to the hazardous auction or sacrifice them to dealers, the collector finds pleasure and profit in selling them to friends. After two or more such sales he has letterheads printed, invents a perfectly palpable price code, puts in an oil burner to get more cellar space, calls himself some sort of a shoppe and the fell deed is done.

If the falling market should force out the old-line dealers, most of whom antedate the present craze, I should be very sorry indeed. As I had the pleasure of saying in a previous article the average antique dealer is a fine person who more often than not has a deep feeling for his pieces. Of course there is an occasional scalawag, and the list of them has grown somewhat in the almost universal desire for collecting. There are scalawags in every line of business, and I still think that the percentage is away below the average in antiques. I have bought hundreds of pieces in the past twelve years, and have, so far as I know, never been cheated by a dealer.

It is a remarkable fact, I think, that the dealers have managed to remain honest during this wild outburst of antiquing. The temptations have been and are great. Sheep collectors have come in the buying fields by the thousand, just crying to be fleeced. For the most part they know nothing and don't try to learn. Their pocketbooks are open wide and their minds wider. The poor dealer must be sorely tempted if he is human, and I suspect him to be that.

Our Allotment of Antiques

I know a great, great many of these new collectors. One lady, in particular, went into the game absolutely green and bucked the line—if a lady bucks a line—with a fierce determination to gather in all the remaining early Americana. She has almost succeeded, and so far as I can judge, she has not acquired one very bad piece. She didn't know the stuff at all and she was indiscriminating in her choice of dealers. The result is amazing to me, but not surprising. My opinion of the average dealer has been built up through wide experience; I like him very much.

The query most often put by the scoffing nonantiquer, seeking as he always does to prove that you are chasing a phantom, is this one: "Do you honestly believe that one-tenth of the alleged early American antiques can possibly be genuine?" Let me answer that with a little calculation.

In 1830 there were more than 12,000,000 people in the United States. Figuring an average of five to a family, there were 2,400,000 families. It is fair to assume that to be mildly polite each family had two beds. That gives us 4,800,000 beds. In 1830 beds were pretty substantial affairs and not easily lost or destroyed. Let's say that half of them went by the board—a high percentage. That leaves us with 2,400,000 beds to satisfy the antique craving.

The present population of the United States is not far below 120,000,000, or about 24,000,000 families of five each. There is a bed, then, dating back to 1830 or before for every ten families.

It is fair again to say that each 1830 family of five had four chairs, and that leaves one in each family standing up. That figures 9,600,000 chairs extant in 1830. Allowing that, owing to a fragility greater than in the case of beds, three out of four chairs were lost, we are again left with one chair for every tenth 1927 family.

Allotting three tables to the 1830 family and saying that two out of every three failed to survive, we have today one table to every ten families.

If my figures are reasonable, and I think they are better than that, we find a total of 9,600,000 beds, chairs and tables existing today, or, roundly, one for every three modern families.

Remember I have dealt with only three articles of furniture, and have not mentioned bureaus, stools, corner cupboards, side cupboards, hanging cupboards and shelves, benches, desks, secretaries, chests, boxes, highboys, lowboys, pictures, glass, china, samplers, pottery, wrought iron, clocks, brass, copper, silver, pewter, coverlets, silhouettes, andirons, rugs, fabrics, costumes and other accessories more or less substantial. It is literally true—far better than true, I think—that at least one antique exists for every family today. Some families have many antiques, museums have a lot and dealers a great many. On the other hand there are millions of families who do not possess one antique. So to me it is not surprising that there are so many early American antiques to be had. I think there are enough to keep the market alive for a while in spite of the rate at which they are being harvested.

Where does the present great rush of antiques come from? That's not a hard problem. Owners have consented to part with treasures and heirlooms at the present high prices, when the previous low prices did not attract them. Many collectors are stripping their collections of less desirable pieces, lured by the chance for good profits.

Only a couple of weeks since I heard of a collector who had put 100 pieces of his glass on sale at an antique shop, and you need only watch the announcements of the auction companies to see how very many private collections are going under the hammer.

Moreover, there are many early American antiques being fabricated here and abroad. I am, nevertheless, still a bull on this faking situation. Compared to the millions of original and nearly original antiques, the reproductions are few, I think, and are, in many cases, frankly sold as such. Then again, there are huge numbers of valid English antiques coming to America. Naturally, with much the same inspiration, they so closely resemble the American-made antiques that it is hardly possible to tell the difference.

Of course there are restored and doctored antiques, lots of them. In fact, I think the number of absolutely perfect and original antiques is very small compared to the bulk. Just where an antique ceases to be an antique is still a moot question, and I can't see how it will ever be settled. Can you?

The French Government says that 10 per cent restoration is permissible and your antique is yet an antique. But what does that mean, if anything? Ten per cent—how computed? By weight, by area or by gosh?

Agreeable Experts

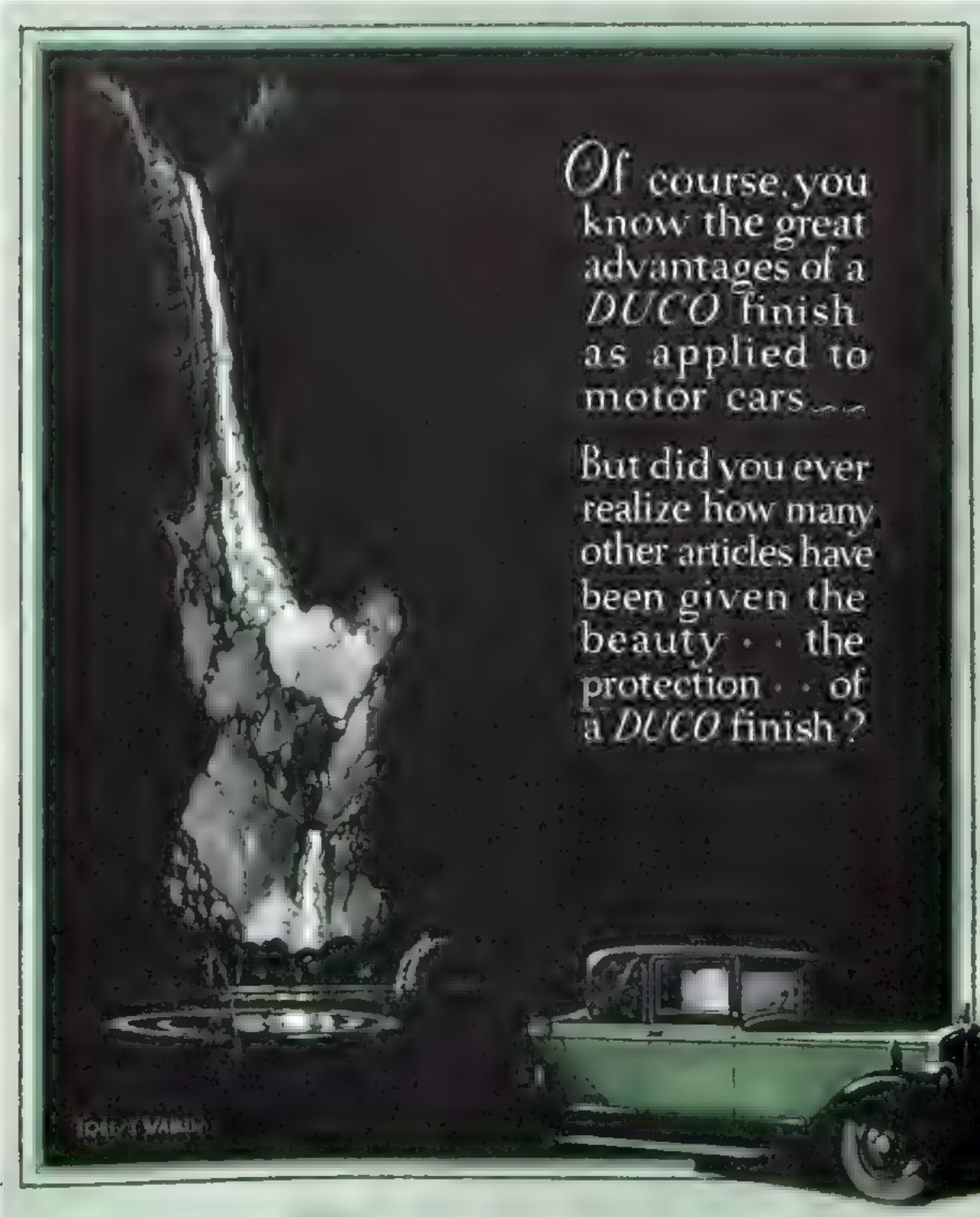
In a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I took a fling at the glass experts. The experts in other lines of antiques are just as cute to my poor way of thinking. Please don't misunderstand me. I don't claim that experts know nothing. That would be an absurd claim. They study, compare, search and are frightfully busy, and many of them do know a very great deal. I mean that seriously. A discouraging number know only that they are experts, and the less expert the expert, the more amusing his line—his patter. Your really wise expert is amazed at how little he, himself, actually does know. This last is not an original observation. I took it from Mr. Rohan's book, The Confessions of a Dealer.

A few months ago an expert who is, I think, a real expert did us the honor of looking over our collection. One chair in particular took his fancy. I bought the piece from a Philadelphia dealer, who bought it from another Philadelphia dealer, who bought it in the Pennsylvania-German region. My pet cabinetmaker, who has been cabinetmaking for thirty years and knows construction and woods backward, pronounced this chair to be old, but of foreign make. I declared it to be American, because it has a French provincial look. One by one other experts have attributed it to everything but a Senegalese origin.

The expert first mentioned said he was quite sure that the chair is of French-Canadian make and to me his opinion seems the most reasonable of all I've had. He based his judgment on the fact that he has seen similar pieces of furniture that he knew to have been made in or near Montreal.

A few days later another expert inspected the chair at my request. I asked him to place its nationality. He went over the chair meticulously, painstakingly, microscopically, prying into its innermost secrets.

(Continued on Page 83)



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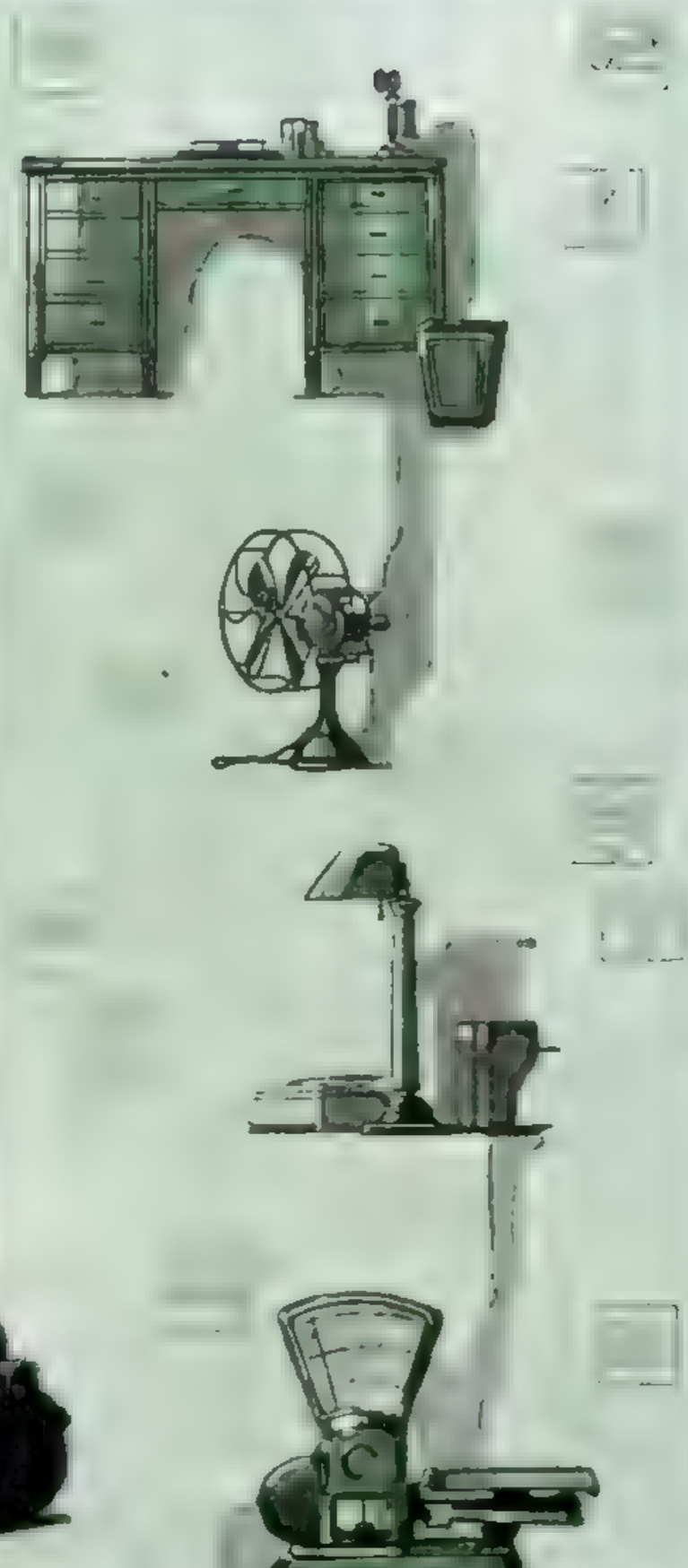

WHEN you are buying office equipment, for instance . . . filing cabinets, desks, dozens of other articles . . . ask the sales representative to show you the things you planned to order—finished in Duco. He will gladly explain the remarkable advantages of a Duco finish, the added value Duco gives . . . And to be sure that the finish is Duco ask if it's made by du Pont.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint and Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

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OLDSMOBILE

You owe it to yourself to make sure that the car you buy will gratify your finer tastes as well as satisfy your every need.

And you owe it to your purse to make sure that the price you pay is no greater than it need be to secure the full measure of these qualities.

The car illustrated is the DeLuxe Coach

COACH $950 F. O. B. LANSING

Judge Oldsmobile by these standards! See it . . . check for yourself its factors of merit which assure you lasting satisfaction.

Drive it . . . experience Oldsmobile's spirited performance—its swift acceleration, its abundant power, its handling ease.

Know it . . . prove for yourself that Oldsmobile is truly a car built for the man who could pay more, though priced for the man who shouldn't. You owe it to yourself and to your purse . . . to see, to drive, to know Oldsmobile.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 80)

The process was almost immodest. He hemmed and hawed and hawed and hemmed. He stood the chair upside down and nearly did the same thing to himself.

At last the expert straightened up and asked me, "Well, what do you think?"

"I'll confess I don't know," I said, "but Squidgelum saw it on Saturday and pronounced it Canadian."

"Right!" said the expert. "That's my opinion exactly! Undoubtedly Canadian. The British tradition cries out from every line!" And there you have it. What are you going to do about it?

The only time an expert is any good is when his judgment agrees with your own or pleases you. Any other kind of an expert isn't worth his keep. And as practically none of them ever agree with you—well, you may do your own calculating this time.

Oh, I can see where by carefully studying the methods and traditions in national cabinetmaking, learning wherein one nation's workmen did things differently from those of another, knowing the kinds of joinery peculiar to different periods, a fellow can actually put himself into a position to tell you quite a few definite truths.

Six Chairs to a Suit

An expert, not you or I, will go within four feet of a Chippendale-type chair, adjust his pince-nez, smooth down his Windsor tie, fumble among his disordered locks, and say, "H'm! Positively of English make!" And that is very apt to be blah. Why? Because most of the early cabinetmakers in the large furniture-producing centers—Philadelphia, New York and Boston—were actually English born and English trained. Witness our celebrated early makers—Goddard, Savery, Randolph, Gostelowe, Phyfe, all either English born or English trained, or both.

Don't let's be silly about it all. Sometimes the fact of nationality can be definitely established. The history of a certain piece will usually prove its origin, and sometimes we find makers' labels on pieces. Often a difference in national woods will help, but woods were imported and exported then as now. Mahogany was never grown in the British Isles. Don't tell anybody I told you that; I might lose my experts' union card, and that would never do.

The other day I was looking over a William and Mary lowboy at a cabinetmaker's shop. I pulled out a drawer. The two sides, back and bottom, were oak. "What does that mean?" I asked the cabinetmaker.

"English," he said. "Oak was never used in making early American furniture." And yet practically all the authenticated early New England chests are of oak and American oak, and I have a true Pennsylvania-German table with oak drawers.

QUESTION: What makes an expert?
ANSWER: The expert.

Prices on antiques are still soaring, and where will they stop, if ever? I think that on genuine, desirable early Americana, not too much restored, prices will hold and may even go higher. There are not too many fine pieces, and the numbers of collectors and museums will increase with the population. What we possess now will somehow have to spread itself thinner and thinner. It is the good old law of supply and demand, or as the dealer so quaintly puts it, "Where will you find another?"

Certainly some of the now-outrageous prices cannot stick. Instead of advancing they must go backward. I heard a story, true so far as I know, of a dealer who bought a rare highboy from its owner-dealer at $1000. He sold it to another dealer for $2500. The second dealer started it off at $5500 and finally marked the piece up to $15,000.

While we are on the topic of prices let me whisper, please, that it is not considered good form to think too much about money. If the piece speaks quality, genuineness and desirability to you, don't think of the price any more than you have to. If you want the piece and know approximately where the money might come from, buy it and hang the price! That's good advice—for you—but the fact remains that during 1926 I bought six old Windsor chairs and one new suit.

A Tale Without End

Just a few paragraphs more and the class will be dismissed. Unless you are living in great antiquing centers such as the big cities of the East, you'll never suspect the strange things that happen to and about antiques. The amount of history that one single piece will consume is astonishing.

The other day an ardent and wise collector friend of mine was called to the telephone by a dealer. The dealer said he had a fine amethyst Stiegel pitcher. My friend went to see the pitcher and recognized it as having belonged to a collector friend of his. He knew it by an unusual imperfection, and upon being asked, the dealer admitted the former ownership. My friend did not buy the pitcher.

Next day he was called up again by a dealer whose name is not Caraccio and she said she had a fine piece of Stiegel glass. My friend went to Mrs. Caraccio and saw the same pitcher—same imperfection. Two days later he was called up by a dealer whose name is not Sansom who said he had a fine Stiegel pitcher. My friend went and saw the same pitcher.

By that time he was getting a little tired of the game, so he said, "Say, I'll tell you who'll buy that piece. Take it to Quanso; he'll eat it up." The very next day my friend was called up by Quanso, who admitted the possession of a fine amethyst Stiegel pitcher. My friend did not go, but three days later he was telephoned to by another dealer who had wrested the pitcher away from Quanso. I haven't heard the end of the story yet, I am sure.

This interchange of pieces on the part of dealers is very usual and seems to me a good thing. It enables them to keep their stocks more varied.

An enterprising dealer will know to a nail what the other dealers have to sell. I went to see a dealer not long ago and noticed a fine little piece of china. I wanted the piece, but the personal pocketbook happened to be very thin that day. The dealer was hard up, too, so in a burst of fellow feeling I offered to sell the piece for him. I took it to a collector friend who is very keen for fine china, but he refused the piece. I then took it to a dealer in another city and he immediately said, "Yes, that's a fine piece and it came from Evans' in Bridgeport." He was exactly right.

I guess we're about through now. This may not be an epoch-making article, but I unhesitatingly claim one tremendous merit for it. In speaking of antiques I did not say anywhere that a piece was interesting, amusing, entertaining, gracious or intriguing, or that it was a museum piece. In that respect I claim, at least, uniqueness for this disquisition.

THE CORNERSTONE, THE ELEPHANT, THE CORNET BAND AND THE CELEBRATION

(Continued from Page 84)

sum time when i am sick or away or ded. i don't think he liked it mutch for he told me if i went off again without doing my chores he would maik me stay in the rest of the day. so after breckfast i filled the woodbox and hitched Nellie into the 2 seated wagon for father and mother and aunt Sarah and the children. they were going to see the percession 2 or 3 times.

Keene and Cele had dressed up in their state dresses and had put linin dusters over them and had gone off with Lillie Head somewhere. I put on my cleen linin suit and straw hat and went down to Spring Street school house where the fellers was going to be reddy to march.

well evrybody was on the street, and Gus Tole and Peliky Tiltons uncles and Ase and Bruce Brigam and Johnny Levitt and the other band fellers was coming down to the band room in the splendidest new uniforms you ever see, blew swaller taled coats with gold epallets and gold buttons, splendid hats with yellow plumes of horsetales and gold iggles on them, red britches with gold stripe and gold belts and evrything. i wanted to stay but i had to go with the fellers.

befoar we got there the Kingston drum corpse come down Front Street going boom tityty rat tat, boom tity rat tat and the fifers going teetle tootle teetle tootle, sumthing like when Beany got the whissel in his gozzle only a real tune. rite behine them was the Kingston calvery with white britches and white sherts and red white and blew gallusses and batons wound with red white and blew ribbons. the horses had yellow bridals and sum had piano covers for saddle blankets. the horses were dancing and champing their bits and foming at the mouths. i wished i was there with Nellie. sum of the riders bumped feerful. i bet they will wish they hadent tonite. well when we got to the school yard we found that old Mose Gordon was going to be the leeder and old Francis was going to be a marshall on a horse. when we found this out we jest skipped out and left old Mose and 2 or 3 others to march.

well down on the square were horse carts and ox teems and flotes drew by horses and sum by oxen was getting into line and peeple was being drug out from under horses and yanked back on the sidewalk and the marshall was galoping round hollering to cleer the track. it was terrible xciting.

well bimeby they got reddy and old Ben Merrill on a white horse dressed in a shiny stovepipe hat and gold sash and calvery boots hollered forward march and Lew Hirvey tapped the drum and they started. ferst come a flattoon of polisemen in blew coats and bajjes and sloutch hats. they was Beanys father and old Mad Sleeper and old Brown and old Swane and old Mizery Dirgin and old Ed Thirston. they had billys on their rists and they carried a motto whitch sed promp when duty calls. they looked auful fearce but they dident keep step becaus old Brown was bow legged and old Mad Sleeper gnock gneed and they marched side by side and old Mizery Dirgin looked funny marching beside old Swane becaus old Swane is about 7 feet high and old Mizery about 5 feet. Father sed last nite that their apearance was calculated to strike terror to the populice.

then come the Exeter Cornet Band in their new uniform. they looked splendid. old Robinson the leeder hollered number 14 in the red book and evry feller had his music reddy. then Lew Hirvey tapped his drum twict and old Robinson blew his cornet too too and the whole band bust out jest like a big organ.

it wood have sounded splendid but sum of the fellers got number 4 in the red book the ded march in Saul whitch is a dearge and goes slow like this dum-dum-dum—dum-dum-dumdy-dum-dum-dum and sum of them got the rite one whitch was the Red Stocking Quickstep and sum got number 14 in the brown book whitch is the Hippodrom Andanty and walce and it sounded terible and they had to stop playing and old Robinson swoar at them and called them the damdist muttonheds he ever saw and they swoar back and sed he dident tell them rite. father sed last nite that the band was a thing of buty and a gaw forever.

well when they got started again they played splendid twict as loud as i ever herd them befoar. rite behine the band come the Kingston calvery all but three, whitch had been threw off their horses when the band begun to play bang on the ground and had been taken into the Swamscott house bar room to be doctored.

rite after the calvery come Captain Rowell and a company of soljers in war uniforms. they marched splendid. nex come a flote drew by six horses and on it was a table and men sitting round it in funny costums sining the declaration of independance. they was Cotton Mather and Marco Bozzaris and the reverent Samuel Hitchcock and Tallyrand and Kossyusko whitch fell when freedon shreeked all setting round sining the declaration.

then come a baruche drew by a span of black horses. in it was the reverent John Chickering, Chicks father, and the honerable Amos Tuck and old Eben Sterns the new principle and old Gnatt Gordon. they were the trustys of the seminory, then come another baruche with sum moar trustys. well they had a banner whitch old Brad Purington had painted and it said in God we trustee. gosh he dident even know how to spell it when he got the rite wird. father sed he was glad they cood still trust in God becaus by the time they got the seminory bilt they wood have to trust in sumbody.

then come the biggest flote of all all covered with red white and blew cloths and a big flag waiving in the breaze. in front old Freem Wallace and a man with a whip was suposed to be Simon Legree in Uncle Toms Cabin had his whip rased to give the slave whitch was Freem a auful welt acrost his back but a tall man in a stovepipe hat had steped forward and grabed his arm with one hand and broak a ox chane with the other whitch was hiched to old Freems hine legs and a cannon ball on it. then behine him was the 36 staits in all sorts of colers mostly white and red and blew and green and yellow but no black.

the 10 territorys and the districk of Columbia marched behine because they wasent states. they was singing sumtime we'll be in the big baruche in the big baruche in the big baruche and then we'll walk no moar.

then come a flote bilt like the deck of a ship and it sed the men of the Mayflour ated a pancake befoar they landed on the wild New England shore. I dont know how they done it but that is what the banner sed. old Brad painted that two so peraps he got it rong. father says he always does if there is enny chanct.

then come the best part of the percession. ferst come the East Kingston drum corpse jest boom rat tatting along splendid. rite after was a elefant. i thougt at ferst it was real but it was maid of elefant colored cloth and it rolled along almost as good as if it was alive. it had long yeller tusks and a trunk and big ears and a man with white whiskers and a turbin on his head and white robes and slippers that tirned up in front and a belt and a big brass sword was walking beside it with a long speer whitch he wood jab into the elefants side and holler sumthing nobody cood understand.

(Continued on Page 86)

History

and 1927

The first four months of 1927 show the largest advertising volume and the largest advertising revenue in the history of The Ladies' Home Journal.

And the April issue is the largest in advertising lineage and in advertising revenue ever published.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

and News

THROUGHOUT forty years The Ladies' Home Journal has been supreme among all monthly women's publications from the viewpoints of---editorial content---circulation---advertising lineage---advertising revenue.

That is history.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

This is news.

In 1926 The Ladies' Home Journal not only maintained, but increased, its supremacy among all women's publications.

The records of 1926 show The Ladies' Home Journal with:

1--The largest circulation of any women's publication, by more than 200,000 copies each month.*

2--The largest advertising lineage of any monthly women's publication, by more than 230,000 lines.

3--And with nearly double the advertising revenue of any other national publication (except The Saturday Evening Post), carrying $7,000,000 more of advertising revenue than any other women's publication.

*Based on Average Monthly Circulation Last Six Months 1926.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

EUROPE
is at its best in
SPRINGTIME

LET the United States Lines carry you in comfort and luxury to the Spring playgrounds of Europe. Go before the Summer rush and your trip will be one of never ending enjoyment—a delightful ocean voyage with attentive service and unsurpassed cuisine—a vacation abroad when Europe is at its best.

Select an early sailing and make reservations now on one of these luxurious American Flag Ships.

S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON

A luxurious colonial home on the sea that carries you in steady swiftness on a trip of constant pleasure.

S. S. LEVIATHAN

America's largest, fastest ship and flagship of the fleet. Every provision for unusual comfort, service and enjoyment.

S. S. REPUBLIC

The great 18,000-ton Cabin Ship. Modern and comfortable in every detail—exceedingly popular with experienced travelers.

S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING and
S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

The fastest Cabin Ships on the North Atlantic, plus everything you desire in accommodations and cuisine.

[TOURIST THIRD CABIN ACCOMMODATIONS ON ALL SHIPS IN SEASON. WRITE FOR NEW BOOKLET]

See your local agent now for reservations from New York to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg, Southampton and Bremen, or write—

United States Lines

45 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

Chart of Rates

FIRST CLASS	CABIN CLASS
S. S. LEVIATHAN $290 and up	S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING and S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT $145 and up
S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $231 and up	S. S. REPUBLIC $140 and up
SECOND CLASS	**THIRD CLASS**
S. S. LEVIATHAN $147.50 and up	From $85 Tourist Third Cabin in season $95 up
S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $136.25 and up	

(Continued from Page 33)

Gosh the peeple clapped and hollered and a man sed the elefant driver was old Tommy Colcord and he and his son Dan had wirked on it a month. he sed that it was a frame on wheals and that old Tommys black horse was hiched inside and Dan was riding the horse whitch was blind foaled so it woodent get scart. it was the best thing i ever saw.

then come the masons with their white aprons and one had a tray with a book on it and they all had long coats and belts and long silver swords and 2 or 3 had silver speers and battle axs.

nex come a big coach drew by 4 black horses all painted with pictures of ships and waives on the side and a banner whitch sed

Farragut House Rye Beach
painted by Bradbury Purington—my motto is not how cheep but how good.

nex was another coach drew by white horses and painted with pictures of Boars head whitch sed

Boars Head Hotel Hampton Beach
painted by Henry Moore and Edward Adams.

and it had a banner whitch sed

our motto is unlike our old frend Brad
whose best wirk is so very verry bad
best wirk, low price is our firms receep
Brads price is higest, its his wirk thats cheep

well evrybody laffed at Brad who pertested it was a outrage and he tride to have them put out of the percession. but evrybody laffed at him but father and father sed Brad, trew wirth will be gnew and apreciated. jest taik it as a goke and laff. you can afford to laff. think of the splendid mottos you have painted for this percession. have they painted enny. no by saint Bride of Bothwell, no. up drawbridge groom what warder hoe, let the portcullis fall. jest smile Brad smile. so Brad done it.

after this came the Pipe shop gang with seersucker suits and white stove pipe hats and shiny boots and eech one had a black cane and evry now and then they wood bring them down hard and there wood be the feerfullest xplosions you ever hird. woman wood shreek and babies cry and horses snort and rare. they had the loudest cannon torpedoes in them.

then come Charly Tredwell riding a jirsey cow with boxing gloves on her horns. Charly had a banner on a pole whitch sed.

Exeter is two highly cheef poleeced
buty is in the barn
this is the beast.

it took 2 men to hold Beanys father when he saw that but they finaly held him.

then there was the bakers carts and the grocery wagons and the fire wagons and carriges of prominent sitizens whitch i have saw lots of times. so me and Pewt and Beany put for the raleroad crossing to get ahead of the percession. the band was playing a new march splendid. the percession had stoped onct or twict to get lemonaid and to carry off 2 or 3 men whitch were sunstruck. we done our best but we dident get enny lemonaid. well on Rale road Avenue the foundry men had a big cannon and when the percession went by they fired it. i never hird sutch a bang in my life.

well the minit that old cannon went off most of the East Kingston calvery went off their horses heels over head. sum went off backwards when the horses rared. sum went off over the horses heads when they kicked up behine. sum went off sideways with both arms round the horses necks and one leg over the saddle trying hard to crawl back but coodent. well the ground was strewed with calverymen and away went the horses towerds East Kingston and the few calverymen whitch dident get threw off but coodent hold their horses.

if the band fellers hadent gumped over the old cemetory wall they wood have been run over

well after they had picked up the calverymen whitch had been threw off and left them in Old Wakeup Robinsons saloon the percession started again. well we saw all the percession the 2th time down to the elefant and Charly Tredwell on the cow and then we cut acrost lots to Pine Street.

well when we got there we herd peeple hollering and saw them gumping fences and up steps of houses and shinning up trees and wimmin was grabbing their children and throwing them over fences. well rite down the street come the elefant with the Heathen Hindoo as father called him holding on and taking feerful straddles and with his legs flying up behine to the back of his head and hollering whoa ye cussid fool whoa dam ye, yank him Dan, hold him Dan, whoa. then he had to let go and tirn 2 or 3 summersets befoar he stoped going but the elefant kep rite on going and you cood hear Dan hollering inside of the elefant jest as if he was down in a cellar, whoa you black devil, whoa you cussid fool, whoa or ile yank your dam gaw off, stop us sumbody, head us off, ketch us, we are running away.

the polisemen tride to stop him but when they saw they was going to be run over and squashed flat they gumped over fenses jest like other peeple. well i dont know how far that elefant wood have ran if he hadent struck the iron fence at the corner of Pine Street nex to Whack and Bug and Pozzy Chadwicks house.

when he hit the fense the elefant sort of crumbled up like a busted squeel bag and out of him come a black horse snorting and kicking and ran rite into Chadwicks barn. well the peeple ran up and begun to pull the reck apart to get at Dan whitch hadent come out with the horse and was in there sumwhere hollering bludy murder. bimeby they got him out. he wasent hirt mutch. he sed when the blindfoal fell off the horse got scart and he coodent do ennything with him.

then the percession formed again after the peeple had clim down from trees and back over fenses and out of houses and the band struck up and they marched down Pine and Court Streets back to Front Street and back up Front Street to the seminory yard. nothing moar hapened xcept they stoped to carry people whitch had been sunstruck into houses.

well when the percession got to the seminory yard road there was a auful lot of peeple there. the polusemen had roped off a big place for the trustys and the masons whitch marched in with their white aprons on and a feller carrying a tray with a book on it and the band playing Hale to the Cheef. when they had all got in the reverent John Chickering, Chick Chickerings father prayed a prair. i gess it was a good one but i coodent hear mutch becaus peeple was pushing and gawing eech other and evry now and them sumbody wood set off a cannon cracker or a buntch of snapcrackers or blow a fish horn that wood go snaw snaw and if he blew it hard enuf it wood go snaw-ee snaw-ee. so i gess he gave it up as a bad gob. ennyway his prair was not haff as long as most prairs are.

then the head mason took a iron box and put a lot of things in it but i coodent hear what he sed becaus there was so mutch noise and then he locked the box and put it in a hole in the stone and then he took a gold trowil and spred a lot of morter over the stone and then with a derick they lifted anuther big stone on that one while the band played departed days all xcept Ed Tilton, Peliky Tiltons uncle, which plays base horn and he played hark from the tooms a doleful sound. so it dident sound so good as i thougt it wood. but father sed of the 2 peaces it was the appropriatest only he sed it wasent enny place or time for a solo. Ed augt to have gnew that.

then the onerable Amos Tuck one of the trustys got up on the stone and begun to maik a speach. it was a good speach but the fellers woodent keep still. so what he sed sounded funny. it sounded like this

feller sitizens, gessts, and returned residers bang whang fush. the laying of the snappery popperty whang bang corner stone of a educational snaw snaw snaw-ee marks a era of whizzoo whizzoo look out for your heads bang prosperity that pop pop pop thrills the ambitions of snaw-ee snaw-ee evry loyal get off my feet will ye sitizen of the most butiful bang whang whizzoo town in New England. say you dam little fool what are you triing to do snap snapy snappity snapity snapity snapity snap snap snaw snaw-ee. bricks and morter crash zoom can maik a school whang house poppity pop but they cannot gosh blast ye boy how do you expect snapity snap us to hear bang the speeker whang bang look out heads.

well that was all i cood hear. evry now and then the polise wood grab sumbody and rush them out of the crowd but they coodent keep the peeple still and jest in the middle of his speach up come anuther drum corpse with sum moar masons from Portsmouth whitch was late and whitch maid things wirse.

after the speach the peeple claped and cheered and then the parade broke up xcept the Masons and the trustys whitch marched down to the town hall for dinner with the band playing the Queen of England Quickstep. we fellers walked beside the band and when they went into the town hall we went home to our dinner.

it was rite after dinner when i got blew up the ferst time. me and Pewt and Beany had put a cannon cracker in a old kettle and lit it and put on the cover and wated to see how far it wood blow the cover in the air and how mutch wood be left of the kettle. well it dident go off for so long that i was sure it had gone out and i took the cover off jest as the cannon cracker went off. it was lucky that my head wasent over the kettle. it wood have blew my head off. ennyway it gnocked me endways and neerly broak my arm and blew most of my coat sleeve off and birned my arm to a blister. father took me down to doctor Perrys and he done it up for me and fixed me a sling round my neck.

afterwards father let me go out but he sed if i got blew up again he wood keep me in if enuf of me was left to be wirth keeping. but he sed if i wanted to go to the fireworks in the seminory grounds at nite i had better keep prety quiet. i dident feal mutch like going ennywhere becaus my arm smarted so. but after a while i went down town to the hall to hear the band play at the dinner.

well while i set on the curbstone lissening sumbody plugged a cannon torpedo rite on the sidewalk rite in front of me and about a hundred peaces went into my face. i thougt my eys was gone but when i opened them i cood see, but my face was full of little peaces of torpedo and when i put my hand on my face it felt like the sanded fense in front of the academy and it stang terible.

well i dident know what to do but at last i went over to doctor Perrys again and he pride most of them out. it hirt like time but when he got throug i was a good deel smoother. so i was all rite for the fireworks and the band concirt becaus father had sed i cood go to supper with Beany. so i done it and when we got to the seminory grounds there was tubs of lemonaid for evrybody. so me and Beany kep drinking it all the evening

the band played all the evening and the only thing that happened was when sumbody droped a lited snapcracker into the box of fireworks and they got going. rockits and roman candles and sirpents and pin wheals and red lites and blew lites were flushing and spitting and banging in evry direction and peeple was doing the same. but after it was over evrybody come back and staid until the lemonaid was gone and the band stoped playing.

gosh it was the best day i ever had. when we was going home Beany sed he had drank 13 glasses of lemonaid. i dont beleeve it for i had only drank 10 and i dont beleeve Beany cood have beet me.

this morning father sed my face looked like a cribbage board.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-second of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

DIVERTIBLE DOLLARS

YOU can see them any night drawn to the glittering door of a moving picture theatre . . . you can see them waiting in long, patient lines before the opera . . . crowding around train gates . . . jammed in stadia . . . or even sitting on soap boxes in the dawn, long hours before the World Series starts.

Escaping from the circle of every-day life, eager for the softening touch of romance or the excitement of sport, millions of people gladly pay enormous sums every year at their chosen gateways to happiness. They are willing and eager to pay the motor-car and railway companies to carry them to new and fascinating places. They keep a single drama alive for years. They buy their way, multitudes of them, into the silent audiences of the radio. They have spent money in theatres in such quantities that the amusement industry now ranks seventh.

And this is only the icing on the cake. These are luxuries. Long before a motor trip can be taken, a fur coat worn to a football game, or a beautiful pair of slippers go dancing down the aisle of a moving picture theatre . . . other and less entertaining demands of life must be met. And here, between the luxuries and the bare necessities of life, is an enormous reservoir of spending money, divertible money . . . going for food, for household devices, for furniture, education, homes, insurance and dozens of other practical purposes. And in this enormous middle field of buying, advertising, by its power to attract and divert this money, again completely justifies its place as one of the most important factors in modern business promotion.

Manufacturers and merchants who sell in this middle field of buying use advertising with boldness and with skill. They advertise steadily, and their advertising is continuously interesting and attractive. For they know that the name of a coffee or tea can be made as popular as the name of a movie star, and with a much more faithful following . . . that a brand of cereal can be advertised in so convincing and pleasant a manner that it is half-sold before it is even seen or tasted . . . that the name of an ironing machine can be made synonymous with leisure. And that stores, as well as theatres, can be filled by capturing the imaginations and stirring the hearts of the people next door.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Start them on whole wheat during the first year

—Eminent child specialists

Growing children need the hearty unrobbed nourishment of Wheatena

Doctors recommend Wheatena among the first solid foods for infants, because it contains in an easily digestible, most delicious form, whole wheat nutriments so essential to growth and health.

Health authorities advise hot whole wheat as a definite part of the child's daily diet because it contains valuable mineral salts, vitamins and the other vital nutriments nature provides in golden wheat.

Give your child the benefit of *the unrobbed, whole wheat nourishment of Wheatena.* No more coaxing—when you serve Wheatena for breakfast. Children love its delicious flavor and welcome it eagerly day after day.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its delicious best—chock full of nature's health-building nutriments: Protein for strength; Carbohydrates for energy; Mineral Salts for bone and tissue; Vitamins B and E for growth and protection, and Bran for safe regulation.

Ask your grocer today for Wheatena, in the yellow and blue package. Treat *every member of your family* at breakfast tomorrow.

Recipe for infants—
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KISSING IVORY

(Continued from Page 40)

Seereiter and with the championship won $15,000, establishing a golden precedent which is still closely followed. A world's billiard championship is said to be worth from $25,000 to $35,000 a year. Willie Hoppe has made a fortune at the green table. The first formal professional tournament in this country was held in New York in June, 1863, and was won by Dudley Kavanagh, of that city. Kavanagh defeated eight players representing Philadelphia, New York, Detroit, Cincinnati and Rochester.

Four-ball gradually gave way to three-ball carom—still on the four-pocket table. Both games were played during this period until 1876, when the four-ball game disappeared as a championship style of play.

In 1865 the first international match at the three-ball game was played in New York between Kavanagh and Pierre Carme of France. Carme won, 250 points to 244. The game was played on a table without pockets, and was really the French carom game. It became the popular game here, and with various minor changes, usually designed to make it more difficult, it has survived to the present day.

Breaking Into the Game

My own life is wrapped up in the game of billiards. I hold three championships—red ball, short stop and fancy shot. The tragedy in my life is that an accident in 1910 put me out of all hope of winning the championship in 18.2, a goal toward which I was bending every energy. But life has its compensations. I have met all the great in the billiard world, and toured with many of them. I have trained one champion—Willie Hoppe. By long and arduous work I have acquired a reputation as an expert on the history and theory of the game; and I've had a lot of fun.

Boyish curiosity pushed me into the game. Milwaukee is my home town, as it was that of Jake Schaefer the elder. When I was fifteen, during vacation I got a job running an elevator in the Republican House. Two days after I reported on the job I was asked to watch the hotel billiard room while the proprietor was out riding.

There was nobody in the room. I sat idly staring at a green-clothed table on which were three balls—two whites and a red. They fascinated me. The colors, white and red against the green, seemed to fight and then they seemed to harmonize. I had seen men playing billiards and I suddenly determined to see what fun there was in it.

I looked around. There was nobody in sight, so I picked up a cue and started banging at the balls, not with any desire to make a billiard shot, because I didn't know what a billiard shot was. I just liked to see them roll, feeling a warm sense of power in making them do it. This whole first session of mine with the ivories was aimless, but it was so fascinating that I did not hear the proprietor's return. He gave the first intimation of his presence with a bellow:

"Hey, you!" he roared. "I didn't tell you to smash those balls. I told you to mind the room. The next time I catch you monkeying around that table I'll fire you!"

The cue went back into the rack from my trembling hands, and I went back to the elevator and shot clean to the roof in panic. But the next day the boss went riding again, leaving me in charge. I don't know yet whether that man was a humorist or just ignorant of boy nature. What boy would refuse a challenge like that? His footsteps had not quite died away when I was at it again. This went on for a month, and whether it was because I was a natural player or because a stripling picks up the art of a game quicker than a settled man, I became more than proficient. One day while the boss was away and I was doing my stuff a traveling salesman came into the room looking for a game. There was nobody there but me.

"Isn't there anybody here to play with?" he asked.

"No, sir."

He looked me over. "Don't you play?"

"Yeh. I play a little."

"Well, pick up your cue and I'll give you a handicap."

I looked around. The coast was clear and we started to play. I was so engrossed that I did not hear the boss come back. I was wholly lost in the game. When I did happen to see him I started hastily to put the cue back in the rack, but he shook his head. "Go ahead, Charlie," he encouraged. "You're doing fine."

I was. The game continued until dark—a series of fifty games rather; all of which were on the salesman. The boss was overjoyed. Instead of bawling me out for disobeying orders, he insisted that I play at every opportunity.

When I was mustered out of service after the Spanish-American War I set about training myself for the championship at 18.2—an honor I had fully determined to attain. I told you how an accident made it forever impossible. For a year and a half I tried to come back, and when I realized that seven months in a plaster cast had destroyed the delicacy of the stroke necessary to a champion balkline player, I took up fancy shots. I spent nine hours a day at the billiard table mastering the more difficult shots and inventing new ones.

Fancy billiard shots are more interesting to the average fan than balkline or any other game on the table. We all love the spectacular, and everyone who has ever played billiards has invented or has seen a shot which he regards as impossible. Champions are just as subject to this weakness as are tyros, though the shots arranged by the professionals naturally are more difficult to make than those set up by amateurs.

The more adept performers, amateur and professional, usually group the balls so that nothing but a powerful force massé shot will bring success. Willie Hoppe, who last January regained the 18.2 championship for the second time since that memorable night in 1921 when young Jake Schaefer won his spurs, turned to me one afternoon.

"Pete," he said, "here's one that will stop you."

He grouped the balls in such a manner that a force massé shot was required, one in which I had to hit the cue ball with terrific force. Hoppe sat down, grinning. He knew as well as I did that the power which it would be necessary to put behind the stroke was very apt to communicate itself beyond the ball and into the cloth of the table. He was figuring as much on the mental hazard as on the inherent difficulty of the shot itself. I made five attempts before I made it.

A Collector of Fancy Billiards

Today I have 512 separate shots jotted down in a little notebook I've carried for twenty years, and a lot more in my head. It is doubtful that anyone glancing at this store of strictly confidential information would be able to decipher it, because it is in the form of diagrams. This notebook—and now its younger brother—is never very far away from me. I carry it everywhere. New shots and new ideas for shots come to me much as I've read ideas for plots and characterizations come to novelists and dramatists. Anything may suggest one. The subconscious mind, you see, is eternally at work on the problem.

When I started collecting fancy billiards I went to the old masters of the game. I mastered their shots and then tried to improve on them and make them more difficult. Jake Schaefer the elder gave me most of my original ideas. He influenced me just as he has influenced the game itself and everyone playing it.

Every shot has a theme—a theme of angles and ballistics. When I come across

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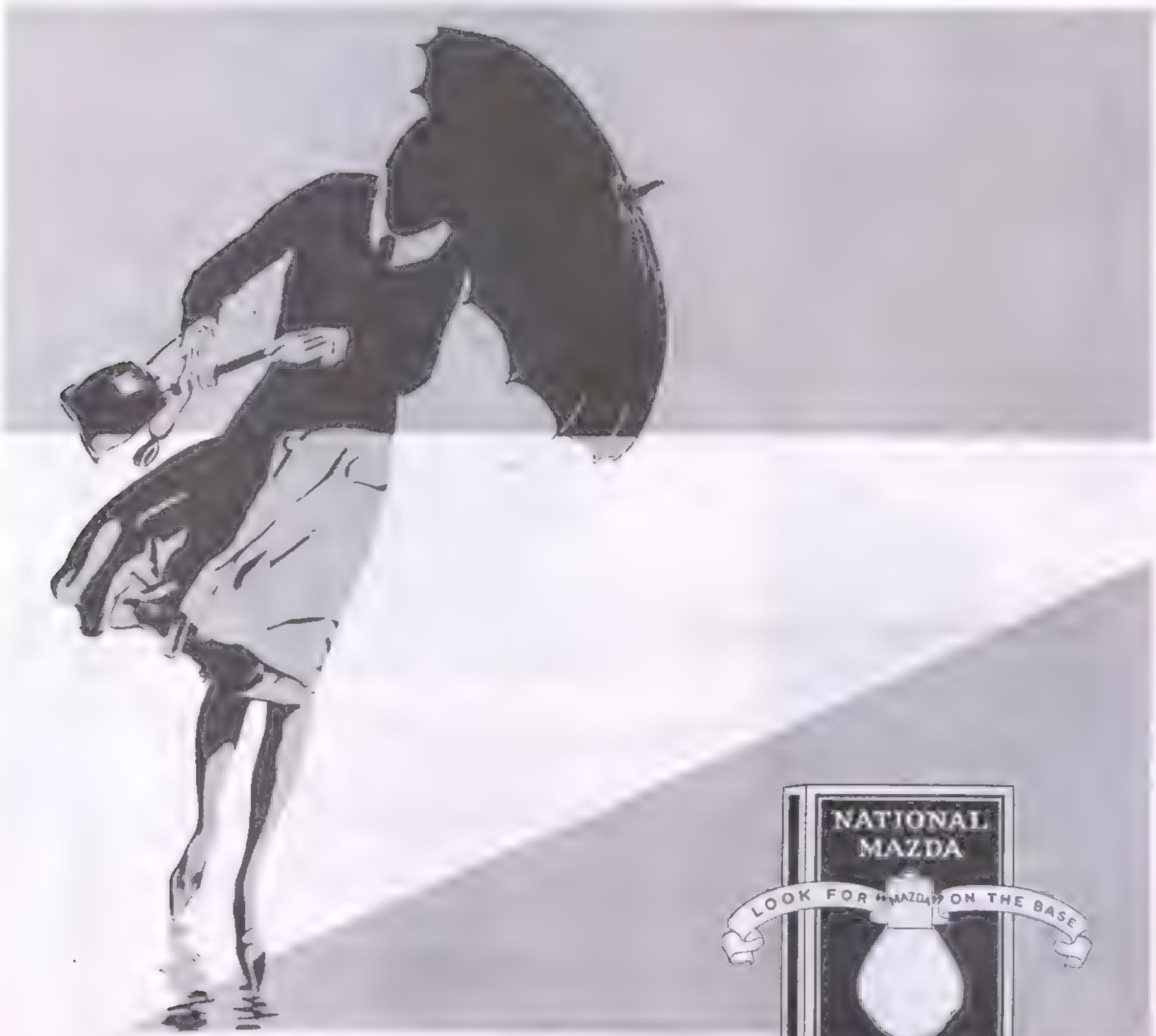
You Can't Expect Her to See



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(Continued from Page 88)

a new one I play till I make it, and then, following the same general theme, rearrange the balls in more difficult positions and go on working until I've mastered the new angles. A shot which is the product of weeks, and sometimes months of heartbreaking practice often looks like sheer wizardry when made before an audience. Before I acquired a little experience and showmanship the apparent ease with which I made my fancy shots defeated my purpose. Everybody watching me was straightway convinced that they were easy to make. Sometimes, too, a shot presented for solution is so difficult that as many as five tries are necessary before it can be made. In a case like this the billiardist has the crowd pulling for him by the time he solves the shot, though this isn't always true. There are times when not all observers are delighted when I complete some particular shot.

Once a Texan, strolling about St. Louis, heard of my boast that there was no billiard shot I could not make and came in to prove that I was guilty of overstatement. The shot he placed for me was an easy massé, although to him it appeared that he had my cue ball tied up in the corner. When I made the shot at the first attempt his face fell, and it grew visibly longer at each shot as I solved his problem five different ways.

Another time a visitor was discussing fast shooting, and my assistant told him that I could run 100 billiards in a minute. He was of the heavy-betting type, and he produced a roll of bills and a deed to a farm to back up his belief that the feat was impossible. I put aside the temptation to acquire wealth, but did wager a good cigar. Then I ran 100 billiards in forty-seven seconds. He slammed down the money for the cigar and strode out of the place at war with the world, refusing to listen to the explanation that the two records I hold for fast billiards are 100 in twenty-seven seconds and 1000 in four minutes and thirty-seven seconds.

One of the most spectacular shots in my repertoire is my dollar shot. I stand a silver dollar on edge between two pieces of new billiard chalk. Then I shoot the dollar down the table to the top rail, so that it returns and passes between the two pieces of chalk which have been left undisturbed by the cue. Two years ago, in Tulsa, an onlooker offered to wager $10,000 to $100 that the shot could not be made, and again I passed up easy money. He got his thrill for one good cigar.

Poetry on Green Cloth

In all my long experience in fancy-shot exhibitions I have been put to the test oftener by small-town enthusiasts than by players in large cities, although one would expect greater interest in the game in New York than in Oshkosh.

The big-city player seems to dread being exposed as a poor student of the game. The small-town pocket-billiard champion, on the other hand, is not self-conscious. Moreover, he always feels quite certain he has a shot which no living man can make. If he has not been convinced after I have made his favorite impossible shot I often have a little fun with him. Usually he places the three balls in three separate corners, getting them as far as possible away from one another. I take my position at the cue ball, adjust my cue and then make the shot while looking away from the table entirely. This usually puts a damper upon his belief as to the impossibility of billiard shots, but I have never found him other than ready to laugh with the rest of the spectators at the joke on him.

Three men, Jake Schaefer the Wizard, Jake Schaefer, his son, and Willie Hoppe, again champion of 18.2 balkline, dominate the billiard world today, though the elder Schaefer has been dead almost seventeen years.

The first Schaefer was a billiard genius with the feel of the ivory and the most delicate stroke in the world. He played intuitively, in contradistinction to Garnier, Vignaux, Ives and Morningstar, all of whom planned every shot. He was one of that great triumvirate, Schaefer, Garnier and Ives, and the greatest of the three.

He was a little man, not more than five feet five, but there was not a shot on the table he couldn't reach. He used to walk around the table like a little game bantam, with his cue poised as lightly as a fencer's rapier. He used his right and left hand equally well, and at the table he was quick to size up a situation and as quick to execute.

Once he had the balls under control, he wrote poetry on the billiard table. He shot so rapidly that he was mentally two or three strokes ahead of his cue all the time. Before the balls stopped rolling he was stroking his cue for the next shot.

Schaefer was a great shot maker, and could make any on the table, but his greatest was the massé. The massé was a French invention, and Maurice Daly, veteran player, declares it was first demonstrated here by M. Berger. But as the French developed it, it was merely a crush stroke wherein the cue descended forcibly upon the ball, and although the necessary sharp curve resulted, the object balls were scattered all over the table.

Balkline Develops

As played by the Wizard, however, the cue tip dropped lightly as a feather, stroking the ivory like a whispered kiss. He swung the cue ball around the sharpest angles, and his massé shots always left the balls nicely placed.

Schaefer, like all great billiardists, made a large proportion of his living by giving exhibitions. He, Mrs. Schaefer and little Jake were on the road three months of every year. When the boy was four years old his father taught him the stop shot, in which the cue ball, hit very full with English, strikes the object ball and spins like a top; the forced follow, in which the cue ball close upon the first object ball is struck high with full English on the right side—the English carries it around the table—and the double draw, in which the cue ball is struck twice. The first stroke drives it to the rail and on its rebound it is struck again with English, so that it curves around the table. Then young Jake, when not on the road, spent most of his childhood with his father in Green and Schaefer's Billiard Academy on North Clark Street.

It was old Jake's delight to show off his son's prowess with the cue. "Get your cue, Jake," he would say, "and make that double draw."

Young Jake would protest, but on promise of getting some money for candy he would perform the necessary stunt. But at that period he seemed to have little interest in billiards. His father thought, as I told you, he would never make a great player. Young Jake was only fourteen when his father died.

In 1903, when Willie Hoppe was fifteen, Schaefer took him on tour as his playing partner, on the advice of Doctor Jennings.

Schaefer was complaining that the first-class American players wanted too much for their services. By the time he had paid what they asked he would have nothing left for himself.

"Why don't you grab this youngster for your exhibition, Jake," Doctor Jennings suggested. "He's still in short pants. You and he would make a great team on the road."

Schaefer approached Hoppe's father, who was glad to accept his offer, because it eliminated the expense of booking his own tour, and because he knew the boy would get priceless instruction from the greatest billiardist of his day. Hoppe declares he learned more billiards under Jacob Schaefer than in any other period of his life. The latter was not the teaching type, and he would never volunteer any suggestions or stop to analyze his play for the boy's benefit. But it was an inspiration to play with him and watch his game from day to day. Hoppe first met Jake Schaefer, 2d, while he was playing with his father. Young Jake was then about three years old. It seems ironical that the two men who were to be each other's greatest rivals should meet under these circumstances. Schaefer was directly responsible for the introduction of the balkline into billiards, though Garnier, Slosson, Ives and Sutton were heavy contributing factors.

The first straight-rail tournament on a five-by-ten table was played in New York in June, 1873. It was won by Garnier with a grand average of 7. In November of that year Schaefer lost to Slosson in a championship match. Slosson had a high run of 45. But the stars soon attained such a mastery of this game that it became uninteresting to the spectators. Schaefer placed the last back-breaking straw on the camel when, in 1890, he defeated McClerry of San Francisco in a handicap game by the score of 3000 to 15. The Wizard counted his 3000 points in three blocks of 1000 played succeeding nights without a miss. Schaefer had perfected the rail nurse, and it was said of him that he could have counted for years and years without a miss if he had had the strength.

Something had to be done about it, and they invented balkline. The first balkline was eight inches from the cushions. As the players mastered the games the lines were extended to ten, twelve and fourteen inches. When the late Frank Ives had beaten George F. Slosson and Schaefer for the 14.2 championship, and was permitted to become the owner of the emblem of championship, that style of play, in its turn, was termed too easy. It was then suggested that the balk spaces be increased to eighteen inches, but nothing came of the suggestion until four years later.

In the spring of 1896 Maurice Daly promoted a series of tournaments in which Ives, Schaefer and Garnier figured. They played 18.2 in New York, a handicap at 18.1 in Chicago, and cushion carom in Boston. The 18.2 tournament was held in the central hall of the old Madison Square Garden, March thirtieth to April fourth. The games were 600 points, and five shots were allowed in the anchor spaces, which were then three and one-half by seven inches. Ives and Schaefer broke even, while Garnier did not win a game.

Thus came balkline, the champions' game. When Jake Schaefer died in 1910, both 18.1 and 18.2 were functioning, with the championship of both in the possession of Willie Hoppe, his protégé, pupil and exhibition opponent. Jake's son seemed to take little interest in billiards. The father never suspected that his own skill was to develop in this lanky boy.

A Young Champion

William F. Hoppe is, I believe, the greatest all-round billiardist of all time, just as Jake Schaefer, 2d, is the greatest competition billiard player, as the records will show.

Everybody who has read the newspapers for the past twenty years knows of Willie Hoppe. For longer than that he has been grabbing columns of well-deserved space, first as the boy wonder, then as the youngest champion, and later, as he held to what he had gained, as the perennial champion.

He was born in Cornwall, New York, on October 11, 1887, and under the guidance of his father, a barber, began playing pocket billiards when he was five years old. He and his older brother Frank became the village wonders, and in the spring of 1895, when Willie was seven, the Hoppe brothers went on tour, showing in Kingston, Albany, Syracuse and Buffalo as pocket-billiard experts. In the fall of that year they went to Maurice Daly's parlors in Brooklyn and played before that old master, Thomas J. Gallagher, billiard expert and writer, Dr. Henry D. Jennings, amateur champion, and other billiard enthusiasts. Maurice Daly, recognizing the boy's talent as a billiardist, advised him to take up the carom game. His advice was followed.

When Willie was thirteen, in 1901, he entered his first professional tournament at 18.1, and won it, defeating such stars as Tom Gallagher, Ed McLaughlin, Ora Morningstar and José Ortiz. The next year Jake Schaefer the elder procured a contract under which the boy played in exhibitions in Paris for $300 a month.

On January 15, 1906, in the grand ballroom of the Grand Hotel in Paris, Hoppe, then eighteen, defeated the veteran Maurice Vignaux, winning $1000, a diamond trophy and the championship of the world at 18.1.

Hoppe then gathered unto himself the championship of the world at 18.2, when he defeated George Sutton, the champion, in a challenge match in the concert hall, Madison Square Garden, on March 27, 1908. After having been champion a week, Hoppe resigned the title and turned back the trophy, because of a difference which arose between the company that was conducting the championship match and his father, who was acting as the champion's manager. His action was followed by two tournaments in 1909. The first was won by Morningstar, who, like Hoppe, turned outlaw. The second was won by Calvin Demarest, which again placed the trophy in competition.

A Counting Machine

In 1910 Hoppe grew tired of playing exhibition matches. He ironed out his differences with the governing body and challenged Harry P. Cline, who had defeated Demarest. On May 26, 1910, in the New York Theater Concert Hall, he regained the trophy. He held it for eleven consecutive years until Jake Schaefer, 2d, took it from him in 1921.

Hoppe, in my opinion, is the billiard champion of all time, and he is that because of a remarkable combination of qualities, predilections and training. He has an unlimited capacity for work, an almost infinite patience, great powers of concentration, an even disposition, excellent habits and love for the game of billiards. I have traveled with him on exhibition tours and I have trained him for tournaments and match games. I think I know him. Once I placed a difficult shot for him with instructions to make it three times without missing. He had one of those days that come to all of us now and then. He was not quite good enough. He'd make the shot twice and would miss on the third attempt. But when I told him I would increase the number to five times he shut his jaws and obeyed orders.

When he is training he lines up a program and then he throws everything he has into filling it. He is a counting machine, a point getter. Regardless of conditions—whether the room is cold or warm, the balls bumpy or the cushions unusually fast or dead—Willie invariably adapts his play and masters the situation. He never loafs, even in exhibition games. He never shows emotion when he misses and never offers an alibi. When he made his famous run of 307 at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, against Jake Schaefer, Sr., in 1906, Willie was the least excited of all the persons assembled there. He merely smiled a happy smile at the cheers of the spectators. Again, when he was defeated by young Jake Schaefer in Chicago, in 1921, and lost the title he had held for eleven years, his smile of congratulation was sincere and his handshake was hearty as he wished his conqueror success.

Today he is again champion of the world at 18.2. He won back the title from Schaefer in 1922, and successfully defended it in 1923 and 1924. In 1925 Schaefer took it from him again in the tournament held in the Congress Hotel, Chicago, February twenty-third to March third, only to lose it in a match game in Orchestra Hall to Edouard Horemans, the Belgian. Schaefer regained it in another match in the same place, January fourth, fifth and sixth, 1926. Then he lost it to Erich Hagenlocher in a

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Spades ..... A, K, Q, 4, 2
Hearts ..... K, 3
Diamonds 10, 3
Clubs ..... A, Q, 6, 5

Mrs. Guy U. Purdy, Omaha, West
Spades 10, 9, 8, 7, 6
Hearts ..... A, Q, J, 10, 9
Diamonds ..... None
Clubs ..... K, J, 9

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, North—
Spades ..... J, 5, 3
Hearts 6, 5
Diamonds ..... A, K, Q, J, 9
Clubs 8, 3, 2

Miss Annie B. Shelby, Portland, Ore., East—
Spades ..... None
Hearts 8, 7, 4, 2
Diamonds 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2
Clubs 10, 7, 4

Tues., April 5, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEAR, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM, WGY.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WLC	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Morning	Portland
KPO	Hotel St. Francis	San Francisco
KFI	Los Angeles	Los Angeles
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KHJ	Los Angeles Inc.	Syracuse
CJCX	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Ont.
CKGW	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	Montreal	Montreal
CKAC	Montreal Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFCH	The Farmer's Sun	Saskatoon
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match game at the Manufacturers' Club, Philadelphia, on March ninth, tenth and eleventh. Hoppe took the title away from Hagenlocher in New York, on January sixth, seventh and eighth, 1927.

He did it in spite of a nervous affliction which affects his stroke and from which he has suffered since 1912. At times, even in championship play, he has been unable to complete his stroke and at intervals he has fallen into the habit of fiddling—aiming and not shooting. In his match with Demarest in 1912 I counted thirty-three preparatory strokes before he was able to strike the ball. Later in 1923 they ran as high as sixty-two. Yet he won that match and championship.

On the other hand, Hoppe's greatest rival, and the player who, in my opinion, will inherit the veteran's toga more or less permanently, deserves a world of credit for the discipline to which he subjected himself to become a champion. When I first saw him in 1899, at his father's billiard rooms on Clark Street, Chicago, he was a little tot, barely able to look over the top of the table. Yet at that early age he was able to handle a cue and make the three difficult shots of which I've spoken. This playing in childhood is responsible for the side-arm stroke he employs even now.

Breaking and Making Records

He never seemed to have any inherent love for the game. As late as 1917, when he came on tour with Hoppe, Chick Wright and myself, he refused to practice and was inclined to sulk, especially if any one of us but Hoppe beat him in a game. But after that trip something came over him. Possibly it was the influence of his mother and his wife, both of whom longed to see him champion. Later, when he went to San Francisco to live, he obtained much valuable experience in tournament play and in red ball. These red-ball matches made him a better open-table shot than he had ever been before. They did much to make him champion in 1921 and since.

Schaefer is the greatest record breaker and record maker that billiards ever saw, and he holds more records alone than any competitor in any sport. By this I mean that he is not only the first one to make them, but the only one to hold them. In New York, September, 1921, against Edouard Horemans, the Belgian, he averaged 47.54, getting a high run of 432. In the same year against the same player, in San Francisco, he set a world record, when, by a wonderful display of billiards, he averaged 51¼ in a 4000-point game at 18.2 balkline. In October that same year, in a 1500-point match against Dave McAndless in Chicago, he made a high run of 480.

Jake's performance in the tournament, February 26, 1925, and the matches against Horemans, January fourth, fifth and sixth, sent 18.2 balkline-billiard records soaring. His run of 400 and incidental full average, his run of 432 in his first match against Horemans, and his amazing average of 93.75 in his second match of 1500 points against Horemans are achievements that constitute new records in competition for the championship of the world at 18.2. His performance in the second match made an average of 56.62 by Horemans look insignificant. The run of 400 in a game of that many points established, to the possible extremes, records for run and average. The run of 432 and the average of 93.75 are also absolute world records.

His average of 200 against Welker Cochran and of 400 against Erich Hagenlocher, in which he defeated both players 400 to 0, also stand as records. In these games Cochran got one shot which he missed and Hagenlocher didn't get any. In a match with Hoppe at Philadelphia he averaged 120 in a 2400-point match, and made a high run of 585. And in his match with William Hoppe at New York last April, which gave him the championship of the world at 18.1, Schaefer established a high-run record of 212 caroms in one inning.

Billiards is one game which old-timers and present-day players agree is getting faster and better all the time. This can be proved by a quick glance at some figures. In 1912 in the tournament with Morningstar, Sutton, Demarest, Cline, Slosson, Taylor and Yamada, Hoppe's grand average was 18$^{149}/_{188}$. In 1921, with all the stars, Schaefer, Cochran, Conti, Morningstar, Horemans and Sutton, Schaefer's grand average was 51$^{19}/_{43}$ and Hoppe's 34$^{29}/_{50}$. In 1912 Hoppe's high runs were 111, 102 and 100. In 1921 they were 282, 186, 175 and 143, while Schaefer's were 318, 192, 187, 186, 150, 144, 138 and 118.

The explanation is that the players are better and the games are consequently faster. This is proved by the unease with which a championship crown rests on the head of any particular individual. Conditions of play have not been improved since 1912. They couldn't be. Young Jake Schaefer is a better player than his father because he is meeting better players in competition than did the elder man, and because he sacrifices any chance for the spectacular to pile up points—a habit which the Wizard's innate showmanship led him into once in a while.

This crop of present-day youngsters is good. Welker Cochran is the youngest, the most brilliant, and one of the most dangerous contenders a champion has to meet. He is the fastest counter playing billiards today, his highly nervous temperament explaining the amazing speed with which he taps the balls in the midst of a run. His mechanical ability is perfect. I saw him run 75 points with the feather nurse in the center of the table, a feat which, to my knowledge, has never been equaled. This is a delicate rubbing of the balls close together without driving. His run of 265 points against George Slosson in New York in 1917 was the most attractive exhibition of fine billiards I ever witnessed. It was fast line nurse all the way. He held the world's high run for tournament play when, in 1921, at Chicago, he ran 384. His most spectacular effort was his record of 920 points in four innings against Jake Schaefer at Detroit, in a special match in 1920. He uses the orthodox pendulum stroke.

Horemans, the Belgian, is the most beautiful massé artist living. Shortly after his arrival in this country five years ago he made a run of 701. His weakness is his temperament. If conditions are not just right he frets and his game is affected. In order that his open-table nurse may be effective the cloth and cushions must be perfect.

Erich Hagenlocher, of Germany, is a master of the massé with either hand. His weakness is overconfidence. Only recently he was deprived of the 18.2 championship of the world by Hoppe.

Temperamental Ivory

Billiard players are compelled to undergo rigorous training in preparing for a match. None of them eat heavily while engaged in championship play. Hoppe does road work, and calisthenics similar to that of a fighter. Schaefer gets his exercise by brisk walking. Every player has his own schedule, to which he faithfully adheres. While they are getting themselves in shape, the conditions under which they are to play are meticulously adjusted.

Ivory is a brittle and temperamental substance. Two days before a match or a tournament several sets of balls are taken to the match room, which is already heated to the temperature in which the match or tournament is to be played. There they are left, away from all drafts. A draft from an electric fan has been known to split a billiard ball into a hundred pieces. The slates in the bed of the table are similarly acclimated, and if they do not acquire heat fast enough they are warmed by electric stoves placed under the tables until the desired temperature is attained.

One of the greatest problems in billiards is the finding of billiard balls. There are about 10,500 manufactured every year from the 3500 elephants killed annually in Tanganyika Territory, Africa. Each elephant tusk averages about five billiard balls. In Asia the wild elephant is a pest. The ivory is exchanged on the coast for salt, merchandise and gold, and is then shipped to London, center of the ivory trade, where world buyers bid on it every three months.

In Hamburg, Germany, the tusks are cut into blocks, almost perfect cubes, just large enough for the turning of billiard balls without waste. Each tusk yields but five blocks, because the upper part is hollow to allow for the nerve, and the tip is too small. These blocks are aged two years in an absolutely uniform temperature. A draft is enough to split them. At the end of the aging period they are shipped to America to be turned into balls by hand. No machine has ever been invented capable of turning out truly spherical balls. Workmen of surprising skill turn out a perfect billiard ball in twenty minutes.

Even after the balls are manufactured, there is a tremendous shrinkage. A billiard-equipment manufacturer told me that out of twenty tusks not more than fifty balls will be found approximately equal in sets of three, with respect to weight and centralized gravity. Then, as sets, they may all differ from one another. Before a championship tournament recently we culled over 100 balls before finding a perfect set of three.

A Universal Game

Balls sometimes become untrue through shrinkage, which occurs almost wholly in one direction—across the grain. This is due to the fact that the elephant tusk is made up of concentric cellular rings of minute interglobular spaces containing a soft material which is peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric changes. It is the main reason for the aging process, and goes on long after the balls are in use. Match standard balls for balkline play are 2⅜ inches in diameter and weigh slightly more than seven ounces. The finest match-play balls now cost seventy-five dollars a set.

Billiards, besides being an international pastime, is a universal game. Neither age nor size nor sex presents any barriers. Hoppe and Schaefer played when they were babies. It is the best old man's game I know.

There is one billiard club composed of men who are well on in years. It was founded in 1909 with a charter membership of twenty, fourteen of whom were over seventy. Out of this club grew the annual Perpetual Youth Tournament restricted to men who have reached or passed the biblical three score and ten. Last year there were thirty-two competitors and the tournament was won by Dr. C. Bruce, seventy-four, who defeated H. S. Hyatt, seventy-six, in a very spirited play-off.

There are 100,000 women playing billiards today in the United States. In St. Louis and Detroit it is almost as popular as golf. Parties of from sixteen to thirty-two couples, including church parties, are given regularly in my parlors. Mrs. Ary Boss of Philadelphia, formerly Miss Haywood, is by far the best woman billiardist in this country and probably in the world. Miss Lois Schrier of Holland is considered the best European woman billiardist. The Duchess of Marlborough, who was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, is considered one of the best players in England, being better than the Queen and Princess Mary, both of whom are ardent billiard fans. Mrs. Howard Gould and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney are known for their adeptness on the green cloth.

I hope you can see billiards' fascination for me. The game goes hand in hand with mental training. It trains the eye, develops skill and builds good judgment. The gentle kiss of ivory on ivory promotes love of clean sport and fair play. I have never heard of a gunman or a thug who cared anything for the game. That's something to think over very carefully. I consider it one of the best arguments for the Gentleman's Game.

Our booklet,
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charts proper attire. Write for it.

The Easter Parade

Bells chime in Trinity's steeple . . . Gothic doors swing open . . . empty stairs swarm with life . . . and the waiting Avenue becomes the line of march for the Easter parade—the dress revue of the year. Busy press photographers . . . clicking cameras . . . and on Monday, the society pages will picture this attire of men who know the finer points of dress:

In the "V" of formal waistcoats, shirts of French piqué . . . four-in-hands, butterfly bows, Ascots perhaps; their neat grey, contrasting black and white, and royal purple, enriched by silks from Italy and Switzerland. With less formal sack coats, shirts of Bond Street broadcloth . . . cravats of brighter hues. From breast pockets, handkerchiefs of silk or fine linen. In socks*, imported lisle vies for favor with silk, clocked or plain.

On the Avenue, the maker's mark on this apparel is not visible. But haberdashers of the better kind, with an aversion to over-charging, will gladly show you the criterion of correctness—Wilson Brothers label.

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TEN POINTS

(Continued from Page 29)

was smart; he'd been nothing but a day hand five or six years ago, and look at him now!

"Ain't smart enough to sell his wheat," snarled Wallace. Nobody had referred to that affair of the boggy pasture, but he resented the tactful silence more than outspoken ridicule. "Traipses off on a wedding trip right when wheat's higher'n it's been for three years—higher'n it's apt to be for three more too!"

"Think so, Eb? Lanse looks at it different. I was talkin' to him this noon and he figures wheat's due to go a sight higher."

Wallace laughed harshly and held his tongue. Let 'em think Frew had formed his opinion for himself instead of merely parroting what Wallace had insincerely told him! He swung the horsetail fly switch in dour silence while the matter was gravely debated, at first amused by the absurd respect with which Frew's forecast was discussed, but, as repetition rasped his nerves, gradually affronted by a dull sense of trespass. Until that deal in land Eben Wallace had been admittedly the sharpest man in the glen; praise, in his presence, of anybody else on the score of shrewdness seemed like a deliberate insult; praise of Lansing Frew, in the circumstances, was injury as well.

Slowly, chafing at the deliberation with which the shoe was set, he felt his hatred gather. In a fashion, his name for cunning had served, in his thoughts, as offset against his bodily inferiority. To hear it, by implication, called in question affected him as if something that was his had been taken from him, given to Frew; as if, in effect, Frew had robbed him of something even more precious than that land.

As he drove home he faced a mounting discontent. After all, suppose his advice should lead Frew to sell his wheat a few cents below present prices, what did it matter? Compared with the profit on that reclaimed wheat field, his loss wouldn't be worth mentioning, and it wouldn't put a penny, either, into Eben Wallace's pocket. He'd as good as stolen that field; every kernel of that wheat crop had come out of soil that belonged, by rights, to Wallace. Even if he sold it for a little less than present figures, he'd have enough to pay off the remaining debt and take a title as clear, legally, as if he'd given an honest value for the land. And those fools down yonder would wag their silly heads and agree that he was smart—smarter than Eb Wallace!

Passing Frew's barn, he was queerly conscious of the wheat in those filled bins, as if he could see through the weathered walls and straight into the granary. The yellow grain drew him with all the fascination of coined gold; he felt a sudden gust of contemptuous anger toward the man who had gone away sweethearting and left it here unguarded. Anybody could drive in there and help himself—that padlock on the granary door wouldn't make any trouble for a crowbar; after midnight there wouldn't be anybody on the road and the nearest house was Wallace's own, half a mile away.

The thought took him by the throat. He could see Frew, home from that thriftless wedding trip, staring stupidly at empty bins; he could see the wag of wise heads at the post-office store when the word got about; hear the comfortable, condescending talk. They wouldn't think Lanse Frew was so dog-goned smart, not when he was running around trying to raise money for that final payment, due next month!

Wallace's wits quickened. Frew had bought his original farm with only a little cash and it was still mortgaged for pretty nearly all it was worth; he'd given notes for his stock and tools, and Wallace knew that most of these were still unpaid in whole or part. Frew had had a fool's own luck or he'd have gone under long ago; if anything happened to that wheat crop so that he needed to borrow money ——

The reclaimed wheat land seemed to grin back at Eben Wallace as he drove past it. If anybody stole Frew's wheat this would be Wallace's field again, with all that Frew had paid for it, so far, as clear profit, with that drainage ditch and tile a free gift. Wallace felt his lips draw back from his teeth as he remembered the wording of that sales agreement. He'd been sharp enough to protect himself against the nuisance and expense of foreclosure. Under the terms of the bargain the land was his until Frew paid for it and any default in payment forfeited all earlier installments. If anything happened to Frew's wheat ——

Methodically, as he did his chores and ate his bachelor supper of bread and milk, Eben Wallace considered the matter, weighing the difficulties and the risks against the several profits. The value of the grain alone would not have tempted him; even the prospect of recovering the land would hardly have sufficed; it was the chance of vindicating his sagacity in the eye of the community that cast the decisive vote. They wouldn't wink and snicker behind his twisted back if, after all, he got back that wheat field, with a boot of Frew's improvements and the cash that Frew had paid—no, sir!

He was a little frightened at himself; this Eben Wallace who could make up his mind on the spur of the moment to commit a crime was wholly strange to the Eben Wallace who had always been, even in the face of petty risks, a canny coward. Some part of him seemed to stand back and marvel as his mind calmly considered ways and means, but this onlooking self instead of distracting served only to stimulate and nerve the other.

There would be no great difficulty about getting the wheat, he realized. He would only have to drive a team over to Frew's barn as soon as it was late enough to be sure of meeting nobody in the road. He could force that padlock and sack a load of wheat in, say, a couple of hours. He'd have to fill the sacks about half full of course—two bushels of wheat would be too heavy for him. He chuckled as he saw that here his deformity would provide him with a plausible defense. Nobody would be apt to suspect him of strength enough to steal two or three wagonloads of wheat, single-handed, in one night.

He'd leave wheel tracks in the road, of course, but they'd be confused by a dozen passing wagons within an hour after sunrise. Everybody who lived farther up the hill would be hauling wheat with all his might tomorrow, and nobody would know that there'd been any robbery until Frew came home, unless Sim Tucker happened to go into the main floor of the barn and find that broken lock. This wasn't likely; there was no reason why the chores should lead Sim anywhere near the granary.

His mind moved forward to the next problem. He could get the wheat, but he'd have to hide it somewhere till he could find a chance of selling it. There wasn't room enough in his own granary for all of it; he'd lose a lot of time, too, in unloading and emptying the sacks, besides the tax on his strength. If there were some way of leaving it in the bags —— He slapped his thigh sharply as the idea came to him. Of course! He wouldn't unload; he'd simply drive each load into his own barn and leave it there, going back with an empty wagon for another. He could manage three trips each night that way. There wouldn't be any risk, either, if he locked his barn and sent the two hired men back to the woodlot in the morning—no, it would be safer to discharge them, so that there wouldn't be any chance of their noticing anything.

He could deliver the wagons one by one during the day, and have them empty for another raid each night. Nobody would dream that it wasn't his own wheat that he was selling; he chuckled at the perfect safety of it all. He had a first-class lock on his granary and he could hold his wheat there as long as he pleased. Nobody'd ask him to prove that his bins were empty; that was one advantage of having a hump on your back and a body that wasn't strong enough to shoulder a sack of grain! He laughed again as it occurred to him that he had a name, too, for timidity. He would surely be the last man to fall under suspicion of any deed demanding strength and daring both!

He was singularly unafraid when, a little after midnight, he backed his wagon neatly into Frew's barn and closed the big doors carefully. He had brought a wrecking bar and, fumbling in the blackness, found and drew the staple. In the granary he dared to light his lantern. In its yellow glow the wheat looked more like gold, he thought, than ever. He shoveled it into sacks with a savage eagerness. Before he had half-filled the fifth his back and arms were aching spitefully. He had been awake since dawn and the two long drives to the village had tired him more than he had realized. He cursed his crooked spine as he paused to rest, his breath whistling between his shut teeth. At this rate ——

Before he had finished two more bags he knew that he could not go on. His hands could hardly lift the empty shovel. He sat down on a sack, his head swimming but his teeth still set. The scoop, leaned carelessly against the bin, fell toward him and the hollow noise, as it struck the floor, brought his heart into his throat. He listened; somewhere below him something moved; he held his breath; a rhythmic crunching sound came up through the floor boards—one of Frew's cows, of course, penned in the barnyard overnight and chewing her cud in the open space between the foundation walls. Slowly Eben Wallace straightened.

Frew's barn, like his own, was built against a slope, so that although at the front its main floor stood at the level of the earth, at the back it was ten feet or more above the ground. There was plenty of room to drive a wagon in below the granary floor, and a hole bored up through the planks would let the wheat flow downward like so much water. He blew out the lantern and went out, circling the dim bulk of the building; stars gave light enough for him to find a gate, to make sure that there was room for a team to pass the straw stack. He disturbed the cows; they blundered past him in a clumsy rush.

He knew where Frew kept his tools and chuckled softly as he found the door unlocked. A match showed him the row of clumsy hand-forged augers hung against the wall above the bench. He took down the largest of them, a long-shanked iron bar with a wooden handle and a bore of some two inches. He struck another match and found a rounded piece of pine in a pile of lumber. In the granary again, he relighted the lantern and hastily whittled the stick to a crude point. He emptied the half-filled grain bags back into the bin and carried them to the wagon. A rough calculation told him the width of the passage between the bins and the barn wall. He blew out his light and shut the door, carefully replacing the staple in its original position.

It needed nice driving to back the wagon in past the straw stack, but he managed it. Standing on its bed, his head touched the floor above him. The auger bored up through the double planking and a thin jet of wheat spurted down, at last, along its spiral. Wallace held an open sack close to the hole as he withdrew the drill. A solid spout of grain shot down, hissing; the sack was full almost at once. He thrust the pointed plug up to stop the flow while he tied the bag strings and pulled the sack to the end of the wagon box.

Well before sunrise he had run his third load in on the floor of his own barn. There was nothing to show even a sharper eye than Sim Tucker's that anything was wrong with Lansing Frew's stored grain.

(Continued on Page 98)

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COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

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The plugs were driven solidly home, and even in broad daylight there was hardly light enough under Frew's granary floor for anyone to see them. The auger hung in its place against the shop wall; the padlocked chain still seemed to secure the granary door as fast as ever, and the wheel tracks in the barnyard litter lay concealed under a layer of loose straw, pulled from the stack and strewn when the third load stood on the far side of the gate. Eben Wallace had no fears.

He was far spent, however, and in sore need of sleep. He set his alarm clock and flung himself on his bed without undressing. By the time his two hired hands appeared he was waiting for them on his doorstep, their wages counted out in readiness. They took dismissal docilely enough, after the fashion of their kind. He watched them shamble down his lane and turn the corner before he hitched a fresh team to the first of the three laden wagons and began the long downhill drive to town.

III

THERE were half a dozen men lounging in the hardware store while Eben Wallace bought his padlock, and he knew, without looking at them, that they were grinning behind his back, exchanging winks. One of them, Bert Haley, who fancied himself as a wit, even ventured to poke fun at him.

"Bet you ain't goin' to use that padlock on your granary door, Eb," he said. "Be kind of like lockin' the stable door after you give away your horse."

Wallace managed to join in the snicker at his expense, but inwardly he cursed Haley for a meddlesome fool, promising himself that Haley's crew would never thresh for him again. The whole glen, thanks to Haley's loose tongue and the equally unguarded talk of old Joe Donaldson, up at the mill, knew exactly how much wheat he had threshed and that he had sold it all for figures far below the present market. It wasn't often that the glen had a chance to laugh at Eben Wallace and it had made the most of this excuse. Right along, as the price climbed up the ladder, Wallace had endured the cackling merriment of fools.

He would have found it hard enough to bear at any time. Now, with some three hundred bushels of grain in his bins and the market rising every day, he underwent a double torment. He didn't dare, of course, to sell another load. He had no choice but to hold his tongue and suffer ridicule from men who had sold their grain for no more than he, but who, because they'd never had a name for smartness, seemed to think themselves entitled to look down on the collapse of Wallace's well-earned repute.

Worst of all, however, was the sudden rise of Lansing Frew in popular esteem. Fuming, Eben Wallace was obliged to listen, over and again, to envious, admiring comment on Frew's foresight:

"Only one in the glen that had the sense to hang on. Tell me he ain't sold a bushel so far. Slick, Lanse is."

A dozen times since Frew's home-coming Eben Wallace had caught himself back from some angry denial. At first he had taken a sulky pleasure in giving ear to groundless praise. The smarter Frew looked now, he told himself, the sillier he'd seem when he found those all-but-empty bins. They'd all laugh out of the other side of their mouths when Eben Wallace got back that reclaimed land! He could afford to wait for his turn! Only a little while now till Frew would have to sell his grain to meet that payment, and then ——

At first, as he looked forward to the discovery of the theft, Wallace hadn't been afraid. There was nothing to connect him with the crime, and nobody would suspect a puny cripple of nerve or strength enough to steal three hundred bushels of wheat, single-handed, in three nights. Unless they searched his granary, they couldn't guess; and unless they guessed, why should they search?

Nevertheless, as the days passed with no sign that Frew had visited his granary, Wallace faced a growing uneasiness. He thought of trying to move his wheat to some safer hiding place; he could build a bin somewhere and transfer the grain, a little at a time—always he rejected the thought. There was more risk in trying to move it than in leaving it where it was. No matter how carefully he managed it, there'd always be a chance that somebody'd see him—perhaps Frew himself.

Wakeful nights quickened his invention. He hit upon a scheme at last that pacified his mounting fears. Leveling the wheat in two bins, he built a false floor on top of it and covered this with a foot or more of oats. To be sure, this might make it necessary to account for a lot more oats than he had threshed, but he reasoned that it would be easier to do this than to explain possession of three hundred extra bushels of wheat, within half a mile of the barn from which exactly that quantity of wheat had vanished. He could say that he'd been buying oats. He gave the story, in advance, a solid foundation of fact by dickering with several neighbors and openly drawing home a few bushels from each of them.

Even this did not wholly pacify his fears however. Somebody might break into that granary and dig down to that false floor. He'd better put on an extra lock, just to make things so much safer.

His hand tightened on the package as another covert chuckle followed him to the door of the shop. Let 'em laugh! They'd find out fast enough! He stopped at the post office and found a summons for jury duty over at Canastego. Unless he could get out of it he'd have to be away overnight—maybe two or three days. The thought of leaving his place alone troubled him. As long as he was on hand there was nothing to be afraid of, but if, while he was over yonder at court, Frew took it into his head at last to start selling wheat ——

He tried to persuade himself that it wouldn't matter; that whatever happened, nobody would suspect him, go snooping around his granary in search of the stolen grain. His wits were too sharp to be content with mere probabilities. He knew that it was the accidental, the unforeseen, that tripped up most thiev—he rejected the word. He wasn't a thief; Lanse Frew had as good as stolen that land from him; he had a right to get it back. All the same, if he was found out, they'd call it stealing. He had a swift, unhappy vision of the court room over at Canastego, with Eben Wallace sitting on the wrong side of the rail about the jury box.

It would be safer, for one thing, if Frew hadn't any pressing reason to start selling just yet. He hadn't gone into his granary for these three weeks and if he didn't have to make that payment on the land he might not unlock that door for another month.

Driving slowly up the long hill toward home, Wallace turned it over deliberately in his mind. He hated to defer his recovery of that field by so much as a single day, but it would certainly be safer if Frew thought he needn't be in a hurry to raise cash. By the time he reached the Frew place Wallace had settled his decision. He drove in.

Frew's wife, her face pleasantly flushed from the cookstove, came to the kitchen door. Somehow the sight of her quickened Wallace's hatred. All the Nortons held their heads pretty high; she wouldn't look so satisfied with herself when Lanse Frew was back where he belonged, working by the day!

Lanse, she said, wasn't about the house; she couldn't say just where he'd be; wouldn't Wallace come in and wait for him? He'd be bound to come in pretty soon; it must be almost time to milk.

Wallace shook his head, unreasonably uncomfortable under her straight gaze. "Got my own chores to tend to," he said. "See Lanse after supper maybe. Just wanted to tell him he needn't worry about that payment 't's due next week—just as

(Continued on Page 101)

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

(Continued from Page 98

lief wait a spell if it ain't convenient for him."

She thanked him gravely, but he saw that she was puzzled. It occurred to him that she had a right to be. Eben Wallace wasn't in the habit of volunteering favors. He chuckled.

"Thought maybe it'd suit Lanse better not to leave go his wheat just yet," he said, "and I figured 't if I waited for my money he'd maybe do me a favor. Got to go serve on the jury over to Canastego next week, and if Lanse'd look after my stock while I'm gone ——"

He saw her face clear as if with understanding. "Why, he'd be real glad to, Mr. Wallace. He isn't very busy right now. I'll tell him."

Wallace thanked her and drove away, grinning. It was a first-rate notion and he'd thought of it on the spur of the minute too. There couldn't possibly be any better way of showing that he hadn't anything on his conscience. Lanse Frew wouldn't dream that there was any reason to go looking for his wheat under the oats in Wallace's granary.

He was disturbed, however, when, as he drove in his own lane, he met Frew coming toward him. The big man's greeting reassured him.

"Thought I'd traipsed clean over here for nothing, Eb," he said. "Wanted to see you about this coming payment."

"No hurry—now," said Wallace, as heartily as he could manage. "Don't specially need the money, long as I sold my wheat."

"Heard you'd sold the most of it," said Frew. "Kind of su'prised me. Figured you'd hold out for higher prices, after what you told me the day we talked it over."

"Would of if I hadn't needed the cash," said Wallace sharply. He changed the subject abruptly, explaining about his summons for jury duty. Frew agreed willingly enough.

"Just as lief as not, Eb. Might leave me know when you start." He rubbed his jaw. "Might take you up on that proposition if you're sure you don't need the money right off."

"Figure wheat's going higher, eh?" Wallace spoke respectfully. Frew grinned.

"Just between you and I, Eb, I don't figure about it. Might go up, might go down, might stay still, f'r all I know. Sold mine before this, only I hate to start hauling it till I got to. Meanest work I ever struck—sacking it up and loading it, when you're single-handed."

Wallace laughed harshly. That was how some people got the name of being smart! His old contempt for Frew pacified his lingering uneasiness. Some men, given the run of his barns in his absence, might find that buried wheat, but he needn't worry about Lanse Frew!

"Never struck any kind of work 't wasn't mean enough to suit me," he said.

Frew grinned and shambled on down the lane. Wallace, his lips drawn back flatly from his teeth, watched him till he turned the corner. He half regretted the money he had spent on that new padlock; but when he had stabled his team he fastened it in place not with staples but with a stout chain that he passed through holes bored in the heavy frame and the solid plank battens of the granary door.

He slept better after this. When he started, three days later, on his long drive to Canastego, he said good-by to Frew and his wife with a certain anger at himself for having ever been afraid of their finding him out. Smart, eh? He chuckled as he drove on down the hill. They'd see!

IV

JURY duty detained him five full days, and it was well on toward mid-afternoon of the sixth when he came in sight of Frew's dooryard on his way home and saw old Andrew MacNaughten's roan team and mud-splashed buckboard standing at the hitching post. He jerked the reins savagely and his lulled fears awoke.

He had always hated old MacNaughten—hated him all the more because of a grudged and secret respect—but he had never been afraid of him till now. He meditated for a moment, turning back and going home by the upper road, two miles out of his way. For all his confidence, he did not want to face Andrew MacNaughten until he knew just what had happened during his week's absence. All the stories about the lean, grave, gentle-spoken old man rose forbiddingly in Wallace's mind. Nathan Daunt needn't have swung for killing Enoch Radley if MacNaughten hadn't seen those sheep tracks in the yellow dust; nobody except MacNaughten had dreamed that it was Wesley Varr who set fire to Matthew Bruce's barns. Even Eben Wallace might somehow give himself away if

He saw Frew in the open doorway of his main barn, and now that it was too late for retreat, regained some measure of his courage as he drove forward. After all, what had he to be afraid of? There wasn't the shadow of evidence on which MacNaughten could base a charge. Even if they found that wheat, they'd still have to prove that he'd stolen Frew's. And they wouldn't find it; there wasn't a chance in a thousand that anybody, even old MacNaughten, would think of burrowing down through that layer of oats and prying up the false floor underneath.

The look of MacNaughten's face lent him fresh assurance. It was sober, as always, but it held no hint of enmity or distrust. Wallace drew in a deep breath of relief.

"'Afternoon, Andrew. What fetched you clear over here? Hope Lanse ain't been murdering anybody while I been away."

MacNaughten shook his head. "Guess not," he said. "It was you I came to see, Eben. Hadn't heard you'd been drawn for jury duty."

"Me? Good thing I got through when I did or you'd have wasted a mean trip." Wallace spoke carelessly, but his wits were wide awake, vigilantly on their guard. "What was it you wanted?"

"Just a notion I had, Eben." The old man's voice sounded almost apologetic. "Thought you could teach me something about my business and drove over to find out."

"Guess there ain't much anybody can teach you about farming," said Wallace. "Wish 't I knew half as much about it as you do."

"Thought I knew about as much as the next man." MacNaughten smiled slowly. "But it struck me, the other day, that you could beat me when it came to handling wheat."

Wallace's nerves jerked tight. He might have known the old man was only trying to throw him off his guard!

On the Trail to the Kuskokwim River, Alaska

"Wheat?" His voice sounded strained in his ears, for all his desperate effort to make it casual. "You trying to rub it in on me, Andrew, because I sold out when the price was mighty near bottom?"

MacNaughten shook his head. "I sold mine that same week," he said. "That's how I happened to notice that you hauled down three loads a day, three days hand running."

"Well?" Wallace scowled. "What of it? Easy enough to make three round trips if you get started early and ain't afraid of doing chores by lantern light."

"I know. Didn't think about it till the other day when Iz Blaine and Joe Magruder stopped me in the village and wanted work."

Wallace's nerves jerked again. The two hands he'd discharged! They might have hung around and spied on him. He pushed the thought away, centering his mind desperately on the even, plodding old voice.

"I always want to know something about a hand before I hire him. Asked them where they'd been working and it came out that they'd sawed some wood for you and helped you sack up wheat for a day. Kind of started me studying, Eb. Wasn't my business, maybe, but it looked to me that if you didn't have help except for one day you must know how to sack up wheat a whole lot faster and easier than I can do it."

Wallace laughed sourly. "You hit the nail spang on the head when you said it wasn't any of your business, but you're welcome to the prescription if you want it. All you got to do is work all night, sacking up and loading, and then haul all day, same as I did. Figured the bottom was due to drop out of the market any minute. Sounds funny now, but ——"

Frew interrupted cheerfully. "Aw, Eb, you might's well be neighborly and tell him how you managed it. He knows anyhow. Didn't figure you'd mind me showing him."

Wallace stared. "Maybe you know what you're talking about, Lanse ——"

"You bet I do!" Frew chuckled. "I'd ought to! Wouldn't have had a chance to get all my wheat down to the mill these last three days while the market's been clean up to the roof if I'd had to sack it up single-handed with a scoop shovel." He slapped his leg. "Good thing for me I agreed to tend to your chores for you, Eb. If I hadn't got talking to Andrew about them lightnin'-express deliveries of yours, though, I don't know as I'd ever happened to go in under your granary floor and notice the plugs sticking out of the holes. You'd get rich quick if you could get a patent on that notion, Eb. Sack up a load of wheat as easy as running water down a pipe."

He fumbled in a pocket and pulled out a roll of bills.

"Guess it's only fair to pay up what I owe you on that land a day or two before it's due, Eb. I got the papers all made out up to the house, and we can fix it up right now if you're agreeable."

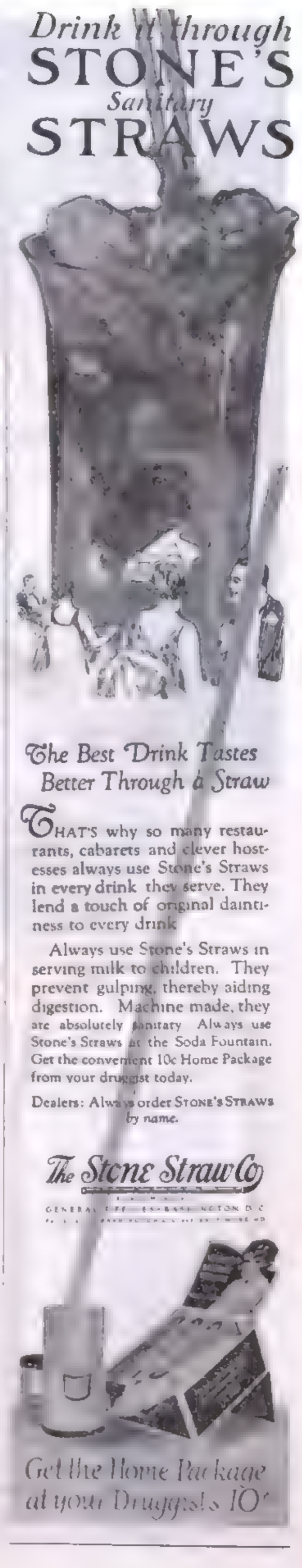
Wallace hesitated, his glance moving slyly from one face to the other. Frew was grinning broadly, but there was something curiously unmirthful in the steadiness of his eye. Andrew MacNaughten looked perhaps a little more gravely stern than usual.

Frew must have gone straight to MacNaughten when he discovered the theft. It would have been MacNaughten, of course, who would think of checking up those significantly swift deliveries at the mill with a little cross-examination of the two hired hands. Even then they must have realized the weakness of the case—as weak, Wallace saw suddenly, as his would be now if he tried to fight. Easy enough to guess there might be wheat in his bins—all the chance in the world to steal it back, using his own device!

"Possession," said Andrew MacNaughten soberly, "is nine points of the law, Wallace."

Eben Wallace stretched out an eager hand toward the greasy bills.

"Guess it's the whole ten this time," he said. "Gimme holt of that there money."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THEED HARLOW'S CADENZA

(Continued from Page 47)

about the downfall of her brother-in-law, they found quantities of honey there. Honey.

Theed felt a stir, a strain in him, as if some shape, walled off and plastered up in the blind attic of his own brain, was struggling to be free. Something there in the top of the house. What if it did get free? It might do him a service, and then again it might do somebody incalculable harm. It was just as well maybe that his skull was thick and its contents unget-at-able.

When, next day in town meeting, the article on music in the schools was read off by the moderator, Theed felt again the stir of that shape, the ghost of his iniquity. There was burning confusion in his breast.

Article 37. To see if the town will vote to authorize the superintendent of schools to employ a music supervisor and raise the sum of one thousand dollars therefor ——

There was a moment's silence, during which the moderator shifted his grip on his hammer and the town clerk's pen splattered ink from its rusty nib.

"There's no motion before the house," the moderator said.

The town meeting was in theory a self-governing body; but in fact it was ruled autocratically by the handful of men who by nature or long discipline were able to think and speak on their feet.

None of these were interested in the fate of music in the schools, and Skipper Rufe, getting to his feet, said with great sonorousness, "I move you, Mr. Moderator, that this article be dismissed."

Skipper Rufe was good for just about this much thinking on his feet. If he had had to tie a second sentence to the first, that would have been the limit of his powers.

Suddenly Jim Shawkey, sitting beside Theed, poked him in the ribs playfully.

"Get up and controvert him," Shawkey whispered. "You can speak a fair language."

And Theed Harlow found that he was in fact upon his feet. There was a general stir; even Jim was flabbergasted, and Theed didn't in the least know how he had come there. It was rather as if some shadowy demon had come upon him from behind, seized him by the scruff of the neck and held him up, with shaking knees and waxen face, in full view of the town.

And with that sea of human faces swirling round his knees, and he himself boosted up to a perilous height off the floor, he was talking. It was at first like lifting an enormous weight, like the effort to slide from one world into another. His voice seemed to come out of some phantom larynx quite unconnected with his body. It had a brazen quality.

"Louder," somebody cried.

He had thought that he must be talking already loud enough to wake the dead, to split the heavens. Now he shouted, he grew warm, he entered his body again. An electric something in the air told him that he was beginning to make headway. His first sentences he tied together with nothing but his doubts for knots; but he was doing better.

The town had just voted to add a certain number of street lights and to increase the candle power of those already in existence. Theed Harlow shouted that he had nothing to say to that. That was as it should be. He wouldn't cut down any man's or any woman's efforts to dispel darkness. But there was darkness and darkness. There was darkness in the streets that might make a man stumble and break a leg over a gone place in a wooden sidewalk; but then there was darkness in the brain, and what kind of candle power was going to light up a brain that had stumbled and been put in splints was more than he could fathom.

"The brain is the only edged tool that counts," this strange Theed cried. Corwin had grown red, purple. But Theed was putting on the screws. He felt as if he had invisible legionaries at his back.

"I know it's said," he shouted, "and for that matter I've heard it said myself by citizens who ought to know better, that there'll never be a Melba spring out of this community, whether we move to put back singing in the schools or not. He may be right. I wouldn't wonder if he was. There certainly wouldn't be a Caruso if it depended on that man." Theed, transfigured, fixed his eye on Corwin's, and went on, "It's not likely we'll produce a Morgan or a Rockefeller, either, on the law of chances, but that won't prevent the rest of us from trying to do business. And music—I don't care whether it's the human voice or wind instruments—music has a place. It fits like a wedge. If you can charm a snake with a little music, what kind of a man would it be that couldn't feel its influence?

"Give the young a chance to sing and listen to good music," he cried. "They don't often have the impulse later."

On that bitter note he ended. He sat down; there was a great clap of hands; it was like thunderclap in Skipper Rufe's astounded ears. He sat paralyzed, not able to collect his wits. Yet it was his own motion hanging in the balance. He simply glowered; the moderator looked toward him expectantly; a cry of "Question, question" was raised by a knot of the three-dollar men, poll-tax payers, anxious to vote the money of the property holders away into the blue sky.

The motion to dismiss was lost and a moment later a motion to put back music in the schools was carried by a show of hands like darts of white flame licking at the town's finances out of some nether pit.

Then Theed saw Elsie's face out of all the others in the gallery. She was herself a month or two short of voting age. She was looking down at him as if surprised out of her wits; there was a blot of color in her cheek; her cushiony hair, loaded with dull rich color, was spun out upon her cheek; and when she caught Theed's eye her brows went up. There was a brightening of her whole being; she literally, with an intoxicating flourish of her fingers, threw him down a kiss, in the full sight of everybody. Then they adjourned for dinner.

Immediately that shining armor of his ecstasy dropped from Theed. He had gone too far. No doubt already Skipper Rufe, a sweet swearer at his best, a man with one of these determination minds, Shadd said, would be somewhere in the crowd, swearing all God's vengeance on Theed Harlow for this day's work. But the damage was done now. A rumor was already circulating that Theed had done this thing because he was in love himself with Elsie Lindstrom.

"Look out for Rufe! He's on the warpath," a voice whispered in Theed's ear.

But the two men did not meet during recess. In the early afternoon a motion to reconstitute the town band and buy uniforms therefor was carried by acclaim, on the wave of this popular enthusiasm for music implanted in their souls by Theed. But Theed himself had not gone back. He was sitting on a wharf end watching gull flight; and when, after dark, he encountered Elsie in the lower lane he said at once:

"I'm afraid I didn't make myself popular with Captain Corwin."

But Theed Himself Had Not Gone Back. He Was Sitting on a Wharf End Watching Gull Flight

"You made yourself popular with me," Elsie cried at once, her eyes fairly shining. "Theed, you were splendid, and I never once thought of asking you. Why, I ——"

She stopped, a little breathless, but when he said nothing she went on: "I've made sure your place on the band. I've spoken to Gus Herbert. You see? You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. There must be a little of the politician in my blood."

"What I was thinking, though," Theed whispered, "is what are people going to think, where Rufe was on the other side of the fence? Won't it look a little ——"

"As if you had jumped in where angels fear to tread? Theed, it'll do him good not to get his way in everything."

"You don't suppose, where there's so many angels, people might be inclined to try to put two and two together; where you had spoken to Gus about my joining the band, and where I had sponsored that article—I mean, couldn't anybody not an eyewitness argue that you—that I ——"

"That it was a pact between us?" Elsie supplied him sweetly. "Well, who cares? If it was, it got results, didn't it?"

Theed went away mistrustfully and practiced on his clarinet. The girl evidently couldn't see what effect the circulation of such a rumor might have on a man like Skipper Rufe. And where she was all wrapped up in him, it might not occur to her that this going in the teeth of his decree could be mortally distasteful to him. If through his consuming clumsiness the fabric of her life were to be torn, Theed would never forgive himself.

And he was clumsy. If there were two ways of doing a thing he invariably chose the wrong way. There was something unseasonable at his very core. As a musician, for example, it was unlikely that he would rise to the top of his profession. His tonguing got in the way of his achievement.

When Skipper Rufe heard of the band's acquisition of a new clarinet player he bellowed, "They get any music out of him, they'll do it by squeezing and scaring it out of him."

Corwin's first meeting with Theed after town meeting was characteristic. Theed, without thinking, had jumped on the runner of Jake Fisher's big sledge when it was going uphill with a balk of yellow keel timber chained to it, and Rufe Corwin had yelled from the sidewalk, menacingly and contemptuously, "Get off of there," as he might have to a ten-year-old.

Theed had dropped off, recognizing bitterly, and too late for his self-respect, that the timber was heavy, and that the two horses had enough to tug against without his added weight. He took Corwin's view of himself. Then, a day or two later, Skipper Rufe, coming out of Harry Cooper's cigar shop, deliberately walked into him and shouldered him down. The ice there had melted around noon, and was now freezing again; gravel sprinkled by the road commissioner at the edge of the sidewalk had heated and sunk through the ice and left it sharp. Theed, going down on hands and knees, cut his palms cruelly. And then he saw Rufe standing above him, working his cigar, smoking and flaming, round into the corner of his mouth. The man was burly, unassailable, thick through as a bull. An ordinary man simply couldn't put a hand on him. With ribs like those Skipper Rufe could stop a cannon shot and feel none the worse for it.

"Charmed any more snakes with that music of yours?" the big man ground out.

Theed couldn't think how, even in the heat of debate, he had used such an expression. But it was too late now to call it back. Without comment, or as if he had merely slipped and fallen accidentally, he wound his handkerchief around one of the bleeding hands and walked away.

After that, when he knew that Skipper Rufe was going to have supper with the Lindstroms, he made it a point to be absent.

He knew practically always when he was coming; but once, when the Lindy Lu had made a special excursion and Rufe had come in unexpectedly, he smiled his sardonic smile when Theed, twice called, would not come down to eat.

"Must be in love," he said meaningly.

"In love? That man in love? He's just got one of his walking fits onto him," Mrs. Lindstrom said. "We'll just have to sit down without him, that's all."

Twice during the meal Rufe interrupted himself to listen to the feeble sound of the clarinet going in the top of the house—going over and over the same ground, a little cluster of dropping notes, a dying fall. Harlow's cadenza, it was known as later.

"What's that he's practicing?" Rufe asked Elsie when the dishes were being carried out into the kitchen.

It was the cadenza, Elsie said, that Theed was to play at Haverford, just after the olio probably, when Kady's Minstrels gave their minstrel show there, a week from Wednesday night.

"Cadenza," Rufe roared. "What in the world's a cadenza?"

"That? That's Italian, I guess, but it must be from the Latin *cado*, to fall," Elsie contributed. She had that little vein in her to open other people's eyes to the meaning of words if she could do it without going too far out of her way.

"Fall! Practicing for a fall, is he?" Rufe ground out. "Maybe I could help him rehearse that."

"Rufe, please."

"Please what?"

"Please have some consideration for the rights of others."

"How long since you've been so plaguy interested in the rights of others? I notice, lately, you're up in arms for that poor shrimp on mighty little provocation."

"I? Up in arms for him?" Elsie repeated. "Nonsense. Only you ought not to treat him so—cavalierly."

"What is it to you how I treat him, or anybody treats him?" he questioned, grinding his chin into her cheek. He still pretended to be playful, but there was a fierce burning in his eyes. It was, in the beginning, his strength which had enthralled her. If she kept her elbows rigid at her sides, the giant Rufe could lift her steadily with his palms until her head touched the ceiling, grown woman as she was. It was like rising with a wave, Theed had heard her say, and made her feel buoyant. Rufe would show her unbreakable holds, doubling her arms this way and that, trapping her whole body with the fingers of one hand. "How are you going to get out of that, eh?" he would say zestfully.

There was no getting out of it. And now she looked down in a panic at those big square-ended fingers interlacing at her midriff. He gave a powerful tug; her head snapped back, rolled on her shoulders.

"What is it to you how I treat him?" he repeated.

"Nothing, silly," she faltered.

"It better *had* be nothing," Rufe said very loud, and going into the hall, got his hat down from the hatrack. The cadenza was extinguished. Rufe went away in a dudgeon, her mother would have said. Elsie, standing alone, her shoulders back against the wall, heard Theed in the top of the house beginning again, timidly, with his wheedling cadenza. He was a considerate man, but he had his obligation to Kady's Minstrels to consider.

And great were the tales published to the world of Kady's Minstrels. Many of them were leading citizens, some were simply bad hats, but minstrelsy was the devil's playground; here they met together without disguise, and when they accepted out-of-town engagements it was understood that works would be the order of the day.

Works. The women of their families knew well enough the meaning of that word. It was three parts liquid confidence and one part natural-born fool. It consisted in ringing fire alarms unnecessarily, in getting a gray mule hoisted up and in at a maiden lady's bedroom window, and in bowling alarm clocks at beer bottles in the upper hallway of the Ocean House at Haverford. The tale was still told of how Zinie Shadd had danced in his undershirt, to organ music, in the vestry of the Baptist church; and one of the great traditions among Kady's Minstrels was that night when Sim Stover turned in black-faced, coming home loaded to the gills, and his wife's memorable words when next morning she saw that awful head lying next her on the pillow.

Such was the aftermath of minstrelsy; for two years it had lapsed, owing to the lack of proper orchestration; and now, by the grace of God, acting through the eloquence of Theed Harlow, Kady's Minstrels had been recruited again, and the new uniforms for the band had come.

It did a man good to get away from town every so often, members of the band declared. It was like being born again, like crawling through a knot hole in a high board fence. It gave a man another angle on the world in general. Things always looked different to a man the morning after one of these infernal shindigs, even if he did look then, and he usually did, as if he had been drawn through seven knot holes.

There was a big delegation going over this year. Skipper Rufe gave it as his opinion that Theed Harlow's cadenza alone would be worth the price of transportation and admission. Then, at the eleventh hour, some of the women said that they would make up a party among themselves, as many as would fill the cabin of the Lindy Lu.

This would be apt to put a damper on works, some of the married minstrels objected; but the trap had been sprung late, and they were fairly caught in it.

There was a last-ditch hope that it might turn out a stormy night, or at least rough enough to cause the women to back out; but, in fact, when the night came the sea was smooth as smooth. Minstrels and musicians alike stood singing snatches of the music, waiting for the Lindy Lu to come back from Hanan's Landing, where she had been to wood up. She took cordwood lengths under her quaking little boilers.

Presently they made out her ghostly shape, the glower of port and starboard, the loom of the punch mat at her prow.

"Can you speak your piece?" Elsie whispered, appearing mischievously at Theed's side.

She put her black traveling bag into his hand, and drew his arm through hers as they were going down the cleated gangplank. It was low tide; the plank was at a sharp angle; and she clung hard against him. Theed knew that Skipper Rufe was leaning out of the pilot-house window looking at them; but there was no help for it.

Elsie danced away with the other women into the cabin aft, and the men went to put their bagged instruments into the smoking room forward. Already the liquid confidence had made its first spiritual round. Joe Trevet volunteered as deck hand. He braced himself to receive the after bowline, which came whirling from the dock; he missed it; it slapped into the icy water, and Skipper Rufe was forced to ring the engines down to prevent the rope's getting twisted in the screw.

Then, about as they were coming up abreast of Old Woman Ledge, Joe, the butt of every jest so far, came out of the pilot house, where he had been taking a hooter of the hundred-proof with Skipper Rufe. Theed was standing on the port side, near the smoking-room door, watching the water and listening to the music of the engine rocking on its bed.

"Why so pensive, little one?" Joe yelled. Inspired by Rufe, he took Theed under the arms, and with some help from the assistant engineer, dragged him over the brass sill into the smoking room.

"Theed's going to play over his cadenza for us," he cried to that transported bevy of musicians.

The outraged Theed struggled in Joe's hands; someone had him by the ankles; he was portioned out among them. In the excitement they started one of the shoulder seams of his uniform, and a cry went up for somebody to go aft and see if any of the women had a needle on their persons.

They stripped the coat off Theed's shoulders, and Joe personally took it back to have it mended. Theed sat in his shirt, without saying a word, like a grim seaman buffeted by a gale of wind, his brown hair hanging in his eyes. Most of the jolly musicians were sorry for him now; but they were in high spirits; and they gave a roar when Joe, coming back and holding out the coat gleefully, cried:

"Guess which one of them women mended the coat for you, Theed. No? It was Elsie Lindstrom. Make you a hell of a good wife, if anybody was to ask you."

Somebody nudged Joe. Skipper Rufe was standing with one foot on the brass sill, looking in. He seemed by some fatality to be always on hand whenever one of these unlucky references was made to that supposed understanding between Theed and Elsie Lindstrom. He made no comment; he didn't linger but a second or so, since it was time to take the wheel and dock her; but Theed felt that he had taken it to heart.

Coming down from the top story of the Ocean House, half an hour later, Theed saw Skipper Rufe putting in his time getting acquainted with the hardware salesman in Number 3, just across the hall from Elsie. This hardware runner, Harry Bartlett, was getting out his wares for a display; it seemed as if all the cutlery in the world was there; and the bed was full of carving knives. Theed, hurrying past that door with his clarinet, carried the dazzle of those steel points out into the dark with him. The stars spoke the same fierce language.

Skipper Rufe was not far behind him in the roadway, with Elsie at his side. Neither of them spoke a word on the way over to the Red Men's Hall, where the minstrels were to show, but the girl felt the pressure of his fingers closed uncomfortably hard about her arm, just above the elbow.

"Where are you taking me to? The lockup?" she asked him once, but he didn't answer that. No sooner was she in the hall than she saw Theed Harlow sitting with the musicians, holding the clarinet in his lap and staring through the walls. Skipper Rufe guided her forward to a point near the front. The chairs, originally individuals, had been nailed together in strips of five with boards along their bottoms, and she had rather to wedge in at her end of their particular strip.

She felt uncomfortable, hot all over. The fat furnace only a few steps away was like a mammoth silvery crustacean, an octopus with tentacles going up through the ceiling to the carpeted room where lodge work went on when there was lodge work.

The hooks around the walls had been screwed in exceptionally high up, and boys were amusing themselves throwing their caps up and hanging them on these hooks. After successful flights the caps clung to the yellow walls like bats; and Theed Harlow, Elsie saw, with his legs clamped about his chair, had something bat-like, immobile in his still face, as if he would not be put out of countenance himself if, like a bat, he were to be hung by his heels.

Then the red cambric curtains were drawn back, and Kady's Minstrels were disclosed. The interlocutor, a waxy figure in a claw-hammer coat, spoke without a shred of human inflection. He began to put his questions, but Elsie literally could not bring herself to hear what those precious fools were saying.

Theed wouldn't look at her, though she willed him to. She saw that he had a mark on his temple. That was where, in the mêlée, he had got an accidental clip from the edge of the smoking-room door. In his thin aristocratic-looking face there was something strangely foreign to the spirit of this boisterous display of talent. He was listening, and not to the sounds evolved and vouched for by the members of the Inlet Band. It had been a good band, but for two years it had existed as individual burning, but dying, embers of a once glorious blaze of sound; and now the music was full of shrieks, voices of wild women, groaning of sick horses, mutterings, portents.

Portents, decidedly. It was just before the olio that the bandsmen had their proper inning; and it was somewhere toward the end of this piece that Harlow's cadenza had its place. When it came time for the others to forsake him, to die away, and for Theed to stand forth by himself, unsupported, Elsie grew pale, bowed her head, looked at the floor between her feet and gripped her knees hard. She was rigid with sympathy. Skipper Rufe at her side made some kind of gloating whimper in his throat. He seemed satisfied that Theed could not perform with credit to himself.

And then the moment was there. Theed rose, pale as death, with the clarinet in his lean fingers. The singing ghosts in his blood looked out of his eyes. There was something poetical in that man, so wild and set, acting against such chronic opposition in his fibers. The thick hair streamed off his forehead as if he had got his back into a high wind; he looked, certainly, as if he had a conjuring touch about him.

Then, to everybody's horror, with the very first notes of the cadenza, the clarinet squealed aloud. There was no mistaking it; the wretched little flute had got out of hand. It squealed, literally, like a stuck pig and went on squealing. Theed couldn't stop it; there wasn't an ear in the house that could have mistaken these sounds for anything in music. He persisted; he strove to rise above it, to capture the strain again by force, as a madman might seek to take a fair woman by the throat, but nothing came of it.

Suddenly the poor devil's fingers stopped and fell away from the keys, and he took the clarinet away from his lips and sank down in his seat.

And in that astonished pause, when the other instruments were at a loss, and everything was at a standstill, Skipper Rufe's brutal bellow of a laugh rang out. It was the laugh of a man who single-handed probably could have turned those giant silvered turnbuckles holding the silvered rods which anchored the side walls of the Red Men's Hall in their places, and possibly, tonight, kept them from collapsing in that roar of mirth that was well-nigh universal.

"Swan song!" he yelled. "Encore—encore!"

Elsie Lindstrom, before she knew what she was doing, had struck the man a vicious back-handed blow with her whole forearm across the mouth and nose, and right in the face and eyes of everybody. The musicians who saw this rocked in their seats like ships to the touch of some uneasy tide. They stared aghast. They could not remember when a man in public had been subjected to such treatment by a woman. It must be that a trace of liquid confidence had crept over to the other sex. Theed, the hair still across his eyes, half rose in his seat, as if he had a premonition of what would inevitably follow.

Skipper Rufe, on the whole, kept himself in hand better than any of the others. His nose was bleeding. With the fingers of one hand banded about Elsie's offending forearm, he groped with the other in his hind pocket for a handkerchief, and crushed that against his face. By then the music had picked up again, like a squall rushing in on a flat calm; the racket was infernal; in the presence of the tenor drums a man couldn't hear himself think, let alone overhear what others might be saying.

The instant the olio was over, however, and the audience rising, Skipper Rufe was on his feet. He tried to worm out to the left, but the three fat ladies there hadn't risen, but instead were gathering accessories off the floor and from underneath their creaking chairs.

He couldn't very well knock their heads out of the way. He turned flat about. This brought him against Elsie, who had risen likewise; but those chairs nailed five in a strip made a sort of peak there; Elsie's knees were crowded against those of the old janitor, Nay Lacombe, who was a deliberate man, and not inclined to humor the impetuosities of young women.

All in that retarded second, when Skipper Rufe was trying to break out and breathing fire, Theed received from Elsie's eyes a flash, a warning beacon. She looked toward that tall yellow side door to the left of the furnace; and Theed found in another second or so that he had slipped through it and was standing in the dark, hatless and coatless, and with the clarinet under his arm.

(Continued on Page 109)

(Chandler Advertising in Colors is also Appearing in Other National Magazines)

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS often are lasting ones. A home freshly painted in harmonious colors has the effect of radiating the happiness, contentment and prosperity that most certainly are to be found within its walls.

The thrifty Dutch have this proverb, "Good Paint Costs Nothing;" actually, this is true because good paint saves more than it costs.

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For home exteriors. Retains its luster long after inferior paints have gone dead. Economical because of its great covering capacity and unusual durability

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For walls and ceilings. The vogue of painted walls with rich mottled or stippled effects makes this long life flat wall paint most desirable

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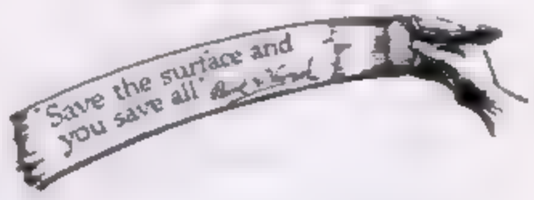

Every home *will* cook electrically

ELECTRIC *cookery is* MODERN

It is cleaner—easier—more convenient—gives better results—saves time

WHEN you are planning to buy a new range, when you are considering the best equipment for the kitchen of your new home, send for full information on the Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range.

It is so much simpler than any other—so unbelievably quick. So *clean!* The smooth porcelain top of a Hotpoint Range keeps "as clean as a china plate." Cooking stains are removed in a moment—with one touch of a tea towel. There is no soot. Pots and pans *keep* bright and clean; walls and curtains, too. There's no handling of coal or wood or ashes—no fumes. The air stays fresh and pure. In summer the kitchen is always cool.

But the thing a clever housekeeper prizes most of all is assured results with little effort. To her the big message of the Hotpoint Electric Range is

"Come out of the kitchen."

For with a Hotpoint Electric Range a complete meal may be placed in the oven; time and temperature controls set; and she is free to go where she pleases till dinner time. It's like having a maid in the kitchen while she is gone. She returns to find her meal magically prepared, awaiting the serving spoons.

No need, with a Hotpoint, to serve a roast that's too rare in the middle, or too well done; no need to have flat cakes; no testing with broom straws, no opening or shutting of oven doors to see whether the layers are baked through. Automatically maintained heat has taken the guesswork out of cooking.

Hotpoint Electric Ranges are sold by thousands of Electric Light Companies in various parts of the country, practically all of them giving special, low cooking costs. As soon as all electric companies can take care of the demand, this great new convenience will be made available everywhere. Ultimately every home will cook electrically. Ask your local lighting company if they can supply electric range service in your neighborhood; or write us for complete literature and information on Hotpoint electric cookery

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For the best coffee you ever tasted

Use a Hotpoint Electric Percolator

Make coffee right at the table

Hotpoint's famous "HOT drip" method makes coffee to delight the palate of the coffee connoisseur. If you enjoy good coffee, use a Hotpoint electric percolator. No other has a valveless pump with nothing to get out of order. It begins to pour HOT water almost instantly; and unlike other percolators, every drop goes through all the coffee. Ask your dealer about other exclusive Hotpoint advantages. There are models from $9.00 to $36.50: each of guaranteed Hotpoint quality and of lasting beauty.

(Continued from Page 104)

Evidently the girl hadn't doubted that Theed would be the butt of that man's vengeance somehow; and Theed himself was equally of that opinion. Yet he could not think that this present conduct of his was suitable to the occasion. He ought not to have been persuaded out of his seat by just that invisible command of Elsie's, he saw now. It might look like cowardice, and no doubt he was a coward to his spine.

He approached the closed door, but closed doors were always terrible to him, and he did not open it. Skipper Rufe at least did not come through it. Elsie must have got the upper hand. Theed listened, quaking. The rasping shuffle of feet was nearly done; silence resumed sway in the Red Men's Hall, and the noise—a great sound of voices—began again in the roadway going toward the Ocean House.

Theed knew well enough what they would be talking about. They would be telling each other behind their hands that this, too, was a part of that nefarious bargain, and that Elsie's gratuitous insult to Captain Corwin was only part of a preconcerted plan. Theed's clumsy tongue had got them into this terrible dilemma. It had thickened and lost pliancy at the moment of all moments when it should have served his turn. He used a soft reed for orchestra work; he had lost his regular reed and had been forced to improvise one out of a piece of bamboo fish pole. But that had worked perfectly in practice.

Sick at heart, he stumbled through the alders, careless of where he put his feet. Frozen twigs had all but put his eyes out; he was two or three times in icy water to the ankles; once in the blind misery of his incompetence he walked slap into somebody's woodpile, and only quivered dumbly when one of those cordwood lengths—half rounds of birch—fell against his foot.

Limping round the corner of a barn with perfectly blank gray sides, he found the Ocean House rising up against him, with a hostile shining from a good half of its windows. It was a jumble of a building, grown from small beginnings, and showing the influence of conflicting decades of carpentering in its joints. A jumble, yes, but then, so the rocks were jumbled, human lives were jumbled, everything was thrown down here in a heap for Theed to pick his way through. If there was any forethought in the world, why should the stars be scattered in the sky the way they were, instead of being laid down according to some pattern like a parlor carpet?

But he ought not to accuse the stars, when they had befriended him so often. They were just high enough, most likely, to look deep and know the truth. Elsie didn't believe in the music of the spheres. Even standing on the Lindstrom attic stairs, she hadn't heard it; she had laid it to noises in the head; but to Theed it had been a thing as real as the sweet dripping of spring rains on windless nights. Even now he felt a dramatic stir in his breast when he looked up; a fierce something was spun up white-hot out of his blood, and those hammers and anvils in his brain began to shape it. Noises in the head? It might be.

He walked over toward the Ocean House. Here was another closed door; he paced back and forth half a dozen times before closing his fingers on the cold knob. He opened it with a queer premonition that he was going against the will of God. But if he had stayed outside the same premonition would have been his portion.

And instantly he sensed that this foreshadowing of his had not been without foundation in the facts. A knot of his fellow bandsmen were collected there, smoking tindery cigars. They stopped talking with one accord and looked queerly at him. The wheeling of their eyes was like the moon flash of the wall clock's yellow pendulum. One or two turned away and inspected with care that fly-specked lacquered county map with linen edges.

Joe Trevet, sobered, took Theed by the lapels of his coat and drew it tight about his slender body.

"Theed," Joe whispered, "I wouldn't go up the front way if I were you."

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't do it. You go out through the kitchen."

Theed, wiping the frost off his clarinet, followed his tendency to do as he was told. He blundered along into the kitchen. The cook was there and had a cover off the stove, looking into the fire box. The man winked silently and opened a door leading into the backstairs abruptly, without even the suggestion of a hall.

Theed stared, with his heart in his throat, but there was nothing on the stairs, and he went up softly one flight. The cook, he felt sure, was still standing staring up at him when he made that right-angle turn with the L of the house. His footsteps were deadened by a strip of Brussels carpet under which quantities of newspapers had been wadded.

The back flight to the next floor, where his room was, was halfway along this hall; and he went toward it. The papers under the carpet crackled like gunfire; that couldn't be helped; but what did surprise him was a sudden rise of six inches or so, one of the Ocean House's dislocated joints, where the old part joined on the new. This was not a step, not an actual stair, but a slope, which the carpet duplicated faithfully; and swinging his foot into this, Theed staggered and pitched forward.

And he would certainly have fallen on his face had not a pair of arms been thrown round him at the one effectual instant. It was Elsie Lindstrom, he knew at once in indefinable ways.

"Rufe hasn't gone to bed," she said in the thinnest of whispers. She was so close that an invisible ruffle at her throat touched him, a stimulation in itself, as he had felt it once on the Lindstrom attic stairs. She was fond of ruffles, which, indeed, her delicate slimness called for.

Theed laying hold of her bare elbows, whispered back, "Is that any reason why I should sit up?"

"Theed, can't you realize? He thinks it was a trap. He thinks that's why I hit him—must I tell you in so many words? He thinks that I'm in love with you—and now he's sitting there in Number 3 with his foot against the door. The long way around is the shortest way home, you'll find, tonight."

"Have you been waiting up to tell me this?"

Theed reeled under the impact of so queer a notion.

"I got Joe to send you round the other way. . . . Here, I'll put your foot on the stairs."

The long way around. It was a conspiracy to get him to do the wrong thing again; to slink away when it was possible to face the music. Everything seemed to conspire to allow the cowardly principle in him to have its way. Those chairs in the Red Men's Hall, for example. And now even Elsie. It was a conspiracy to make a monkey of him. Fear of conspiracy was a sign of madness; and he felt that he was mad in fact. Just why had Elsie hit the man if the theory advanced had nothing in it?

He heard himself say abruptly, "I've been going up the back way all my life."

Elsie flinched away from him sharply at the accidental touch of the clarinet's tip against her ribs. There was a phosphorescent flicker in Theed's eyes, she saw. He stood straighter. Some devil had got into him, it might be in the shape of that swordsman, that Indian fighter and patentee of Charles II in these plantations, with the blue ribbon twisted round his sword arm. This devil had been patient too long.

"Let go. I wouldn't want to keep him sitting up there half the night," Theed said aloud. Elsie's hand, damp with rose and glycerin, shut his mouth for him. Flurried, the girl actually embraced him, her arms were fairly round him; and slipping in her moccasins against his forward lunge, she laid herself desperately sidelong against him.

"Theed, you crazy, crazy thing. If Rufe finds us like this he'll kill both of us."

"There's worse fates," Theed muttered. "You go in there."

He half carried her the few remaining steps to her room door, which she had left ajar. Her arms fell away from him of their own accord; she caught her lip; but this new Theed had not seen that new look in her eyes. The thunderbolt was still hanging in the heavens, he remembered. He went and looked in at Number 3.

"Speaking of swan songs," he said, "I thought, Skipper, maybe you would like to hear the end of mine."

He put the clarinet to his lips, but Skipper Rufe was out of his chair with a roar. He hooked Theed toward him by the back of the neck. The clarinet gave a last mortal squeal. It escaped him altogether. Theed found himself flung down against the bed; all those knives jumped up with a clash and slither of steel blades; and in an eyewink Theed had somehow got two of them into those lean hands of his. He had become in a second as deadly as his hate.

He threw one of the knives at Corwin's feet and motioned him to pick it up. Harry Bartlett, edging from the bureau to the bed and from the bed to the door, said feebly from the doorway, "Boys, this is going too far altogether." But they didn't hear him. Skipper Rufe picked the knife up and started to put it on the bureau; he had no stomach for this business; but he stopped halfway when Theed swung his arm into the chandelier over his head and broke the lights. In another second, backing away, he had hooked the room door to with his foot.

"Let's go it blind!" he shouted.

The hardware runner, outside, felt the Ocean House tremble to its stones. Flakes of whitewash drifted off the ceiling. That girl had come out of the room across the way, he was aware. He stared; and behind that blistered brown door, with its number painted on a white porcelain chip, there was the sound of those two mad shapes going it blind; a squeal of the bed moving on its castors, a clash of steel, a gasp, a heavy fall, a crash and fall of glass. Silence followed.

"He's killed him," Elsie cried. She wrested herself out of the hardware runner's moist clutch and ran into the room.

"Theed," she called.

And there was Theed himself, swaying there, with his eyes on fire and the knife still in his hand.

"I've only put my foot in it again," he said despairingly.

Gilly Pitcher, proprietor of the Ocean House, had a new tradition to add to the rich output of Kady's Minstrels.

"Works. Yes, sir, there was works that night if never before," he said later, when he was recounting the saga of Theed's cadenza. "All in the world I could think of, going up those stairs two at a lick, was that if murder had been done, that cooked the Ocean House's goose as far as letting rooms in it was concerned. That Lindstrom girl had slammed the door to Number 3 right in Harry Bartlett's face, and locked it. Well, there those two were on the other side of the door in the dark, and the girl says, 'Theed, where is he? Where is he?' Harlow says, 'He's gone.' Like that, and she took it from that it must be Rufe was lying in a pool of his own blood under the bed, or such a matter, so she whispered loud enough for Bartlett to hear, 'Theed,' she says, 'I'll swear to it on a witness stand that what you did you did in self-defense.' 'You'll swear to that?' he says. 'That's perjury.' 'I don't care what it is,' she says. 'I'll swear to it.' 'You'd forswear your soul for me?' he says. 'And still you say—the longest way round is the shortest way home.'

"And then come something Harry couldn't catch. As a matter of fact the big man wasn't dead. He wasn't scratched. All the same, it was that cadenza finished him. That fool of a flute was rolling round on the floor, see, and in the dark he stepped on it. Harlow told me personally next morning that that was all saved the man from taking a carving knife right in the vitals. He struck for 'em fast enough; but the flute rose to the occasion and put the skids under the man in the nick of time.

"Well, sir, maybe you've noticed that that room has a door in the east wall that gives onto an outside staircase. Used to be a separate apartment. Corwin got in a panic over that upset, and he went right through that bolted door without so much as asking it if it had a door knob. It was that flute that polished him off. The way Harlow put it, he couldn't face the music, and that was how he had been an opponent of music from the start."

"How about the legal end of this affair?" somebody inquired. "A man can't undertake to fight a duel here in this state at this late day."

"Don't tell me what a man can undertake to do and what he can't undertake to do, mister, hereabouts," Gilly Pitcher said. "I'm saying what they did. You got to consider that the law runs awful thin here. Awful thin. It's only a kind of a film, like an oil spot on troubled waters. It ain't on account of people being lawless either. Just the other way about. There's so little use for law here, they boarded up the jail one winter, and that was the winter, too, the night watchman was flat on his back most of the winter, with shingles or eryaipelas or some such foolishness, and nobody was any the worse off, and not more than the usual number of summer places were broken into.

"Why, I guess a man could get away with murder down in this neck of the woods if he went about it in a nice way and had people's sympathies with him to begin with. I don't think the thing was ever drawed to the county attorney's attention officially. Corwin wouldn't be interested to. He was too sheepish to show up again, and I heard later he shipped away on a coaster as a common deck hand. Nobody seemed to want to be the first to make a move against a newly married man."

"She did marry him, then?"

"Yes, sir, he had put his foot in it, just the way he said. How she come to get embroiled in the first place with a man of Corwin's stamp was always a mystery to me, where she had education and looks, and could sing, too, right up into the heavens. Why, look here, here's where she registered. Ain't that a ladylike handwriting? Capital letters all flourishes like a man drowned in weeds, and then the rest running on as smooth as copperplate. You don't see that every day.

"She's a scholar too. Speaks Latin. Why, that night when I got into Number 3—no, I'm lying, it was next morning when I looked in there—and he and she were standing there sort of taking account of stock, I sung out, 'What's the damage?'

"'No damage,' Harlow says, 'outside of where he stepped on this infernal clarinet, and maybe that's a blessing in disguise. There was four of us broken in on it,' he says, 'and I was the only one of the four that didn't find out in time he couldn't play it. Well, the chandelier's broken, too,' he says.

"The girl was naturally interested to make light of the situation, see, where she had come with one man and was going away with another.

"'Chandelier,' she says, quick as quick. 'Do you know that applied originally just to candles? It's French,' she says, 'from the Latin something-or-other. Oh, Mr. Pitcher,' she says, 'isn't it queer how words manage to accommodate themselves to changed situations?'

"'I guess they ain't alone in that,' I says.

"They say she makes an elegant music supervisor."

Pesky little screws are easy with

"YANKEE"

No. 15

For with this handy Ratchet Screw-driver you can start wobbly screws quickly by revolving Knurled Washer with thumb and forefinger.

Then you send screw home in a jiffy by Ratchet Movement.

How simple—how useful!

Right and Left Ratchet, and Rigid. Saves time and strength.

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Ask your dealer to show you the "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver.

No. 15—With "Yankee" thumb-turn on blade. Ratchet shifter moves lengthwise. Six sizes: 2 to 8-inch blades.

No. 10—Without thumb-turn. Eight sizes: 2 to 12-inch blades.

No. 11—Same as No. 10, except ratchet shifter moves across tool.

Write for FREE "Yankee" Tool Book

Shows how "Yankee" Tools make work easier. Ratchet Screw-drivers, Push Drills, Spiral Screw-drivers, Plain Screw-drivers, Ratchet Tap Wrenches, Vises—remarkable tools, etc.

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Dealers Everywhere Sell "Yankee" Tools

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

CHLOROFORM AT SIXTY?

(Continued from Page 35)

Love-making is properly an affair of youth. For one thing, in its undiluted state it utterly rejects compromises and substitutions. The crux of it lies in the proposition that existence will be wholly insupportable without possession of one particular male, or female, as the case may be. There can be no other just-as-good. But life is pretty much made up of compromises and substitutions. The cold and rheumy eye of experience notes all too often that if John misses Mary he will presently be just as happy with Susan, and if Jane doesn't get Tom she will ere long discern an embodiment of the same ideal in Fred. But to admit that is to knock the romance into a cocked hat. Uncompromising, inexperienced youth doesn't admit it, so youth is the only proper time for romance.

Some unfortunate gentlemen of sixty do not see why they cannot sustain the rôle of Romeo, with their lined faces, their failing eyes, their spreading bald spots and, above all, their experience of the world. But everybody else sees it and laughs. At sixty a man knows very well the stars will not fall out of the sky if Juliet scorns him. He has lived too long and seen too much of the world to believe such nonsense. He will be grouchy for a while; nothing more. Therefore, the affair is bogus. It is not in the imperative mood, which is the only true grammar of love-making. It is compromise and substitution, which is opposite to the essence of the real article.

Of course, poets, playwrights and novelists puff up youth, for it supplies the staple of their trade. So much that we read and see on the stage and silver screen represents love-making as the only really interesting activity of mankind that the most respectable elderly chest—however fat or concave it may be outwardly—will harbor a furtive little notion that, after all, the miracle might happen. For instance:

The long Florida-bound train makes a fifteen-minute stop, and passengers pile out of the stuffy cars to promenade the station platform. An aged male notices a graceful young shape in a red coat approaching at some distance. Nearer, he notes brown hair, blue eyes—a decidedly pretty girl! Still nearer, the blue eyes light upon him. Distinctly, albeit somewhat incredibly, they twinkle with invitation; the red lips curve in an unmistakably come-hither smile.

Surprising to the aged male, and agitating. He regrets that he is smoking a pipe; that he did not put on his hat or brush his gray hair before stepping out of the train. Can it be—yes, by Jove! Young beauty is going to address him!

Pining for the Balcony Scene

Which she does as follows, laughing: "You've no idea who I am?" Then he remembers her—only little Sarah X, daughter of a former neighbor, but grown from romping schoolgirl to young lady since he last saw her, and now paying her respects to a venerable friend of the family. He climbs heavily back into the car and resumes his reading, but presently consoles himself by reflecting that if as pretty a girl as that selected a male of his age to smile upon, it could only be because he was an old friend of her parents or because she thought he was supplied with large amounts of easily detachable cash. There could be no other reason in a world running over with young males.

At sixty, Juliet doesn't care a rap for you. She may have an affection for your bank account if it is of such proportions as would be likely to inspire a warm heart interest, but she would much rather have it without you. If you can reconcile yourself to that, making up your mind once for all that false teeth and double chin are impossible implements with which to ensnare a young heart of the opposite sex—why, then sixty is as good as twenty.

That point must be emphasized, for whenever elderly ladies and gentlemen bemoan past youth they are hankering for a return to the balcony scene; or else they are victims of that same trick of romantic imagination which has caused so many people to look back regretfully to a golden age of mankind. The records of every literate age show people looking fondly back to great-grandfather's time. Whether it was 1800 A.D. or 1800 B.C., they are sure the world was much better then. Usually, in cold fact, it was worse. If you can remember your own youth accurately—which you seldom can—or if you get a candid person of twenty to tell you his or her troubles, you will realize that the golden age of the individual is only another poetic gold brick. Romancers advertise youth, and elderly people who have forgotten what youth really was join the chorus.

Though love-making is puffed up as mankind's most admirable accomplishment, it is really not much to brag about. Any idiot can do it—and does. Any young male chucklehead with half a wit and one leg can not only fall in love himself but find some female to fall in love with him. It is no accomplishment at all. Like falling downstairs when you step into air at the head of the flight, it just happens of itself.

When You Feel Like Sixty

Crossing that youthful specialty off the slate, sixty is as good a time to be alive as twenty-one. Quite as good, but different. Many compromises and substitutions have taken place. You are not doing at sixty what you thought you wanted to do when you were twenty-one; but other things that you are doing prove interesting and agreeable to an extent that you would not have credited at twenty-one. Irrespective of love-making, you don't have so many sensations. But even at twenty-one you don't begin to have so many sensations as the pup that accompanies you on a half-hour stroll in the woods and rises to a frenzied pitch of excitement over (1) a young robin, (2) an old boot, (3) a spider, (4) a boy whistling at a distance, (5) another dog, and so on.

The pup has enough sensations in the half hour to last you all day, even at twenty-one. If what you want out of life is nervous commotion, you should pray not to be young but to have fits.

Certainly you have fewer nervous commotions at sixty if you have taken reasonable care of your health. But is that necessarily a net loss? Can't you have something else that answers just as well? Sorting over some old papers that turn out to be mostly trash I come upon a yellowing letter. It brings up clear recollections that serve to illustrate the point. To get the background you must imagine a lean young man walking down a village street to the post office. Along the street, walking like himself, or loitering to gossip on the wooden sidewalk, or sitting on the packing case in front of Rosenbaum's dry-goods store, he sees people whom he knows. In fact, he knows everybody he sees, and their wives and children, if they have any. Probably he speaks to them, but just then he doesn't care a rap about them, they are only shadows. He is completely absorbed in what the post office may have for him. Nothing else in the world matters.

He has already written several stories and mailed them to several editors who have, with dismal unanimity, mailed them back to him. He knows by harrowing experience that sinking of the heart when a peek through the glass front of the letter box discloses a bulky envelope with the return card of a magazine on it. But this last story—well, reading it over carefully for the third time before committing it to the mail, he hardly saw how a conscientious editor could reject it; and he aimed high. For a week now he has been living from mail to mail. Once more the cast of the die is at hand.

A peek through the glass front of the box shows no bulky envelope. At any rate the worst has not happened, and he draws breath. The bearded postmaster hands out several letters. One of them, addressed to himself in typewriting, bears the return card of a magazine. It can't be a rejection because it is only a small envelope. It may be an acceptance. Ethereal, flushed, and like the throbbing star in sapphire heaven's deep repose—or frenzied as the pup over an old boot, if you prefer that simile—he thrusts it into his pocket and hastens to a spot secure from any human eye, where he tears the envelope and reads this:

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

29th November, 1889.

MR. WILLIAM PAYNE,
Harvard, Clay County,
Nebraska.

Dear Sir: We are very much pleased with your story, A Simple Case. Could you not suggest a better title, however: a title which savored more of the soil, and more of the story? Also, we are inclined to think that the paragraph about Potts, which appears next to the last, should be transposed to the very last of the story, as it is the real climax rather than the paragraph about Huntley and his mules.

We also write for the usual references required when a new writer turns up. Thanking you for sending us the story, we remain,

Very sincerely yours,
R. W. GILDER.

P. S. It's a mighty good story. Haven't you had considerable practice? R. W. G.

P. P. S. We will try to illustrate it.
R. W. G.

And that quite changed the world. It was a sort of second creation that made a practically brand-new universe in two minutes. Up to that moment the young man had not found living a particularly easy or satisfactory affair. There had been plenty of disappointments, as when purblind editors persisted in returning his stories. Plenty of disappointments and humiliations and heartburnings. He had wanted a great lot of things—wanted them tremendously right at the moment—and had seen no means of getting them. But the letter changed everything. Obviously nothing remained except the comparatively simple matter of writing more stories for the Century, and novels and plays, and becoming famous and rich and having practically everything he wanted. He could see by the two postscripts in longhand that the celebrated editor of the Century was quite excited over that story, even if he hadn't noticed that the rising young author signed his name "Will" instead of "William." It was a new world.

On the Hot-Iron Principle

If an earthquake had swallowed the village and all its inhabitants except the young author, he would have expressed, and even felt, some decent regret, but in comparison with the letter it would have been a small matter. Earthquakes were always happening somewhere or other. A point to be noted here is that youth is often as selfish as the devil; a world outside its own skin hardly exists, or doesn't much matter.

That letter was a great sensation. Inspired to new self-confidence by it, the young man got out the story that he had laid aside as unsatisfactory. He could see now that he had been unduly modest about it. Had not Mr. Gilder added two postscripts with his own hand? That story was revamped somewhat and sent to the Century. Then the young man plunged eagerly into another story. One should strike while the iron was hot; it would take four or five stories in a row to establish a solid reputation. That story was finished on the hot-iron principle and put in the mail. Next

Continued on Page 113

"I've thought of a better way" ~ ~ *Lord Kelvin*

FOR half a century Lord Kelvin dominated the scientific world. He made practical the first Atlantic cable. To his genius is credited the modern mariner's compass, the deep-sea sounding machine and the tides predicter. And for every problem he undertook, he never rested until he found a more precise, simpler, surer, "better way."

His contributions to temperature control introduced a new joy into the homes of thousands upon thousands of housewives—the domestic ideal that finds such true expression in Kelvinator's "cold that keeps."

Making possible the scientific preservation of food with the first successful domestic electric refrigeration, Kelvinator. Giving you dainty ice cubes and tempting frozen salads and desserts. Doing away with waste. Allowing you to buy in larger quantities at cheaper prices.

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Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd
1130 Dundas Street, East, London, Ontario

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of deferred monthly payments is available through Refrigeration Discount Corporation by which you can enjoy Kelvination immediately. There's the new low-priced Kelvinator "Sea ire" model; a quality line of Cabinet Kelvinators with cabinets by Leonard, to choose from in every size and style in natural wood or porcelain finishes, all porcelain lined; or the de luxe Jewett solid porcelain models. Or install the freezing unit in your own refrigerator. And 1927 prices, quality for quality, are the lowest in our history. Phone the Kelvinator Dealer in your neighborhood, or write us for information.

Like releasing an unseen *brake* *on your car*

How a new free-running transmission lubricant gives 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline . . . . by actual test

BEFORE you blame your engine for "eating gas," try this. Have your transmission and differential gears drained and refilled with the new Alemite Transmission Lubricant.

Recent experiments show that *frictional resistance* in gears acts like a dragging brake in most cars over six months old. It puts an extra load on your engine. Hence it consumes more gasoline. It is all due to the fact that the old type of gear grease or compound does not give *free-running* lubrication.

To correct this condition Alemite engineers have perfected a new type lubricant for gears. It is the result of 3 years' research.

Actual driving tests show that this new Alemite Transmission Lubricant will enable your car to deliver 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon. Because it reduces frictional resistance to a new low point. Keeps your gears so much freer running. You will notice a difference in power and pickup, too.

Alemite Transmission Lubricant contains no foreign substances—no fillers or acids. It is *all lubricant*. Actual friction heat tests prove that this new lubricant reduces gear friction to a new low point. (See chart.) And it does away with the drag caused by the old sticky gear compound. And in winter, your gears shift easier.

Naturally, this new lubricant costs a few cents more than the ordinary kind. It is not "just another gear grease." It is made from the finest materials obtainable and sold with the direct guarantee of the world's largest manufacturers of automobile lubricating equipment.

Drive in to your nearest Alemite Service Station and ask for this new lubricant. Have your gears drained and refilled with Alemite Transmission Lubricant—every 2,000 miles. Your gears will never steal power from your engine.

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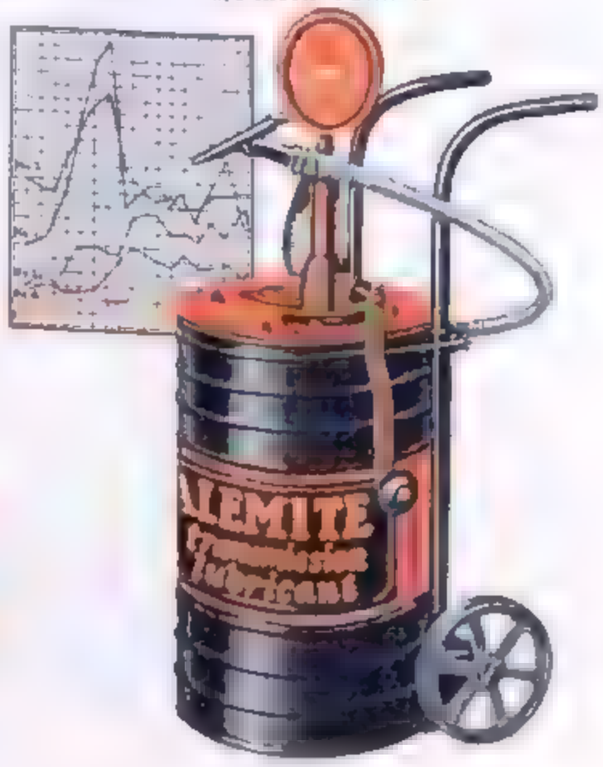

This chart shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission Lubricant made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how compared with ordinary gear greases, Alemite kept by far the lowest friction throughout.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adaptable for Industrial Machinery

ALEMITE

Transmission Lubricant

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(Continued from Page 110)

the author got two other sensations, in quick succession, when the two stories came back, politely but definitely rejected. So the young man was back with a bang in the baffling, disappointing old world that he thought he had flown away from.

Youth has more sensations. No possible editorial correspondence could give the grayhead of 1927 as much sensation as the young man of 1889 got out of three brief letters from the Century Magazine. He now knows very well that no editorial correspondence can change the world. It may sometimes bestow an orange and, again, vouchsafe a lemon, but there are no miraculous properties in it. Youth believes in miracles changing the world overnight. But as the miracles never happen lastingly, age's lack of faith in them may be compensated by belief in things that do happen lastingly. No circus parade is going to move into your front yard to stay, but the trees and grass that do stay there are not half bad. As for nervous agitation, the young man got a lot of it out of three editorial letters. Otherwise they left him pretty much where he had been before. The only thing that set him ahead permanently was the careful work he put into the first story.

Being young, he was readier to resent disappointments than to be grateful for satisfaction. For example, he had been overtaken by an evil hour of doubt concerning that revamped story. It was finished, a clean copy typewritten, ready for the mail. Then that distressful doubt arose. The community he lived in was far indeed from a bookish one; but there was a young Sherlock from the more cultured regions of the Missouri River, the paint just dry on his sign of attorney and counselor at law. He and the author were fast friends, reading the same books and discussing them weightily. Sherlock had seen Mr. Gilder's miraculous letter and was in the secret of the author's ambitions. To him, therefore, the author turned, begging a perfectly candid opinion of the revamped story.

They met that evening in the little pine law office, shades drawn, nickel-plated, white-globed kerosene lamp on the table. Young Sherlock folded his arms, visibly assuming the offensive rôle of a kindly but upright judge. He praised some parts of the story, then found a preposterous number of faults in it. Finally, he thought the plot should be changed and the story quite rewritten. The author tried to smile, but he felt exactly as though he had asked his friend for a hand up out of a ditch and his friend had kicked him in the face. He was just that hurt and smarting all over.

Young and Impatient

Secretly he told himself that Sherlock meant well, but was a mere ass in literary judgment; he couldn't understand the story at all; that was clear from his pointless comment. Partly by way of proving what an ass Sherlock was, the author promptly clapped the story into an envelope and sent it off to Mr. Gilder. It was days before he could get back to an unclouded friendship with Sherlock, who had done him an injury. To be sure, he had said that he wanted a candid opinion, but he didn't want that at all. What he really wanted was to be flattered. That is what youth usually wants.

And when Mr. Gilder concisely concurred in Sherlock's judgment of the story, there was a very personal element in the young man's pang. He was a rising author, and as such merited reasonable encouragement. He had gone to the great editor in trust and gratitude, even in affection, and the great editor had hit him with a brick—when it would have been just as easy not to; for, although the story might have its faults, look at some of the stuff the Century did accept! Mr. Gilder hadn't understood the story either, for all his literary pretensions. Mr. Gilder had betrayed him personally. To youth it is an intensely personal world. The editor who rejects the story, the man who refuses the job or passes the unflattering judgment, is a personal enemy. When the world was young it believed firmly in personal devils and personal witches.

To have changed the story all around and written it quite anew would have been intolerable. Why, that would take days, weeks! And there was the brand-new story that the author was eager to get at. No, no; impossible to spend that much more time on the revamped story! It seems odd that youth, with many, many years ahead of it, must be in such a desperate hurry, so impatient of delays; while age, with only a few years ahead, is in no hurry at all but can take things quite leisurely. Can that be partly the result of bad, romantic education, which abets youth's natural conceit by declaring that youth is the only time of life worth having?

Maybe the young wouldn't be so impatient if they understood that sixty, in its different way, is just as good a time of life as twenty.

Youth Must be Served

Anyway it would be useful if more people understood earlier in life what a very good virtue and very good friend patience is. Without it men could have added hardly anything of importance to their stock of knowledge. Darwin had his chief ideas on evolution when he was thirty, but waited twenty years—spent in the most laborious investigation—before he wrote anything about it. Other men had much the same ideas, but it was Darwin's twenty years of tireless digging for facts that put the ideas over. Copernicus at forty was certain the earth went round the sun, instead of the sun going round the earth, as astronomy had it up to his time, but he was sixty-seven when he published the treatise that proved it. To read even a nontechnical sketch of Pasteur's experiments makes one's head ache. One might fill pages with such examples. Innumerable flints must have been broken, and knuckles skinned, before men found out how to shape a symmetrical arrowhead. Patience is a great virtue and a good friend.

Most of the world's popular literature is romantic, and the romancers have usually been in an unholy conspiracy to praise youth's vice of impatience and to disparage age's virtue of patience. We must put a stop to that. The romancers suggest that patience may be very well in a cow, but is stultifying in a young person—especially when in love. Medieval Aucassin fixed the type of the popular lover. He won't work, he won't fight, he won't talk, he won't eat; he won't do anything but bellow for Nicolette; he must have her right now; the mere suggestion of patience gives him fits. Probably he will always be the most fetching figure in a novel or poem, or on the stage. When he is safely isolated in print, or across the footlights, everybody sighs for him. But who wants to live with him? In the real world what is he but a bad-tempered brat in a candy shop, bellowing to have his fill right now?

"Youth must be served" is quoted as though it were very laudable of youth to insist on being served regardless of the feelings of everybody else in the shop. Why is selfishness more admirable at twenty than at eighty? Especially at present, it seems, a lot of young persons take the poetry seriously and live up to the theory that they must have whatever they want—if they can possibly get it. Age is at such a discount that the aged must try to pass themselves off as counterfeit bills of youth. Grandpa cries "On with the dance!" in brave falsetto. Grandma has her skirts and her face lifted, and drowns the twinges of rheumatism in another cocktail. They call that nervous commotion being alive. But a pup is far more alive in that respect. The acme and perfection of that sort of being alive is found in a dock walloper's free-for-all fight. However, the moldy youths of the night clubs and the cartoons are a minority.

At least one aged citizen is always irritated at hearing his graying contemporaries declare that they are still young. No one is young at sixty unless he has suffered such a complete arrest of mental development as would assure his admission to any asylum for the feeble-minded. At sixty he has experienced at least thirty-five years of living since he was really young. If that has made no impression on him the psychiatrists pronounce him a hopeless case. The trick is not to keep young, for nobody but an idiot can do that, but to grow old healthily in body and mind. Then life is as good at sixty as at twenty, however different.

It is a much wiser world than youth gives it credit for being. I can readily see now that if the Century had printed all the stories I chose to send it, and all the stories every other ambitious young scribbler chose to send it, there would soon have been no Century Magazine, for nobody would have copy read it. If any bank had honored all the checks that I and other eager youths chose to draw on it, the bank would very soon have failed. If youth could have the Aladdin's lamp it yearns for—a magic talisman compelling the world to yield to its desires—what a frightful mess the world would soon be. Perhaps one could sail off into space and have his wishes fulfilled without wrecking the cosmic system; but in a world crowded with people nothing could be more disastrous than letting everyone have his wish.

Youth quarrels with the world because it will not give him what he wants. That is sure to bring him unhappiness. The young author was as fretful toward life as any porcupine. So was Sherlock, the budding lawyer—less than a year older—and other young people with whom the author had some intimacy. That is a pretty common pose of youth that has imagination. Youthful poetry is usually rebellious and pessimistic. The young person finds himself in a universe that will not meet his desires, and gets mad at it. Essentially he adopts this proposition: "I, an infinitesimal dot, standing upright on two spindlelegs for a few moments in a pin point of space, am all right, but everything else from here to beyond the Milky Way is all wrong." The simple mechanical order of the universe might suggest to him that if anything is wrong it must be himself.

Getting on Good Terms With Life

By and by he learns that life is not a Christmas tree to pick presents from. He develops a practical sense of humor that enables him to laugh at the pessimist's pose of being the one right thing in a wrong universe. He settles down sensibly to taking life for what it is, and then he gets on very comfortably with it. Goethe, if I remember aright, said that no man is a pessimist after fifty. Anyhow not if he has real humor. Another wise man said, "If you would love mankind you must not expect much of it." If you would enjoy life you must not assume that its chief business is to supply you with what you want. In order to get on good terms with it, you must take it for what it is.

Some goods in the shop have excellent lasting qualities; others fall to pieces at the first touch of weather. So there is often as much disappointment in getting what you want as in not getting it. For example, last summer a young man of my acquaintance got the promotion he had been working for. That involved transferring him from the main office of the company in a Middle Western city of something more than 100,000 population to the New York office, and a fine raise in salary. New York—the front-line trench, and the big show with all the glitter of the circus! And a lot more money! He spoke of it modestly; but I could sense a feeling that he had the world, if not actually licked at least visibly groggy.

Four weeks of a laborious search in New York resulted in the selection of a small flat, the best bargain they had seen. It was

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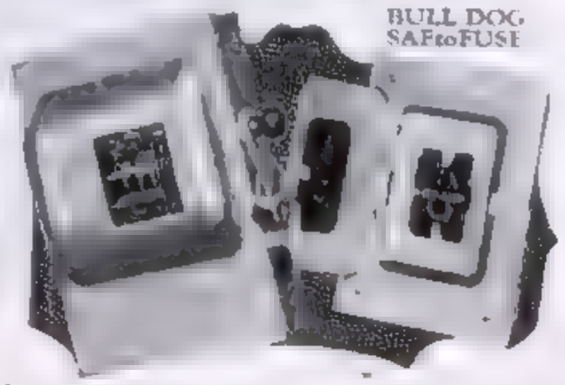
If you want your home to have every convenience, insist on electrical control equipment bearing the famous Bull Dog trademark. The Bull Dog line represents the final word in convenience. Bull Dog Safety Fusenters, for instance, save the bothersome, arduous and frequently even dangerous trips into the basement to replace blown fuses. And Bull Dog SaftoFuses and Safety Switches are equally important for safety and convenience in a modern home.



Bull Dog Safety Switches

In the factory or shop, too, Bull Dog supremacy for electrical control equipment is unchallenged. Maximum safety, highest quality, greatest durability, genuine economy—all these recommend Bull Dog Safety Switches, Panel Boards and Switchboards for industries.

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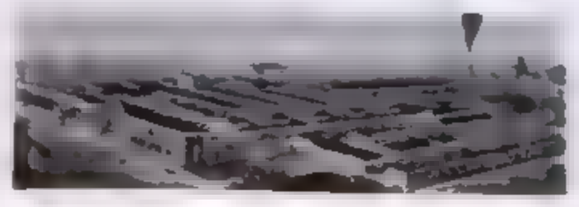


This majestic, tropical river 300 miles long .. makes a harbor 5 miles wide for Jacksonville's world-wide commerce

For nearly 300 miles, the great, calm current of the St. Johns River moves through a district of fertile fields and tropical gardens and forests. At Jacksonville—before it reaches the Atlantic Ocean—it broadens, forming one of the finest harbors in North America. In this deep-water, land-locked harbor, ships from every quarter of the world ceaselessly enter and leave . . . bringing to Jacksonville the wealth of every climate . . . carrying from Jacksonville the products of America's most rapidly developing section—the new Southeast. Jacksonville is strategically located to serve a larger territory than any other South Atlantic post.

Evidence of this is furnished by the steady increase, especially during the past five years, in Jacksonville's business. Bank clearings for one month last year totaled $169,660,115.91. For the year they totaled $1,505,427,662.53. During the past ten years, Jacksonville's population has more than doubled. Hundreds of American businesses have located factories and branch offices here. Constantly their number grows

A great industrial city, Jacksonville is known in every section of the country as a delightful place to live. Five beautifully constructed 18-hole golf courses provide year-round recreation for golfing enthusiasts. Five hundred acres of parks are owned and cared for by the city. Few other cities in the world, of anywhere near Jacksonville's size, can approach it in provision for public health, amusement, and social and cultural advancement.

In Jacksonville, you will find mile after mile of broad paved streets . . . fringed with palm trees . . . bordered by spacious, inviting homes. . . . Beyond Jacksonville, you will find a fertile, prosperous countryside, contributing millions of dollars' worth of products every year to Jacksonville's business . . . a marvelous district of lakes and streams, attracting sportsmen and water lovers from both sides of the Atlantic to explore its beauties and enjoy its outdoor pleasures.

Follow the lead of the thousands who will come to Jacksonville this year! Investigate, with them, Jacksonville's business and investment opportunities Whether you come for an extended visit or for only a short time—bring your family with you. For full information and for booklet with hotel rates, address Believers in Jacksonville, P O Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida. Your letter will have the most careful personal attention.

18 foreign steamship lines enter and clear Jacksonville Jacksonville's foreign commerce for 1926 amounted to $22,316,754

In addition to these 18 lines, 24 regular and irregular coastwise and intercoastal services operate at Jacksonville. Jacksonville, therefore, has 42 steamship lines, whose commerce for Jacksonville during 1926 totaled more than $460,000,000.

Jacksonville's manufacturers in 1926 operated 453 plants, whose output was more than $100,000,000 and whose payrolls exceeded $20,000,000. Permits for building new industrial plants totaled more than $3,900,000 for the first ten months of 1926.

In the district surrounding Jacksonville are hundreds of lakes and streams, linked together by 3 great navigable rivers. The largest springs in the world are at Ocala, with a flow of nearly 400,000 gallons of water a minute

Believers in Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING. AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

not so large a flat as they had occupied in the Middle West, nor in any other respect so desirable, but it cost $3000 a year against $1000 in the Western town. Also, use of a garage went with the flat in the Western town, while use of a garage in New York cost fifty dollars a month; and a maid—a quite indifferent article, as it turned out—twenty dollars a week. Before the young man got his hat hung up in the new home most of the raise in salary had vanished. The remainder soon followed. Instead of looking at a glittering circus, he was spending nights and Sundays getting the hang of a difficult new job.

Certainly he is better off—much better off—because of the work he did to win the promotion. That makes him permanently an abler man; and no doubt he has greater responsibility and opportunity in the new field. But the immediate concrete rewards that he fondly looked to turned out mere mirage.

Again, a man well on in middle age and in very comfortable circumstances went to Florida to play, then got carried away by the boom and plunged into an ambitious real-estate development. Worry as the boom waned shortened his life. He died, leaving a badly involved estate instead of the big profit he had expected.

Commenting on that latter case, a sagacious mutual friend remarked, "There's a tremendous amount of nothing in the world." A great lot of goods that will hardly last while you are lugging them out of the shop. The goods that will not last are pretty apt to be exactly those that youth wants. If a man, as he grows older, doesn't learn a little better how to pick out the lasting goods, he isn't living to much purpose. And nothing else is nothinger than the mere nervous stir which many people mistakenly call being alive—as though it were all there is of being alive.

What can you enjoy without stimulants? Alcohol, of course, is only one stimulant. Betting, lights, crowd, noise are some others. If there is nothing you can really enjoy alone and in quiet—without pumping yourself up to it by some sort of stimulant—then do not grow old; jump off the bridge at thirty.

Live and Let Live

I would not advise anyone to grow old without tolerably good health. There are innumerable rules for preserving that, but the best one is common sense. Muscle and health are not the same thing. Some of the most athletic men I have known worried most about their health. Hardly anything is worse for health than fussing about it. Probably just fussing—pointless fretting, stewing and boiling over—makes as much trouble in the world as anything else. Particularly, I should say, fussing about one's neighbors; raging and fretting because other people will not do what you believe they ought to do, or think or vote as you would have them. It is worth while to grow old if only to learn the peace that passeth understanding which comes merely from a willingness to let other people alone. Perhaps only experienced age can concede, with a free and unfretful heart, that its neighbors have a perfect right to wear red flannel underclothes and hang them over the front-porch railing to dry if they wish to. Having achieved that state of mind, one is in a condition to enjoy life.

I would not advise anybody to grow old without an occupation. The young author yearned to make enough money so he could loaf, but the surest way to damn people to unhappiness is not to sentence them to work but to sentence them to idleness. As to the nature of the occupation, the only criterion is that it interests you and doesn't injure anyone else. Collecting postage stamps will answer if it really interests you and you really work at it. You must have something to work at if you are to be contented.

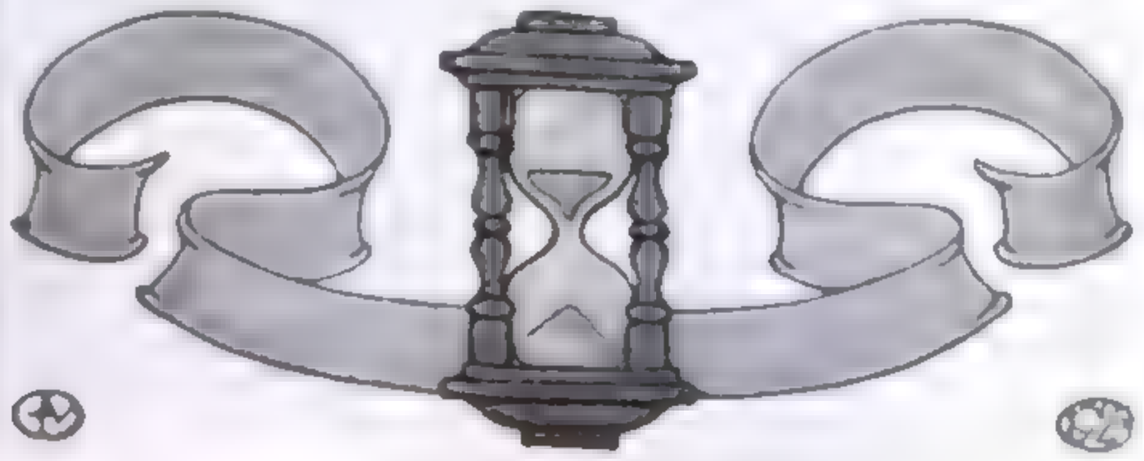
The genial chloroformer argued that at sixty a man's constructive work is done and he is no longer useful to society. But if usefulness to society is to be the test, why draw the line at sixty? Plenty of people under thirty aren't worth ten cents a dozen to society. Rather few people of any age are, in this crowded world. To only a handful of persons in each generation is it given to be so uniquely serviceable to the world that their places could not be immediately supplied with no social loss whatever. Unless you are one of the handful, society can get on very comfortably without you, whatever your age. You should work at something because it is the only way to be healthy and happy. Savings banks should teach that to save up an occupation for advanced years, something interesting to work at, comes next in importance to saving up money. Probably 1,000,000 women haunt sanitariums and specialists and quacks of all sorts just because, the children being off their hands, they have nothing to do.

Youth Must Age

No one should grow old if he is bound to quarrel with life. Quarreling with life is as properly an affair of youth as love-making is. The world will not give you what you want. It couldn't. When astronomers reel off their dizzying quintillions of miles the universe strikes you as tremendously big, but after all it is only a meager, trumpery affair when you measure it against what people want. Anybody, without half trying, could want the whole of it in five minutes. By and by one should learn that the unreasonable thing is not the limited universe but his unlimited desires. Then he can laugh and begin to take the world very comfortably.

It isn't the kind of world you wanted, but what are you going to do about it? Making faces at it and calling it names will not in the least change it. It will go right on being the kind of world it is, whether you like it or not. Therefore men are given a sense of humor. But if you have so little humor that you must keep on quarreling with the world, don't grow old.

If you can take the world for what it is, growing old in it is interesting and agreeable to such a degree that young people ought to be informed about it. We aged should no longer suffer in meek silence the familiar but slanderous statements that youth is the only time of life worth having, that the world belongs to the young, and the like. Maybe the world belongs to the young, but elder statesmen are running it for them. Youth should be notified that sixty is as good a time to be alive as twenty-one. Not because it is still "young." It isn't young. It is old. But to grow old is what all young things are for. Wheat would be foolish stuff if it always stayed green. Only foolish people are unable to work out a reconciliation to that rule.



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Getting Florsheim Shoes is the Important Thing ~ It matters little whether you select shoes by chance or by choice if the shoe you get bears the imprint of Florsheim. You can depend on Florsheim Shoes for style ~ first, last and always ~ and for quality as well.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

For the Man Who Cares

Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Chicago*

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 7)

department stores, the chain stores, the mail-order houses. Those merchants who boldly faced the new competition usually found a way to meet it successfully, and those who got scared or angry usually went under. When you run down your competitor it only advertises him. At one time it was quite a fad among our wealthier families here in Centreton to take trips to New York and Philadelphia and do their buying from the big city stores, and a lot of our merchants got so indignant over it they put up a big sign across from the Union Depot that read: "It is your duty to spend your money where you make it." The net result was that more people spent their money away from home than ever, and quite naturally; not only because people don't like to be bossed but also because the sign suggested the idea that the Centreton merchants knew they did not offer as good values as the big city dealers and so resorted to preaching in order to hold their trade.

When I first went into business there was a fellow by the name of Ben Atkinson had a men's furnishing store just a few doors from my place that he had run for several years and seemed to be getting along very nicely, when a couple of young men opened up a similar store across the street from him. I have never seen anyone take competition so hard as Ben Atkinson did. There wasn't any reason why both stores should not do a profitable trade, but Ben seemed to take the thing as a personal insult and set himself to drive the new men out of business. I used to see him at night after the stores were closed, standing in front of his competitors' place, peeking into their show windows and making notes on a pad of paper, and next morning he would have his own windows fixed the same way, with prices a few cents lower.

In all his newspaper ads he used about a third of the space to talk about shirts and neckties, and the other two-thirds was devoted to telling the public that he was the leading haberdasher of the city. One day I went into his store to make some little purchases; all his clerks were busy, and while I was waiting around I saw Ben scrooged in behind some boxes up by the front window, with a pair of opera glasses glued to his eyes, glaring at the store across the street. After a while it got rumored among the merchants that he was having trouble to meet his bills, and eventually he did have to make an assignment. I have always remembered what J. P. Willis, of the First National Bank, said to me at the time of the failure.

"Ben Atkinson went broke," Mr. Willis remarked, "because he was so busy putting competition out of business that he forgot to sell his own merchandise!"

The Life of Business

The way I look at it, where there's no competition there isn't much business. Sometimes young fellows who are thinking of starting up stores ask me if I know of any town where there is a good opening, and I always tell them they won't go wrong if they pick out a place where there are plenty of live, hustling merchants in their own line. Business makes business. Take the country as a whole, and what do you see? Those industries where competition is keenest—where manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers have to be on their toes all the time—are the industries where the fortunes are being made today. It isn't just luck either. Competition means that you have to turn out a good product and sell it at a close margin; and the American public knows values.

Sometimes I think there is a tendency to overlook the important part that storekeepers play in the life of the country. The writers ignore us almost entirely. Ten thousand stories are written around the lives of lawyers, doctors, actors, politicians; yet into the life of the storekeeper are crowded more human contacts than all these others. His every moment is intensely personal—full of contacts with customers, employes, bankers, salesmen, chamber-of-commerce committees, grafters, advertising men. The other day I was reading for the dozenth time H. G. Wells' novel, Tono-Bungay; and I was impressed again with the fact that there was more downright human interest in the chapters where the hero is in the little Wimblehurst drug store than in all the rest of the book. If you take the history of the stores on any Main Street you have the intimate history of the town. If someone ever writes a history of American storekeeping he will pretty well cover the shifting current of American life.

So far as I know, I am the first one of my family to become a merchant. The Sherwoods came to America somewhere about 1630—on the third voyage of the Mayflower—and as I have said, my branch of the family were settled for a time in Connecticut and migrated to New York State not long after the Revolutionary War. Sometime during John Quincy Adams' Administration my grandfather moved again, going to a place that has since come to be called Baxter's Mills, just seven miles from the modern city of Centreton.

An Auction Addict

Like myself, my father was an only child. His parents died within a short time of each other in the fall of 1860, when he was twenty-three, leaving him possessor of the farm, then a profitable and desirable property. One morning the following spring a neighbor drove furiously up the road bringing the news of the attack on Fort Sumter and Lincoln's appeal for volunteers. Father, it is said, was trimming the apple orchard west of the house at the time. He dropped his tools and within the space of an hour had arranged with a near-by farmer to run his place on shares. That afternoon he joined the Centreton militia company, one of the first organizations in the country to answer the President's call. He expected to be gone ninety days. He returned the summer of '65.

The following Christmas he married my mother, and I was born two years later. Neighbors said the war changed father completely. He had served under General Sherman, marched from Atlanta to the sea, and was one of the 50,000 veterans who tramped down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington to celebrate their victory. He could never quite settle down to ordinary life after his four exciting years of soldiering. The farm had come to him a full 100 acres. By the time I was five years old it had shrunk to sixty acres, a piece having been sold now and then to neighbors in order to settle pressing debts. When I was twelve it was forty acres.

If I have learned one thing during my years in business, it is that certain basic rules apply to every calling. My father had one fault that I have seen time and again undermine the affairs of business men, big and little. It was the expedient of financing the present at the expense of the future. There were a great many auction sales in those days among the farmers of the county; during the spring, and again in the fall, great yellow posters appeared on fences along the country roads and in horse sheds in the villages announcing that So-and-So, "having leased his farm, will sell at public auction all livestock, tools and implements. Terms, cash for all purchases under ten dollars. Above that sum, ninety-day interest-bearing notes will be accepted."

Father became an auction addict. I suppose there was a certain fascination for him about these affairs, for hot coffee and sandwiches were a part of the entertainment, and there were always numbers of G. A. R. members present to swap stories of war days. But mainly the auctions offered opportunity to raise the ready money that constantly seemed to be needed at our house. On auction days father always drove off early in the morning in the two-horse lumber wagon, and by dusk would be back with his purchases—sometimes a heifer trailing behind the wagon, sometimes a couple of hogs grunting in the wagon box, sometimes a load of potatoes, a grain drill or a coopful of chickens. Invariably he gave ninety-day notes for these purchases; and the following day he would set out to find someone willing to take them off his hands for cash. Always he had to sell for less than cost, but the ready money enabled him to settle his most pressing debts. When the ninety-day notes fell due he met them by attending other auctions and repeating the operation.

I suppose father never realized how wasteful his methods were. But mother, I know, worried constantly; for she was one who always looked facts in the face. Sometimes when he was hitching up to go away on one of his auction trips she would try to argue him out of it, but seldom succeeded. She always saw to it that I had good enough clothes to go to the district school without being ashamed, but on herself she spent practically nothing. During my whole boyhood I remember seeing her wearing the same hat. She stopped going to the Baxter's Mills church, and I did not know the reason until twenty years later, when she told me she was ashamed to go without putting something into the contribution box; and she felt it was more honest, in debt as we were, to stay away.

Father died when I was fifteen, from pneumonia contracted one blustery March day at one of the auction sales he attended. Poor father! He did not, I am afraid, get much out of his forty-five years of life.

Mother sold another twenty-acre chunk of our place to a neighboring farmer, which cleared us of debt, and we did the best we could to get along. It was out of the question to make a living for two people out of the twenty acres we had left, and during haying and harvesting I hired out by the day to farmers in the neighborhood. For ordinary farm work the wages were a dollar a day, but during the press of haying and harvesting it was a dollar and a half—"twelve shillings" it was called in our section. The hours in the fields were from six A.M. to seven P.M., with an hour off at noon, but the hired men did chores before and after those hours.

Time to Make a Change

Things ran along this way until the summer I was seventeen. We had managed to keep our heads above water, but it was out of the question to get ahead any, and so far as I could see, it was going to be that way until the end of the chapter. One day in the early part of July I went about a mile from home to help a farmer named Slagle get in his hay.

It was terribly hot, and along about four o'clock, while I was pitching off a load in the hay barn, I suddenly had such a violent spell of vomiting that I told Mr. Slagle I would have to knock off.

I walked home. Mother always did the chores about the place when I was away at a day's work, and she was just coming out of the cow stable as I turned into the yard. I suppose I looked pretty seedy, for she dropped the bucket she was carrying and hurried toward me to ask what was the matter. When I told her, she made me go into the house and lie down. I offered to finish the chores, but she wouldn't hear of it, and after a while she came in and sat down beside the haircloth sofa on which I was stretched out in the living room.

"I think the time has come, Peter," she said quietly, "when you ought to leave the farm. There's no future here for you, I'm afraid."

I looked at her in amazement, for I knew how attached she was to the old place and that her greatest ambition was that sometime we should get back the family acres we had lost. She had a wooden bowl in her lap, in which she was chopping the hash for supper and she worked in her energetic, resolute way as she outlined her plan.

"I believe you can get work in the city," she went on, "where you will at least learn some kind of a trade. I would rather you would be a farmer, but the way things are here it is going to be an uphill fight that I am not willing to see you go through. I think we had better drive in to Centreton tomorrow and see what can be done."

Like most country boys of those days, I was afraid of a city, but being seventeen years old and a man in size, I was ashamed to confess it. To cover up my real feelings I objected impatiently that there was nothing I could do in a place like Centreton to earn enough to support us.

"I've thought that all out," she said. "You won't need to earn much at first, because I will stay out here on the place and keep things going. It's the future we've got to look out for, and certainly there's no future for you in working around the neighborhood at twelve shillings a day."

An Imposing Metropolis

We talked it over throughout the evening, and gradually I absorbed enough of her courage to say I would try for a foothold in the city. Neither of us, I think, dreamed that I might ever become an independent city business man; but we had heard of salaried men in Centreton who earned as high as one hundred dollars a month, and that, to us, seemed tremendous. Finally it was agreed that we would drive in to the city the next day to see what might be done. There was no definite plan except that I was to try to find some kind of job.

Early the following morning we set out. Although it was only a little more than seven miles to Centreton, we did what trading we had to do at the Baxter's Mills general store, so my visits to the city had never averaged more than three or four a year. Centreton then had only about 40,000 population, but to me on that day it appeared vastly metropolitan and imposing. Market Street then, as now, was the principal thoroughfare, very wide, with stone hitching posts at the curbs at both sides, where farmers fastened their teams while doing their trading in the stores. Stretched across the street from the First National Bank to the old Pennsylvania Hotel was a banner bearing the likenesses of two statesmen, one bearded and the other heavily mustached, and the motto: "Vote for Blaine and Logan." Farther along was a similar banner advocating the election of Cleveland and Hendricks.

Market Street was macadamized for nearly a mile, and traversed by a double line of tracks on which ran yellow cars pulled by horses. Young men in knee trousers rode up and down on high, nickel-plated bicycles that cost, I had heard, $150 apiece. In most of the store windows were colored posters announcing the coming of Forepaugh's Mammoth Circus and Menagerie. I felt countrified and out of place in the midst of all these evidences of metropolitan life.

We drove along looking for an unused hitching post and finally found one in front of a store that had over the doorway a sign,

JAMES STEWART
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

and imbedded in the sidewalk were brass letters that spelled

STEWART'S STORE

We had no plans except that I was to look for work, and mother said she would sit in

(Continued on Page 121)

P. A. sure does things to a pipe!

TO TWIST an old saying, a pipe is only a pipe, but a pipe packed with P. A. is a *smoke!* I'm here to say it is. Why, Prince Albert can take the balkiest pipe and give it a sweet disposition in *no* time. Because P. A. is that kind of tobacco!

Just open a tidy red tin of Prince Albert. Half-close your eyes and breathe that marvelous P. A. fragrance. A peach-orchard in blossom-time has nothing on P. A. Now . . . tamp a load into your old jimmy-pipe and light up. Here's the real thrill!

That taste . . . that wonderful taste of wonderful tobacco. Cool as a letter from a credit department. Sweet as the news of promotion. Mild as a summer breeze . . . mild without sacrificing that full, rich tobacco body you demand in a smoke.

You find yourself loading up and lighting up all day long when you pick P. A. for packing. Because this grand old favorite never bites your tongue or parches your throat. No matter what your present set-up is, I suggest you try Prince Albert. Do that!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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4-Wheel Brakes a Necessity on light cars tod

– *say America's Foremost Police Authorities*

FROM A STATEMENT
BY PROMINENT POLICE OFFICIAL IN
LARGE MIDDLE-WESTERN CITY

"I consider 4-wheel brakes absolutely necessary on all light cars. With traffic becoming more congested than ever—with accident records showing a definite increase—4-wheel brakes are essential equipment on every motor car today. We are educating the motorists in our city to drive faster—to stop quicker—thus insuring greater dispatch and safety in the handling of traffic."

WOULD adequate 4-wheel brakes on light cars reduce the dangers of collision in traffic? Is it true that in most accidents a light car is usually one of the participants?

These were the questions that we recently addressed to the leading Police Authorities of America.

"Beyond all doubt," said one official. "If every light car had 4-wheel brakes we would reduce our accident records by a large percentage."

"Yes, the light-weight car predominates in accidents," said another. "4-wheel brakes are more desirable than any improvement in automobiles at the present time from the traffic point of view."

While still a third points out that a majority of all city traffic accidents can be traced to the lack of proper braking equipment.

* * *

To meet these new traffic requirements the Whippet was created. An entirely new type of car, designed for safety . . . for lightning pickup when you need it . . . for instant stopping in pedestrian-crowded city streets.

It is the *only* light car that offers the necessary safety of 4-wheel brakes as national standard equipment. That offers the vital protection of clear vision front corner posts. And provides the driving security of low gravity center.

"If every light car had 4-wheel brakes, we would reduce our accident records by a large percentage," said a prominent Police Official.

The Whippet is built low to the ground and hugs the road at any speed.

Turn a 90-degree corner in any other light car at 20 miles per hour and then turn the same corner at the same speed in a Whippet.

You'll see the difference the minute you try it. You feel safer in a Whippet. No skidding. No slipping. No sidesway.

From the driver's seat you can see—you have full vision. The glass area is large and are narrow. You have a complete road in front and on each side.

With these safety advantages the has a new conception of comfort. fatigue of traffic driving is completel

New Performance Sta

Nothing short of a demonstratio true picture of Whippet performan a car that will do 55 miles an h smoothly, as effortlessly as a Limo

Imagine a car that will throttle 5 miles an hour in high gear . . . with flashing speed to 30 in 13 se

Imagine a car that will take any a standing start and go dashing o miles or more an hour.

Here's power, pickup, smoothness never had before, in the safest lig has ever known.

In addition, the Whippet offers economy no other light car can e on a gallon of gasoline . . . well on a gallon of oil . . . with the s of any car in America today.

Finer Coachwork—Mor

Step into a Whippet and you'll find so much spacious room and co all passengers to sit in comfort. R out with the utmost ease.

Due to its unique body and d there is actually more leg room tha of this price class. Interior appointm complete—strikingly beautiful.

The Whippet is now available in styles—at new low prices millions can a Roadster $695; Coach $625; Coupe Landau $755. Prices f. o. b. factory.

Prices and specifications subject to ch Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

You actually feel safer

Behind the wheel of a Whippet you *feel* safer. You dart in and around city traffic with a new sense of security. Here is a car you can drive with complete peace-of-mind.

With 4-wheel brakes you drive faster and cover greater distance, because your car is always under perfect control. At sharp turns there is no sidesway.

OVERLAND
Whippet

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Whippet driver
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Just imagine
as easily, as
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Room

surprised to
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to step in or

construction
any other car
are unusually

listinctive body
Touring $625;
; Sedan $725;

without notice.
Willys-Overland

This remarkable photograph shows Whippet Braking Test. 4-wheel brakes enable this car to stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour.

Dramatic proof of ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP *in the Light Car Field*

Willys-Overland's Engineering Leadership in the light car field is emphasized by the advanced principles of design in the Whippet. In addition to 4-wheel brakes the Whippet offers:

LOW GRAVITY CENTER
The Whippet is built low to the ground for safety. No skidding. No slipping. And no sidesway.

CLEAR VISION POSTS
From the driver's seat of a Whippet you have "full vision." You see both sides of the road.

"30 MILES ON A GALLON"
Just imagine what this gasoline saving will mean to you in a year. No other light car equals it.

OVERSIZE TIRES
Oversize Balloon Tires are standard equipment on the Whippet. Another indication of value.

MORE LEG ROOM
Unique construction gives more leg room than any other car of this size, weight or price class.

55 MILES AN HOUR
The high-torque Whippet engine is by far the most efficient light car power plant built today.

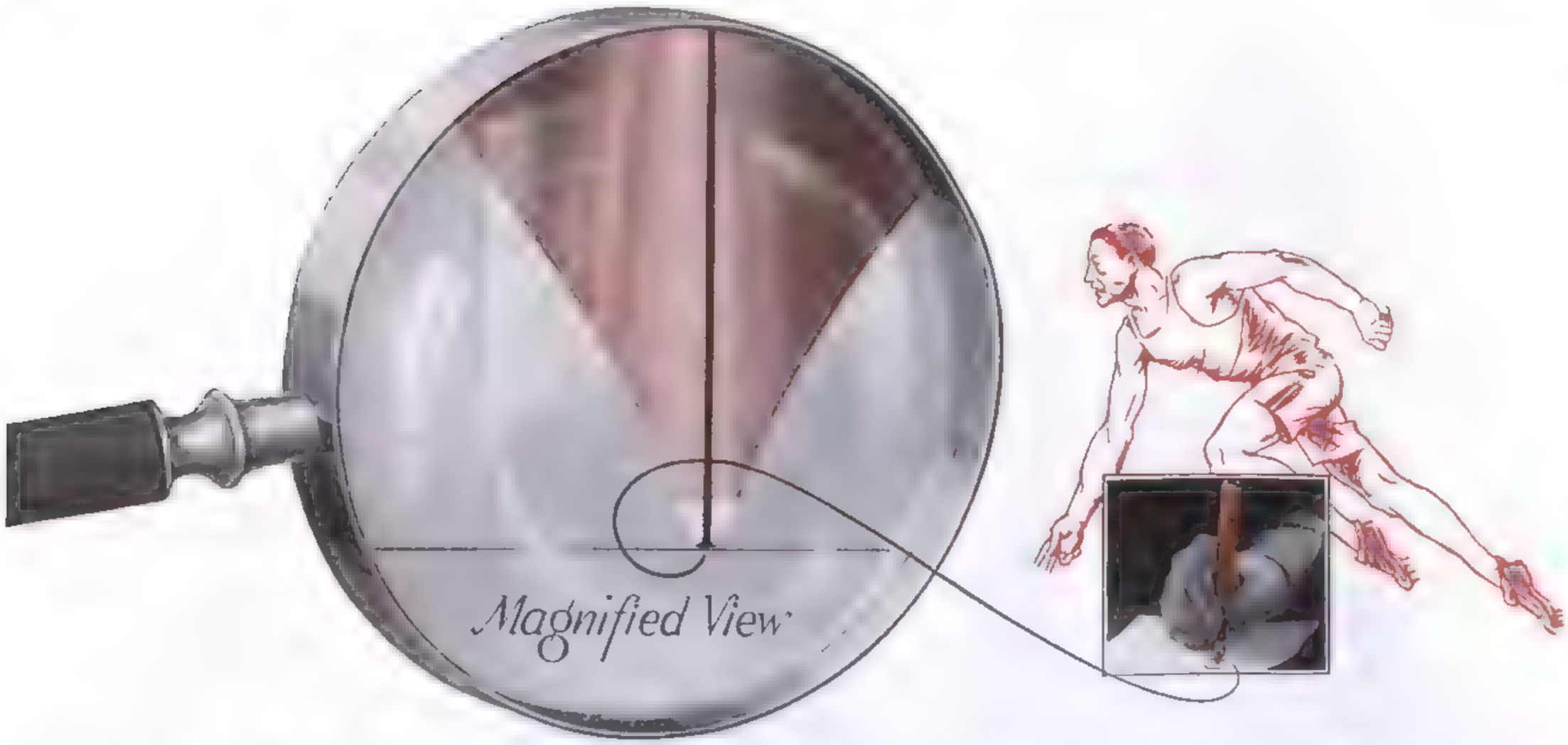
LIGHTNING PICKUP
5 to 30 miles an hour in 13 sec. Whippet accelerates faster than other light 4-cylinder cars.

BEAUTIFUL BODY LINES
Low-swung, graceful, distinctive. Whippet's height and length are in true symmetrical proportion.

GABRIEL SNUBBERS
The restful riding comfort of the Whippet is due to snubbers that check all road shocks.

QUICK, EASY PARKING
The Whippet will turn in a 17-foot radius. It is very easy to park in a 14-foot curb space.

PROVED PERFORMANCE
Whippet's superior performance has already been proved in the hands of over 75,000 owners.



Why Parker Duofold is always ready to go!

—As You'll Discover Each Time—Every Time —the Point Touches Paper

Its Instant Response Is a Constant Pleasure

We are telling for the first time why the Parker Duofold Pen no sooner touches paper than the ink starts to flow.

Both prongs of the Parker Duofold Point are ground round and smooth; so cannot scratch the paper, or pick up fibers that smear the ink.

And between the prongs is ground an open ink channel in the Gold. Thus there forms a film of ink the moment the pen is in writing position.

To grind this channel is a costly operation —and requires consummate skill. Probably that's why pen manufacturers do not generally attempt it.

It is easier, and cheaper—much—to imitate the Parker color. And people can't judge the craftsmanship of a pen point with the naked eye.

Your safety lies in your own caution—in looking on the barrel for this stamp of master craftsmanship "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." Find that and you have a point on which the ink forms in a tiny drop, just as water on your finger tip projects beyond the surface of the skin.

So the ink touches paper even before the polished Iridium tip, and begins to feed—without effort—without pressure—by capillary attraction.

Because there is nothing finer, nothing stronger than the Parker Duofold Point at any price—we guarantee it 25 years not only for mechanical perfection but *for wear!*

And now we are setting this super-smooth point into a barrel of Non-Breakable Permanite, instead of rubber, as formerly.

Take your choice of Black-tipped Jade, Black and Gold, or Black-tipped Lacquer-red—so handsome to own and hard to mislay.

Good pen counters couldn't do business without Parker Duofold. Stop at the nearest and select your point—Extra Fine, Fine, Medium, Broad, Stub or Oblique.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens:
Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN • OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • MILWAUKEE • ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Parker Duofold

OVER-SIZE $7

Lucky Curve Feed and 25-Year Point

Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold, $5

(Continued from Page 116)

the buggy for a spell while I walked around to get my bearings. I often think of that occasion now. Neither of us had the slightest idea of city life or how to go about to find a foothold, and outside of two or three farmer families who had moved in from our neighborhood, we had no acquaintances. In one way, I suppose no one ever set out to look for a fortune with less to go on than I had at that time. Practically all there was back of me was mother's grim determination that I should have a chance at something other than casual farm labor at a dollar and a half a day.

I tied the horse to the iron ring of the hitching post and wandered off down the street, wondering how people found work in a city. It was a hot summer morning and all the store doors were open, revealing the attractive interiors where keen, citified-looking clerks waited on their customers or lounged about, talking and joking among themselves. I passed a cigar store with a red wooden Indian in front, where some youths of my own age were loitering about, and I felt sure they were making slighting remarks about me, though it was probably only self-consciousness on my part. Everything was baffling, strange. Some men were working in an excavation where a new store was about to be built, and a man who appeared to be the boss stood in a little shanty at one side, reading a newspaper. I thought of asking him for a job, but waited until he should put aside his paper. While I still waited, one of the workmen called and he quickly left the shanty to go down into the excavation. I walked on, relieved.

After a while I went back to the James Stewart place in front of which I had left mother, half ready to give up the idea of finding a city job. She was standing on the sidewalk waiting for me, and I saw she was quite excited about something. She took me by the arm and pointed to James Stewart's window, where there was a sign written in heavy blue pencil marks on a strip of cardboard: "Strong apprentice boy wanted. Apply within."

"I've been waiting for you," mother said. "They put that sign in the window since you left, and I've already been in to see Mr. Stewart."

No Loafers Wanted

For the first time I paid attention to the establishment of James Stewart, General Merchandise. It had a width of exactly twenty-five feet, a fact that I came to know years afterward when I bought the ground on which it stood at a valuation of $2000 a front foot. There were two show windows—one piled high with calicos and other piece goods, and the other filled with a varied assortment of shoes, overalls, tinware and kerosene-oil lamps. Inside, I could see two long wooden counters in front of which little round stools were fastened to the floor, and back of the counters were shelves that ran clear to the ceiling, loaded with merchandise. Halfway from the door to the little grilled office in the rear stood a huge, white-bellied coal heater, strangely useless on that hot July morning. I turned and looked at mother.

"It's a dry-goods store," I said disgustedly. "I don't want to be a counter jumper."

What I said reflected precisely the attitude of those days. For some reason or other, it was considered a bit disgraceful to work in a store where piece goods were sold. I have never been able to understand it, except, perhaps, that the majority of the customers in such stores were women. There was no stigma attached to clerking in a drug store, a grocery, a shoe store, even though most of your customers were of the weaker sex. When you worked in such establishments you were a salesman, but when you worked in a dry-goods store you were a counter jumper.

Mother had no such prejudices. It was, I think, the word "apprentice" that attracted her, for in those days the learning of a regular trade was very highly considered. American retail stores had long since abandoned the apprenticeship system, but it was still in vogue in Great Britain, as, indeed, it is at the present time. James Stewart, as I came to know, was a Britisher and continued that sound tradition of his race and craft. After some argument I agreed rather grudgingly to go in and see Mr. Stewart, whom mother had already interviewed in my behalf.

He was in the little wooden cage at the rear, making some entries in a ledger; a man of about fifty years, short and stocky, with a bald head, a shaven upper lip and a bushy black beard that completely covered the balance of his face. He paid no attention to me until he had the last entry in his ledger, when he suddenly slammed the book shut and in a pugnacious manner demanded to know what I wanted. He was originally from Belfast and spoke with a strong North of Ireland accent. I told him what I had come for.

"But are ye willin' to wor-rk?" he demanded in his high-pitched voice. "I want no loafers in my store!"

With a Definite Goal

As he spoke he came out of his wooden cage and walked completely around me, eying me up and down as though hoping to find something that would decide him against me. Then, with hardly a pause, he went on:

"I'll put you on trial for a month for your keep, and if you turn out well I'll take you as apprentice for three years and teach you the business. While you're apprentice ye'll get your board and two dollars a week. Now go talk with your mother and let me know in half an hour."

It was mother's interview, I knew, rather than anything about me, that had won this surprising offer of employment. I went out to the sidewalk where she was waiting for me, and together we walked down to Courthouse Square and sat down on a bench to talk it over. I was not especially keen on the prospect, both because it was a dry-goods store and because of the wages offered.

I am not sure which was uppermost in my mind, but I made my objections on the side of wages, saying that the arrangement was for three years, during which time I would not be able to help at home.

As I have said, mother was a woman of prompt decisions and strong resolution. In business she would, I believe, have been vastly successful, for she had that indispensable business quality—a willingness to do with very little if she saw where such a course would lead to prosperity in the end. She certainly would never have bought goods at auction and paid with ninety-day notes.

"I have thought this thing out," she told me. "Three years is not a long time if one is working toward something. I believe you should take this place in Mr. Stewart's store. Don't worry about me. I'll manage all right."

And manage she did. During all the time I was learning the trade of storekeeping, she lived alone on our twenty-acre place, renting the land on shares to a neighboring farmer. Never in that time was her income from the land as much as $150 a year. She pieced this out a little by raising chickens and selling eggs to the Baxter's Mills storekeeper, and sometimes boarded the teacher of the district school. She sold our horse as a luxury she could do without. Occasionally she would have a chance to ride into the city with some neighbor, but for months at a time she would not set foot off the place. Yet in all this time I believe she was perfectly contented. She had appraised me and believed there was a future in what I was doing. She was keeping out of debt, and, like the thoroughgoing business person she was, conserving her capital for future eventualities. I remember particularly a remark she made one Sunday during my first year in town. I had walked out home to spend the day; a neighbor woman dropped by in the afternoon and suggested to mother that it would be better for her to move into Centreton and take boarders rather than to live the lonely life on the farm.

"I might not be successful at keeping boarders," mother answered, "and that would mean going into debt. Out here I know I can keep what I've got. It isn't time to take chances yet."

At the time this remark seemed to me only an evidence of womanlike caution. It was not until years later that I learned how magnificently she could take a chance when she made up her mind the time was ripe for taking chances.

James Stewart, my new employer, was a most peculiar combination of shrewdness and business wrong-headedness. Looking back over the years I spent with him, I can hardly decide whether I learned more from his wisdom or his mistakes, for he was a strong character who did nothing by halves, and his mistakes were often so palpable that the least observing person could learn from them what not to do in business. He had, at the time I went to work for him, a stock that invoiced approximately $20,000, and I think his sales amounted to about $60,000 a year. Though these are small figures compared with those of the present day, yet at that time it was a sizable business for a town the size of Centreton.

The term "department store" had not yet come into general use. There was talk that some of the big merchants in cities like New York and Philadelphia had arranged their stocks so the different kinds of goods were in separate sections, with sales people in charge who never left their own counters; but in smaller cities like Centreton this sort of thing was still in the future. The customer who came into the store was waited on by the same clerk for all requirements. When the buying was finished the clerk wrapped the bundles and carried them out to the customer's buggy.

Besides Mr. Stewart, there were five people in our store. Mr. Troop, a tall, anæmic man of forty-five, was head clerk, with title of assistant manager, and drew the then astonishing salary of seventy-five dollars a month. For the rest, there was Mrs. Mary Mulvey, a very competent Irishwoman, in her middle twenties; Anna Hoff, a second-generation German girl; Sam Hopps, a red-headed and peppery youth of twenty-two, and myself. All of us, from Mr. Troop down, were heartily afraid of our employer.

The Age of Dickering

I know it will seem unbelievable to those of the present generation when I make the statement that in 1884 and for a number of years thereafter there was not, in a city as large as Centreton, a single retail store that maintained a one-price policy. Haggling for a price was a regular and accepted part of retail buying, with the inevitable result that merchants always marked a little extra profit on their goods so as to allow for reductions. Ministers, school-teachers, city employes, railroad men, were always given a discount as a tribute to their respective callings. In stores like ours, where piece goods were sold, dressmakers were given cards that entitled them to 10 per cent reductions, and they frequently loaned these cards to friends and relatives. People who did not belong to the favored callings, or who had no dressmaker friends, demanded reductions because it was the custom. The occasional person who did not ask for a cheaper price paid too much for his goods.

Although I became a dry-goods-store apprentice without any great enthusiasm, I soon got to liking it well enough. I took my meals at Mr. Stewart's house, but slept in a room over the store. The store hours were long—from eight in the morning until eight at night—but I had been used to more than that in the country and the work was a good deal easier than haying or plowing. Mr. Stewart was not the easiest man in the world to work for, but I will say for him that he took seriously the duties of a master toward his apprentice, and certainly he drilled into me certain fundamentals of business that have been vastly useful to me in my own career as a merchant.

I have said he was a curious mixture of shrewdness and wrong-headedness; and on his shrewd side was his insistence that his clerks should know the merchandise they sold. In this he followed old-country tradition. For the first six months after I went to work for him I was not allowed to wait on customers, but acted as helper to the experienced clerks, listening to their description of merchandise, learning to tie up bundles, and straightening up the stock after they had finished sales. Sometimes during quiet days Mr. Stewart himself would take me in hand and make me pull down articles from the shelves and describe them to him as though he were a client, scolding me fiercely if I made a mistake in any detail.

Through this method of rough-and-ready schooling that he used toward each new employe he had, I believe, the best-informed staff in Centreton.

Turning Losses Into Cash

Another matter in which Mr. Stewart was far ahead of his time was his appreciation of the value of ready money. The word "turnover" had not yet been invented, and it was not customary among merchants to hold many special sales. If a line of merchandise did not sell freely, it merely stayed on the shelves, sometimes from one year to another. Only a few adventurous souls had learned the truth that loss is a loss whether in merchandise or money, and that the sooner a loss is acknowledged, the better. This refusal to face facts was a constant source of failure among storekeepers.

Mr. Stewart never deluded himself in this fashion. He had a feverish mania for getting rid of slow-moving goods, and did not hesitate to take what seemed unnecessary losses once he was convinced he had made a mistake. I recall that during the second year that I worked for him he made one of his trips to New York and bought some piano lamps that had just come on the market at the time—tall affairs that stood on the floor, with wooden standards, kerosene-oil illumination and gayly colored silk shades. We were quite proud of these showy articles, and when they had been fixed up in a special department at the rear of the store, it seemed the public would not be able to resist buying them. But they did not go.

They had cost an average of ten dollars apiece, and being novelties were marked to sell at fifteen dollars. Perhaps fifteen dollars was too great a price for the average householder of those days to invest in household luxuries; or perhaps the public of Centreton was loath to adopt so metropolitan a fad; anyhow our small forest of piano lamps stood for a period of nearly two months with scarcely a sale, and Mr. Stewart steadily grew more difficult of temper.

One morning he told me to mark them down to half price. I went ahead with the work, changing the tags from fifteen dollars to $7.50, and had about finished when Mr. Stewart came along and looked over my shoulder.

"I told you to mark them half price," he barked.

I said I had done so; that $7.50 was half of fifteen dollars.

"I didn't mean half the selling price," he said. "I meant half the cost price. Mark them five dollars. I'm not going to have those things around here any longer, eating up good money."

Not wanting to stir his temper further, I did as I was told without further comment, though it occurred to me that actually to lose five dollars on every lamp was also eating up money.

"I want you to remember this," he said finally, "because it's a lesson in business that may come handy to you sometime.

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"

CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.

READING
Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.

DIFFERENT ONLY in COMFORT

When you look at this Royal Easy Chair you see that it's just like any other *fine* chair in outward appearance. You don't *see* a difference—but you *feel* a difference when you sink down into the soothing depths of a Royal and the hidden comfort features respond to your touch . . . "Let yourself go" when you sit in the Royal. Recline as far as you like—stretch out at full length if you desire—without effort and without getting out of the chair . . . . . Just pull the concealed ring or push the button and lean back to complete relaxation . . . The Wing Chair shown here (No. 1991 with disappearing leg-rest) is but one of the many beautiful styles. Royal Easy Chairs are sold singly or in suites—with the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport which has a full-width box-spring guest bed that does not fold and can not sag. If you don't know the Royal dealer nearest you, write us. We'll send you his name and also our FREE style book, "Royal Comfort."

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DOZING
Back fully reclined and [illegible] for complete relaxation.

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

At seven-fifty these things might sell, and then again they might not. At five dollars they surely will go. I take my loss; all right. But I've turned them into cash Then I'll put the cash to work. Inside of three months I'll have my money back with a profit. You'll see!"

He said this with a kind of fierce intensity as though he were going into some important contest, eying me all the while as though he dared me to contradict him. He gave me a little notebook, in which he ordered me to set down the results of his campaign as it progressed, and directed that the lamps should be put in one of the front windows with a large cardboard sign announcing the five-dollar price. Sure enough, the first part of his program worked out as he predicted, for within two or three days the lamps were sold. Then he bade me make the first entry in my notebook: 10 piano lamps, cost $100. Sold for $50. Loss, $50.

I am sure he enjoyed his game immensely, for a few days later he started off on one of his buying trips to New York, and just before leaving he showed me fifty dollars in bills that he said he would use to buy some bargain lot of goods aside from his regular purchases. The bargain lot proved to be a case of one hundred alarm clocks that arrived home about the same time he did, and that somehow he had managed to pick up at fifty cents apiece for cash. He made me put these in the window to sell for seventy-five cents; and as such articles had never before been offered in Centreton for less than a dollar, we had no trouble in selling them within a few days, and Mr. Stewart gleefully directed me to change the loss in my notebook to a total of twenty-five dollars.

Two Business Virtues

The next purchase was a job lot of work shirts that some traveling man offered, and that we worked off in similar fashion; and then there was, I believe, a deal in shawls, which were especially brisk sellers in those days. Anyhow, I know that within sixty days of the piano-lamp sacrifice Mr. Stewart had back his original investment together with a small profit, which fact seemed to give him tremendous pleasure not unmixed with vanity, for in a moment of unusual expansiveness he informed me that he was the only merchant in Centreton keen enough to have so turned loss into profit.

All this seems a trifling matter to have remembered in detail for a period of forty years, but it made a tremendous impression on me at the time and was a lesson that has many a time been helpful to me in my own operations. As I look back, Mr. Stewart had two outstanding business virtues: He insisted that his clerks should know all about the goods they offered to customers. He kept his capital working even though he took an immediate loss. I made up my mind these things must be vastly important, because he had so many manifest shortcomings in other ways.

His truculent temper was his chief fault, though I really believe he got so much pleasure from his frequent outbursts that he did not mind the loss of money they occasioned. There was in town a very well-to-do family named Fuller, the man being a leading lawyer and his wife something of a society leader—the sort of people merchants ordinarily go to a great deal of trouble to please. One day Mrs. Fuller came into our place accompanied by her husband and made some small purchases. Mr. Stewart chanced to wait on the lady himself. While looking around she noticed a leather satchel that had recently come in—quite a new thing for the Centreton of those days, for the usual traveling case was the gray telescope—and remarked that she would like to own such an article. As the couple prepared to leave the store the lawyer whispered to Mr. Stewart that he would be back the following week to purchase the hand bag as a birthday gift for his wife, and asked that it be set aside for him. Ten days passed without the article having been called for, and one afternoon Mr. Stewart sent me over to the lawyer's office to remind him of the transaction. When I delivered my message Mr. Fuller seemed quite concerned and said he would at once come to our store to make an explanation. Directly he came in and went back to the wooden cage where Mr. Stewart was working on his books. It appeared that a daughter of the family had been on a trip to Philadelphia and had brought her mother a similar bag as a gift; Mr. Fuller explained this and apologized for not having sent word that he would have no need for his tentative purchase.

There chanced to be no other customers in the store, and we clerks huddled together apprehensively, knowing something sensational would happen. We were not disappointed. Mr. Stewart looked his visitor stonily in the face during this explanation, his black whiskers bristling up in the fashion we knew preceded an explosion Suddenly he brought his fist down on his ledger with a mighty thump and spoke in the high-pitched, North of Ireland dialect to which he always reverted when in one of his tempers.

"When I make a bargain I stick to it," he shrilled, "and I want no dealings with them that act otherwise! Ye will kindly close the door on yer way out. I never want to see ye in this place again!"

One peculiar thing about Mr. Stewart was the fact that after these outbursts he was always more pleasant than usual; and after this break with one of Centreton's most prosperous citizens he went about the store rubbing his hands so genially and wearing such a benevolent expression that we almost forgot to be afraid of him. I never could understand why he acted this way except, perhaps, that he used his temper as a means of dissipation.

During the entire three years that I spent learning the trade, Mr. Stewart never gavé the slightest intimation as to his feelings toward me. Only once, I remember, he expressed pleasure at anything I did, and that was because it had a special bearing on his passion for clearing out unsalable merchandise. There was to be a firemen's parade, with companies from other towns in attendance, and for the occasion he had bought several hundred little walking sticks with pennants attached. The investment was trifling, because they retailed for ten cents apiece; but we were to close at noon that day, and when Mr. Stewart started to leave he spied the novelties piled on one of the front counters, practically untouched. For once he blamed himself, saying grumblingly that he ought to have known better, because such articles were sold during the excitement of the parade, not before; and the parade did not take place until mid-afternoon.

Hitching My Hopes to a Buggy

Mainly, I think, to prevent the glumness that I knew would ensue for several days if the canes remained unsold, I said if he wanted me to I would set up a stand in front of the store and hire some boys to peddle them in the afternoon crowd. I did this, and next morning when I told him I had cleaned out the stock he not only praised my enterprise but gave me a five-dollar bill that was, probably, more than his profit on the transaction.

I was twenty when my formal period of apprenticeship was over and I was given a salary of nine dollars a week. Mother let our place in the country for a cash rent of $120 a year; and this, together with my wages, enabled us to take a small house in Centreton and live fairly comfortably at the scale in vogue at that time. I had, as yet, no particular idea that I might become an independent merchant; as I recall it, my highest hopes were a salary of $100 a month, which would allow the ownership of a driving horse and a side-bar buggy.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Sprague. The next will appear in an early issue

Have You Done

Your Spring (Radiator) Cleaning?

Now is the time to clean out all the anti-freeze solution, accumulated dirt and rust from your automobile's cooling system.

Hot weather is coming. Make sure your radiator is not clogged up or full of metal-eating, leak-causing rust.

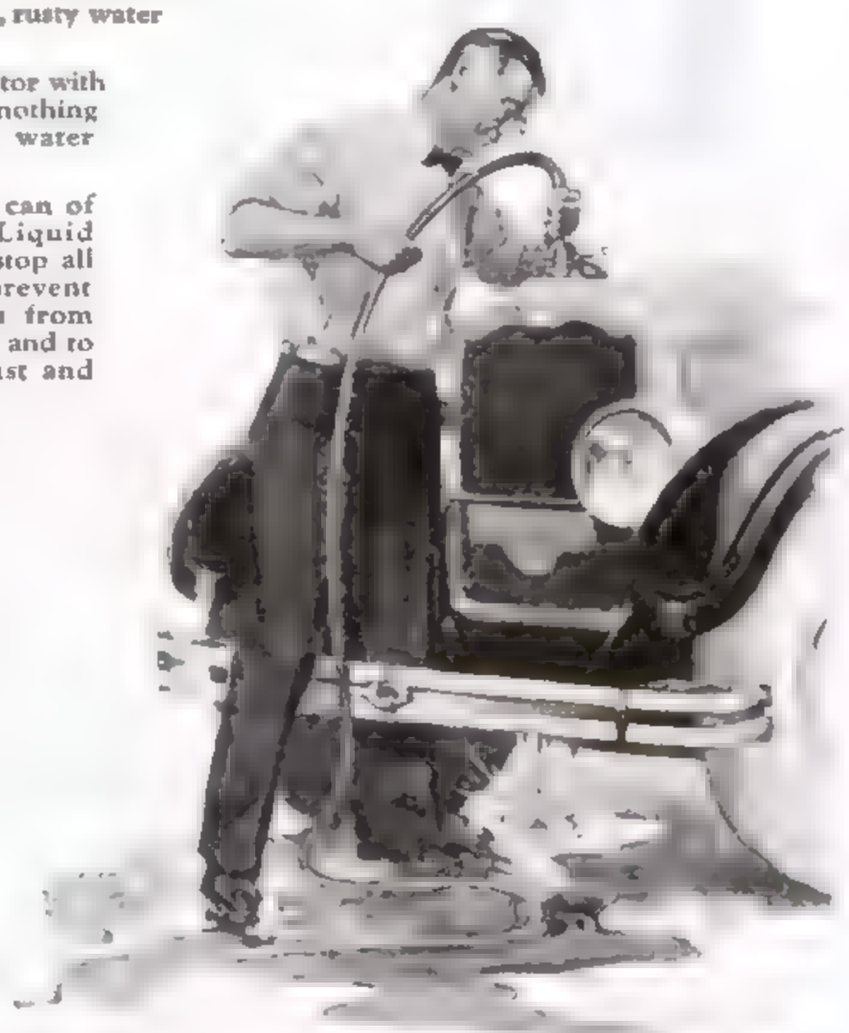
Then give your radiator a healing treatment of Warner Liquid Solder. If you have a leak, it will stop it completely and permanently. If you have no leaks, it will insure you against their developing.

It is cheaper to prevent leaks than to damage your engine by the loss of water. Leaks develop suddenly, and are often unknown until too late. (The very first thing a brand new car needs, after it has oil and gas, is Warner Liquid Solder). At least, carry a can in your tool box for emergency. About 65 out of every 100 cars develop leaks sooner or later. Nothing is more troublesome and annoying—nothing can prove more costly than a leak. Don't delay—

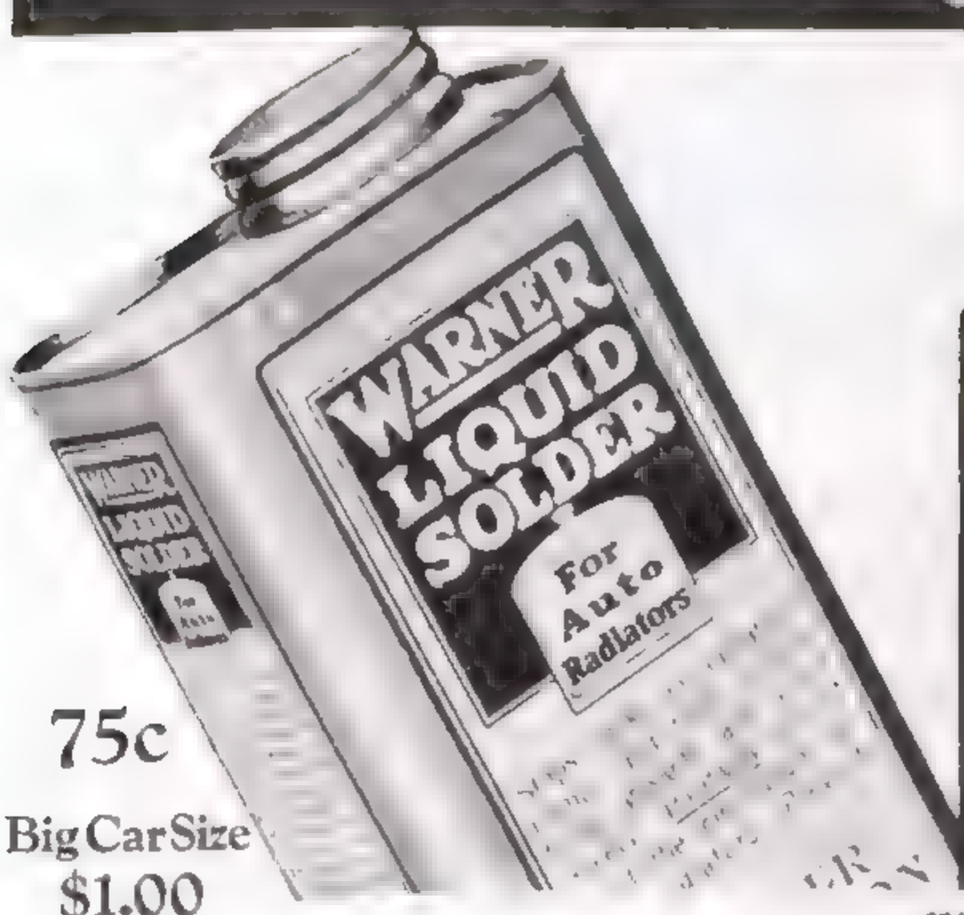
DRAIN and FLUSH your car's radiator

Then seal it leak-and-rust-proof.

1. Open pet cock at bottom of radiator and let all the muddy, rusty water drain out.
2. Flush radiator with hose until nothing but clean water comes out.
3. Pour in a can of Warner Liquid Solder to stop all leaks to prevent new leaks from developing and to prevent rust and corrosion.



STOP LEAKS



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—and make a better, more complete and permanent repair. Easy, quick, safe! Warner Liquid Solder is guaranteed absolutely harmless by Mr. A. P. Warner, famous inventor of the Speedometer. Sold on money-back basis. Nothing else "just as good". Refuse substitutes. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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In outstanding American cars

ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS are used as standard equipment

LEADING automobile manufacturers are specifying aluminum alloy pistons as part of the regular equipment for their cars. Already, such cars as the Hudson, Dodge, Chrysler, Lincoln and Peerless are equipped with them. Aluminum alloy has proved its superiority over cast-iron.

Manufacturers and experts agree that the special Kant-Skore alloy is the best of its kind.

This alloy has longer wearing qualities than cast-iron. It is three times as light. Its ability to get rid of heat is five times as great. It reduces vibration—makes for a cooler, sweeter running engine!

Because Kant-Skores are cast in permanent steel molds *in our own foundries*, they're always uniform—assuring good work. They have already been adopted as standard equipment by makers of nearly 1,000,000 cars per year.

Two types of Kant-Skores are made, the Kant-Skore spiral slot type and the Kant-Skore Permite type. Ask your garage man to tell you about these two types, and be sure that he uses one of them when your car needs new pistons. The heart of any overhaul job is the pistons you use for replacements! Insist on—

The Kant-Skore spiral slot Piston, made with the famous patented spiral slot

The Kant-Skore Permite design Piston, made with the tested and straight slot

ALUMINUM INDUSTRIES, Inc.

KANT-SKORE PISTON DIVISION
PERMITE PISTON DIVISION
Cincinnati, Ohio

OVER THE ROPES

(Continued from Page 25)

"Upstairs," says Rufe, "but you'd better not go near him. You should have seen the old boy froth when I pulled the good-by-forever stuff on him this morning. He threatens to shoot you on sight."

"Don't worry," I returns. "He won't shoot. He might get somebody else to shoot and take a percentage of the jail sentence, but that's as far as he'll go. Anyways, I'm going to give him money. That'll shoo him off the shoot."

Hayes greets me like a long-lost bill collector. "What's the matter with you?" he rasps.

"Not a thing," I chirps brightly. "I'm sitting on top of the world with one heel in California and the other in Florida."

"You mean," grunts Pat, "with one heel on Rufe's neck and the other on his pocketbook."

"Not to mention," I suggests, "your pocketbook."

"Yeh, my pocketbook," snarls Hayes. "Haven't I got something coming? Here I've spent seven years working over a pork-and-beaner developing him into a big gate puller, and now that there's some real gravy in sight you trip in and turn over the pan. What a swell daughter of Battling Dave Marberry you've turned out to be! He'd turn over in his grave if ——"

"He might," I cuts in, bitter, "to ask where you were when he was dying in the city hospital and what a great help you were to his girl when it came to burying him decent."

"I was out of town," mumbles Pat.

"I know where you were," I snaps.

"Where?" he asks.

"The same place where you'll be," I flashes, "when Rufe is down and out and in need of help. You've made money out of him from the start and you'll pull down twenty or thirty thousand Monday night, even if we lose."

"That's just the point," says Hayes eagerly. "We can't lose."

"Why not?" I demands. "Frame-up?"

"Yeh," smiles Pat, "but there's only one guy in this frame-up—Red Malone. He's framed himself."

"How do you mean?" I inquires.

"The champ," explains Hayes, "has been slipping fast for a year and he's no more ready to fight Rufe next week than I am to take on a nest of wildcats."

"Then why," I demands, "did he sign for the bout?"

"Because," replies Pat, "he's flat broke and so deep in debt that he has to make a big stake quick, and this was his only chance. Remember Malone's wife?"

"Sure I remember her," I answers. "Mazie Lehman."

"Well," goes on Hayes, "to give you an idea how busted Red is, Mazie has had to go to work in a cabaret for about fifty a week."

"Gosh," says I, "and a year ago she used to ride by me in her limousine so she could splash mud in my face."

"She's not working because she likes to," continues Pat. "She has to if she wants to keep up the fad of eating regular."

"I'm glad to know that," I remarks.

"Sure, you are," smiles Hayes, rubbing his oily mitts together.

"I'm glad to know it," says I slowly, "because it again proves to me that, no matter how much money you make in this game, you finish up broke if you stick long enough—and I haven't any training for cabaret work."

"You didn't get my point," growls Pat. "I was trying to show you what a cinch it'll be for Rufe to take the title. After that it'll be pictures, easy set-ups, and ——"

"—— the slide downhill," I finishes. "You're just wasting your time with me, Pat. Rufe retires after Monday's fight and that's that. . . . Got six tickets for the go, up in front?"

"Listen," says Hayes, cold and with eyes narrowed to slits, "if you think I'm going to give up my split of a quarter of a million without a scrap, you're crazy."

"What," I asks, airy, "are you and your lodge brothers going to do about it?"

"What one frill can do," returns Pat, "another frill can undo."

"Diagram and footnotes, please," I requests.

"You think," goes on Hayes, "that you've got Rufe all tied and gagged and slung up in your hammock, don't you?"

"Miss Marberry," says I, "refused to make a statement, referring all interviewers to Rufe Bannister."

"Well," admits Pat, "you have him hitched at present, and I helped you do the hitching."

"You?" I exclaims. "How?"

"By keeping the gals away from him," explains Hayes. "It doesn't do a fighter any good to play around with the fluffies. You're about the only skirt he's seen close and ——"

"And now," I interrupts, "you're going to dazzle him with the chorus from the Follies and the granddaughters of the original Florodora sextet. That it?"

"You're a pretty girl, Glove," says Pat, "bright and peppy and sensible, but I wonder how you'd go in competition with the baby talkers, the knee exhibitors and the neck wrappers?"

"An honest maiden," I returns demurely, "can but try her best."

"Would you like to?" demands Hayes.

"Think Rufe would want me to?" I asks, watching Pat closely.

"He doesn't know anything about this," says the manager promptly. "Let's you and I make a deal, Glove. Keep Rufe in the game for just one year and I'll stay on his neck so tight he'll think all the females in the world have been carried off by an epidemic but you."

"Be your age!" I blazes. "I'm tripe, am I, and you're going to make Rufe order me because there's nothing else on the bill of fare? You ——"

"Aw, get me right," pleads Pat. "I've handled hundreds of biffers in my time and I haven't seen one of them that wouldn't fall for the paint and perfume. Rufe's no different from the rest. Slap him up against a lady of the ensemble with a good lispy line of apple sauce and a pair of talking eyes and he'll forget that Dave Marberry ever had a daughter."

"Try him out," I suggests. "I have no mortgage on him. It might be a good idea ——"

"Remember," cuts in Hayes, "Rufe himself isn't so keen about passing up the big dough. Better go along with me, girlie. You'll get your man and a bank roll at the same time. What do you say?"

"I came here," I replies, haughty, "to buy six tickets for the fight. Can't a cash customer get waited on in this place?"

III

I DON'T get to see Rufe until Thursday night and right away I finds out that Pat Hayes hasn't let any grass grow between his toes.

"Pat," says Bannister, "is giving a lunch tomorrow to some of the newspaper boys and some stage folk."

"You going?" I asks, careless.

"Think it'd be all right?" he inquires. "I sort of had a halfway date with you, didn't I?"

"I was going to call that off, anyways," I lies. "Sure, go to the lunch. You want to meet different kinds of people. It'll help you when you get into business."

"That's what I thought," agrees Rufe, and we drops the subject.

I got my mind made up not to say or do a thing that'll give Bannister or Hayes an idea that I've got the slightest interest in what Rufe does when he's out of my sight. Just the same I'm not so happy over the situation. Every woman thinks she can hold her man against the world, but she'd hate to try it without a policy from Lloyds and Lloyds don't write 'em. Like Pat said, Bannister had had little contact with the silky sex and I've no idea how he'll react to soft soap from the gushing Gussies. However, I tells myself, the boy's entitled to see all the French pastry on the tray before picking his dessert.

I spends the evening reading to him. Rufe certainly looks handsome with the pink light from the lamp against his profile. Over a hundred fights and not a mark on his features!

"Be careful Monday," I cautions him, "and don't get scarred up. I'd hate to have a young man around me with ears that came over in the Cauliflower."

"Don't worry," says Rufe. "Red couldn't scratch an eggshell. Between you and me," he goes on, "I think I'll put him away in a round. Malone's all in, pork fat, and he hasn't got over that operation he had three months ago."

"Be careful, anyways," I advises. "A guy in a wheel chair can put you out if he hits you in the right place."

Friday night I have to work at the office on monthly statements, so I got no chance to find out from the boy friend how the lunch went off. Saturday afternoon, when I drifts around to the gym, Rufe's out doing road work. Before he gets back I have to beat it home to dress for the boss' dinner party.

Mason's business friends are a nice bunch and while we're eating at the Biltritz I pump them dry with questions about their business and any other business they might know something about. Business I discovers is like everything else—the grass in the other lad's pasture is always greener.

"I should say," remarks one of the Southerners, "that Bannister can hardly improve the line he's in now. It requires no capital investment; you don't stand to lose anything ——"

"Nothing," I interrupts, "except your character."

"I've always understood," goes on the visitor, "that Bannister leads a clean life, is decent in every way ——"

"He is," I assures him, "but you can't keep on knocking men senseless and breaking jaws without getting brutalized, and you can't remain in an atmosphere of gamblers and ring hangers-on without getting some of their dirt on you. The money fighters make dribbles through their fingers and—look," I exclaims suddenly, "there's an example for you."

A baby spot's been turned on the dance floor and out steps Mazie Lehman!

"That's Red Malone's wife," I explains. "He's made close to half a million dollars in the last ten years and spent every dime of it. She's now spinning on her toes at fifty a week because they need the money. Three or four years ago Mazie had a car especially built for her Pomeranian."

Her dance is good and the Malone woman gets a great hand. She does an encore, after which she walks over to a table in the far corner of the restaurant. My eyes follow her; then they close with a sharp pain. At the table with Mazie is Rufe!

When I pulls myself together and look again the two have their heads close and are talking confidentially. Mazie's doing most of the conversation, with Bannister shaking his head dubiously. I watches, kind of fascinated. All at once I see Rufe nodding "yes." Mazie leans across the table, kisses him quickly and darts away.

I'm sick all over. My ears are ringing with a hoarse laugh. Pat Hayes! He'd made good his threat with a vengeance. He'd get Rufe interested in another girl. No, not a girl, but a beautiful and seductive married woman.

"Aren't you feeling well?" I hears Mason's voice through the haze.

"I'm tired," I mumbles. "The heat and—I'm cold."

(Continued on Page 127)

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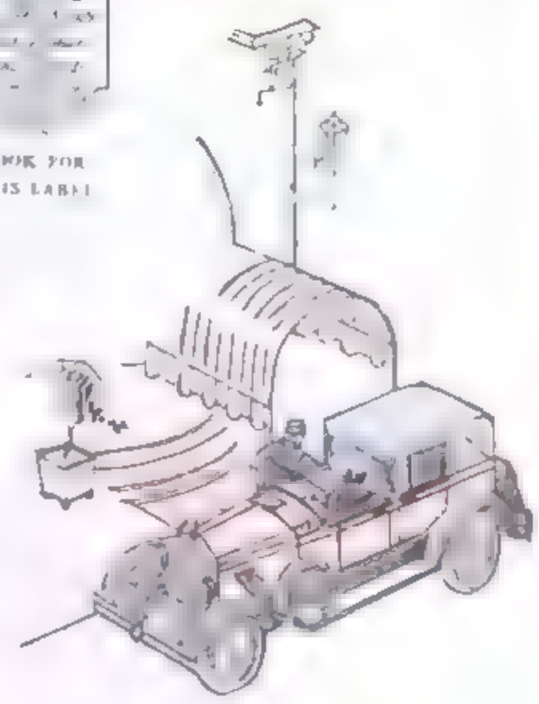

"FOR MORE UPHOLSTERY MILEAGE MOTOR ON MOHAIR"

(Continued from Page 124)

"We're all ready to go, anyways," says the boss and everybody gets up. I'd crabbed the party.

As we're leaving I casts another glance toward the corner of the restaurant. The table's deserted. Bannister apparently had left through the side entrance—to meet Mazie. My enemies should have such a night as I spent. At dawn I'm still awake wrestling with a feeling of disgust—disgust that I should have let myself get so interested in a moron who'd be a sucker for the first snappy woman he'd meet.

Rufe and I were to have taken a long walk in the country on Sunday, leaving about nine o'clock. At 8:30 the phone rings and I answers it without thinking. It's the boy friend, retired.

"I'll have to call the walk off," says he, before I can pull a line.

"That so?" I returns cold.

"Yes," answers Rufe. "Pat wants me to do some light sparring ——"

"You mean heavy sparring with Mazie Malone, don't you?" I snaps, and hangs up.

There are several more jing-a-lings during the morning, but I'm in my room and out of the house. In the afternoon I goes to visit an aunt and spends the night with her.

"I've just thought of a good line that might interest Bannister," says the boss to me the next morning.

"Never mind," I comes back. "He's not fit to be anything but a cheap pug."

"Huh!" exclaims Mason. "I see—take this letter, Miss Marberry." J. W. sure knows when to drop a subject.

I debates with myself all day whether to go to the fight and I finally decides I will. Just because Rufe has turned out to be a fickle flop, I figures, is no reason why I shouldn't take in the mill of the year. I feel that I'll enjoy the bout, especially when there's always a chance that Malone'll land a haymaker that'll spill Bannister out of the ropes and over the press seats.

The fight's not on for more than a few seconds when I see there's no chance of that. Red's slow and dull, slabbed with fat in the middle and about as accurate with his punches as a nervous woman would be with a hot hammer. Rufe, on the other hand, is in perfect shape, with his deadly right playing a tattoo on Malone's jaw and over his heart. Bannister's taking it cool and easy, blocking wild swings with ease and apparently just waiting his chance to put the champ away with one jolt.

Toward the end of the round he gets his opportunity. Red comes off the ropes with a wild swing that misses so completely that he turns around like a whirling dervish. Rufe's expected that, and, stepping to the side, shoots a short right to Malone's undefended jaw. It lands flush on the button. The champ sags and is about to slip to the floor when old experience comes through the mist to his help. As he is falling he grabs Bannister around the waist and holds on so tight Rufe can't shake him off.

"Push him away and finish him," yells the mob—the mob that moans and hunts for sympathy when it has a toothache. "Get him loose and kill him."

Across the ring I catches a flash of Mazie. She's white and tense and her big eyes are staring wild at the fighters. Suddenly they soften into a smile and I quick turns my eyes to the scrappers. Rufe's still wrestling around with Malone, but he's looking straight at Mazie. Gosh! A wife encouraging her new sweetheart to knock her husband senseless!

The bell rings and Malone is carried to his corner. It looks like an even-money bet that he won't be able to come out for the second round, and a five-to-one shot, if he does, that he won't last through the session, but such is not the case. Smelling salts and cold water bring the champ to a bit, and when he comes to the center he throws a pretty good bluff of being all there. But he's not even half there and it takes all his power to keep his knees from knocking.

Instead of plunging in and finishing the job quick, Bannister goes in for long-distance sparring and fancy foot work, all of which accomplishes nothing excepting to give Red a chance to get acquainted with his old self. The crowd yells for action and murder, but Rufe just fools around and when the round ends Malone breezes jauntily to his corner, fresh as a morning-glory. I'm kind of puzzled. I know enough about fighting to be sure that the ex-boy friend could have killed Red within a few seconds of the opening of the second spasm, or even toward the finish of the first, but for some reason he's holding back.

"Probably," I thinks to myself, "trying to get in stronger with Mazie by being decent to her husband," but that doesn't sound so right to me.

In the next five or six rounds Malone gives as good as he takes. It's a smashing, slashing fight and the fans are satisfied, but I'm not. Rufe's not doing his best and I know it. He's stalling for some reason. Just why he should, with the title in sight and the big money ahead of him, now that I'm out of the picture, I can't dope out.

In the eighth and ninth rounds Red actually outpoints Bannister, making him swing foolish and getting some leather home that has Rufe rocking on his toes and hanging on for time.

I'm wondering. Can it be that my treatment of the boy has taken the heart out of him and that he doesn't care what happens to him? Bunk! What was he doing in a cabaret with another man's wife? He's just a bum fighter, just as he was a bum boy friend.

The tenth and last round is a darb. It's toe to toe and no backing up. The crowd's on the chairs, yelling hysterically and shouting for each to kill the other or themselves, as far as it's concerned. Mazie's on her feet, too, laughing and crying and altogether acting like a Bloomingdale Eva Tanguay.

Biff! Bang! A jolt to the heart for a smash to the jaw. A crash in the ribs for an uppercut to the chin. A wallop in the solar plexus for a one-two to the face. An even trade all along the line. Thirty seconds to go. Rufe pokes a stiff short jab into the champ's heart, but just as it lands, a swinging right from Red catches Bannister on the point of the jaw and down he goes. Malone turns around foolishly a couple of times, his knees bend under him and—thud—he's joined Rufe on the wet canvas. Both down, but before the referee has a chance to show any of his arithmetic the bell rings. The fight's over.

I don't wait to hear the decision, but mills my way out of the arena. What do I care who won? Red or Rufe, it's all the same in my young life. Mazie's got 'em both and I got nothing. I never had anything else, so what's the difference?

I'm up in my room and just getting ready to undress when the doorbell rings. I looks out of the window. There's a taxicab at the curb and on the doorstep—Rufe.

"What do you want?" I shouts down.

"I want to talk to you," says he.

"It doesn't work both ways," I snaps and slaps down the window.

Rufe keeps ringing, but I don't open the window again. There's only one other person in the house and she's deaf, so he's got a swell chance of making himself heard and getting in.

Finally the bell stops. A minute or so later I looks out of the window. The taxicab's still there. As I turns away, an arm comes over the sill and in hops Rufe. A pair of boxing gloves is draped around his neck.

"What do you want?" I demands of him.

"Where's that nail," he comes back, "that you said you had for me to hang my gloves up? Ah, there is it," he exclaims, walking to the far wall. "Up she goes for good and all."

"And what do I care?" I asks, cold.

"I'm through fighting," says Bannister. "Where do we go from here?"

"Ask Mazie," I suggests.

"Mazie knows nothing of my future," returns Rufe.

"Do I?" I inquires satirically.

"You," says Rufe, "are my future. Now let's get this all straightened out—about Mrs. Malone, I mean."

"Rather late, don't you think?" I suggests.

"If you'd have listened to me Sunday," says Bannister, "you wouldn't be losing your beauty sleep now. You'd have learned that Mrs. Malone asked me to meet her at the cabaret where she works. I did. Somebody must have told you about it."

"I saw it," I tells him. "What did she want with you?"

"She told me," goes on Rufe, "that she and her husband were so broke and in debt that it would take him several fights to get even. Besides, she said he'd been sick—that's the truth—and was really in no condition to make much of a battle with me. She asked me to let him go the route. Being she's a good sport working the way she is, I agreed. I could have butchered Red in the first round without half trying."

"You mean to tell me," says I, "that you passed up the championship——By the way, did you lose?"

"They called it a draw," replies Bannister. "Fair enough."

"And for a woman who's almost a stranger," I continues, "you sacrificed the title."

"Where's the sacrifice?" protests Rufe. "What good was it being champ if I never intended to defend the title? By letting Malone stay and earn a draw—it would have taken a knock-out to get a win—I fixed it so he'd be a good card and get a lot of dough for himself. Me? I'm going into business."

"It's all right being good-hearted," says I, "but why did you let him beat you all up?"

"I didn't let him," laughs the boy friend, reinstated. "He did it without permission. "Red's no slouch, you know. He got me so tired out from his hanging on in the early rounds that it took all I had to keep him off at the finish. The last part of the fight was strictly on the up and up and the fans got their run. Nobody was cheated."

"I was," I tells him.

"How was that?" inquires Rufe.

"I went to the bout," says I, frank, "hoping you'd get your block knocked off."

"I ain't so sure," comes back Bannister, "that ——"

"Am not," I points out.

"—— that it's on tight now," finishes Rufe, with a twist and a grimace. "Well, there are the gloves all hung up. I am ready for the new life."

"Not I am," I corrects gently. "We are."

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THE BEAUTIFUL AND BELOVED

(Continued from Page 9)

little boy in Iowa looking at his dead mother, as a restless young man in college in Boston after his father's death, and then, as a man never quite satisfied with the places other people liked, but roving—roving Mexico, South America, California, Cuba; yet not at all as an adventurer so much as a man looking for the place that was his. Vaguely she was aware of that word "Florida" already on his lips; the land that he had found for himself at last, and for the woman whose image, she saw even then, might blend into her own. She was aware of him—deeply, singingly aware, and of his delight in her. She crowded back her delight in him from her eyes and from her voice—crowded it back into her heart. It was too soon to show that yet. Yet very soon now—very soon ——

It was as if, in the days that followed, she were being slowly tuned to that steady vibrance in him. The two weeks he spent in New York, on some vague business, but chiefly with her, were a series of dim backgrounds for their discovery of each other—lunches and teas and dinners in casual restaurants, inconspicuous corners in Cornelia Hutton's drawing-room and an endless sequence of frozen, unnoticed streets. When he went away she felt that she could not endure it if he were not to return in the spring, as he said he would.

After that his letters began, revealing the mind of the man more plainly than she yet discovered—his individuality, his ideas, his world. She read his letters unevenly, hardly noticing what he wrote about his work—clearing land, building a house, planning his future in that place which was so unreal to her—in her absorption in the emotion which the very sight of his handwriting gave her, or some unexpectedly tender phrase, revealing, in spite of his deliberate impersonality, something of his own living passion. By the time she realized that marrying him meant giving up her career, Cornelia Hutton's drawing-room and her friends and all New York, they were only veils which drifted irritatingly between her and her image of him. When he wrote and asked her to marry him, in a letter like a sudden flame, she would have laughed out loud at the idea that she was giving up anything at all to do so.

She was to wonder at that later. She wondered why she had never thought him a little provincial there in New York. She would look up at him from a book in the evening with a new phrase for that long, cheerful, unending argument they had begun to carry on, which would set him striding up and down the veranda, in and out of the lamplight, flushed with the force of his own opinions. She had had to learn that his ideas, of whose existence she had hardly been aware in New York or in those dazzling first days of their marriage, were as fundamental to him as his height or his hair. Yet she heard them doubtfully. They were so utterly different from anything her group would have considered sophisticated, or even permissible. Yet when she said something of the sort he laughed hugely, with that quizzical, affectionate droop of the eyelids at her, as if he knew something more important than that.

For to Lawrence the ideas and attitude of her group in New York seemed not to matter at all. He did not dislike New York. He merely did not consider it. It was his opinion that in any country so vast and so diversified as the United States no one locality, and certainly none so highly urbanized as New York, could, or should be allowed to, dominate the thoughts and manners of a continent. Any part of the country, he felt, could be as significant, as important to itself, if the people who lived there were deeply aware of its uniqueness, and used their best intelligence about developing it. In his secret heart he did really feel that these flat acres of his in Florida were the most important, probably because they were most important to him. But he insisted that it was a principle that must be applied everywhere. What Marian insisted was provincialism he called an intelligent localism, and insisted it was a quite different thing.

He did not seem to care whether or not people whom he knew here could talk about free verse or the ideas of Utopia or the style of Arthur Machen or the music of Stravinsky. He did not worry because there were no great plays to be seen in local theaters, or any great artists recording the tremendous skies he loved. He read much, but he did not have to be talking about books all the time, he said. He was not concerned about meeting the celebrities of other places, who came down in the season. Art would come, he insisted, music would come, great men would be born, after the work of discovery and pioneering had been accomplished. The people who were really his friends did not necessarily know anything about books or art or music at all. But he could spend hours on end with them, droning away in the hot sun on a paintless doorstep, or standing in the deep shadow of a mango tree, swapping ideas about the earth itself, about South Florida.

His friends were the seamy-faced men who had first experimented with raising grapefruit in virgin pineland, pioneering down the coast even before the railroad, driven by the menace of frost behind them—frost as deadly as a blizzard to the delicate pale fruit. They were men who had come to Florida first to work on the railroad and on the great white arches of the overseas extension, which strode deliberately among the reefs, through the dazzling jade water, to Key West. They had known Miami as a roaring frontier town when the construction gangs came in to spend their money in North Miami saloons on Saturday nights. The sun had laid its hand on them, so that they could never get away, but took root, staking out homesteads, experimenting with oranges and peppers and tomatoes, growing bronzed and rich in knowledge of the ways of the crumbly white soil that was like nothing else anywhere. But most of all, it seemed to Marian, Lawrence liked the newer breed of men occasionally to be found in the country south of Miami; government experimenters in tropic fruits and vegetables, horticultural explorers, experts who were trying out their own ideas on some inconspicuous ten acres among the pines—men familiar with the steamy jungles of Burma and Java, the lush regions of East Africa; men to whom the tropics were the plant treasure house of the world, from which Northern earth could constantly be enriched. In their talk the names of strange fruits were commonplace—mango and durian and chermoya, sapodillo and soursop and annona; the nuggets of their jungle prospecting. To them the illusive propagation of the mangosteen was a quest more sacred than the Golden Fleece. To them a new bamboo or a new palm tree was an achievement, a new vegetable was a victory. They were her husband's closest friends.

He was always riding five, ten, fifteen miles out of his way to discover some man who was experimenting with the dasheen, or tropical spinach, or mahogany seedlings. His talk with casual strangers was of tea and ginger and cardamom, allspice and vanilla and rubber. Only this way, he assured her, could he really learn the future possibilities of this soil which had hardly been experimented with yet. Nights he pored over old books of tropic exploration, digging up facts about coffee and casuarina wood, looking up to laugh at one of her searching diatribes against the tropics as a place to live, or flinging himself headforemost into that long argument of theirs about civilization and new earth.

For it was his deeply felt contention that civilization was possible in a land only after its people had learned to love it. Americans had been too much like jackdaws, he insisted, hoarding scraps of culture and of beauty picked up from older worlds and older artists. They were only just learning, he would say, rising to pace the long veranda in the soft dark, that what they called civilization had to flower from local earth, deep-rooted; had to be colored by the very nature of local trees, burning to remembered blossoms. Athens and Jerusalem, Florence and Venice and Stratford-on-Avon, had produced their artists and their poets and their philosophers, because men had loved them and so made them more worthy of being loved. What men had thought and said because of them were the stepping-stones to whatever civilization the world had known.

He was a hard man to argue with, Marian had found, laughing lazily at him from her hammock. When she called him provincial he retaliated with references to Greek sunlight which had produced the Parthenon, French forests which had raised up Gothic cathedrals, English fields from which had sprung A Midsummer Night's Dream and A Shropshire Lad and the Ode to the West Wind. There is no such thing, he insisted, as a complete cosmopolitanism. A man cannot be at once a complete Hottentot, a Parisian and an Eskimo, or take the best of each. Lawrence said he was even satisfied to be provincial, if that meant ceasing to roam the earth without permanence or attachments, homeless as a dog in a desert. And when she retorted bitterly that his localism turned most often into a stupid narrowness, incapable of understanding any point of view but its own, breeding suspicion and hatred and eternal warfare, he said that was the result of stupidity, not of intelligence. As for him, he was glad to grow a little narrow-minded, glad to narrow his thinking down to the immediate span of his own earth. He was tired of spreading his mind out thin over the world, like an inadequate dab of butter on a vast hot biscuit. His thinking, rooted and grounded in his own acres, had deepened already to a new understanding of the world.

It would be true for any place, he insisted, his head outlined against the faint snow of the stars, any patch of earth truly itself, distinct, unique, so long as its people felt it deeply. All the varied regions of the country—mountain, river valley, coastal plain, foothills, sunny edge of desert or forests and hidden lakes—was each in its own kind worthy to create its own civilization, its own flavor, its own likeness in the thoughts and art of its people. Each was worthy of being loved.

That, more than anything else, was what this Southern Florida needed—to be loved. It had meant many things to many men from the beginning. It had known greed and ambition and desire of power and empire. Only rarely had it known love. Men had sought it out for the hope of miraculous gifts—youth and riches and happiness. Only here and there, out of hundreds, had there been a man who could see it as it was, and so love it—the bare green solitudes, the slow brackish rivers moving gently to the flashing sea, the monotonies of its softness and brightness and vastness, potent, tremendous, worthy. Spanish freebooters and pirates had seized on it in the early days for its promise. Indians and refugee slaves had lived safely within it, giving back nothing to the land which sustained them. Then, with the coming of the railroad, young cities had sprung up and the first of that army of tourists who were to live in it briefly, grateful for its sun, yet never of it, sharing no responsibility toward the wide earth. As the shining rails went southward groves sprang up in the pinelands, truck gardens in the coast prairies, raw frame shacks along the uneven white roads, and gray corrugated-iron packing houses by the small yellow and white stations. After that came the people—hordes of people, like a dam bursting—spreading wide the hastily built cities, plunging oiled roads into the palmetto reaches, cutting bearing groves into subdivisions, leaving the débris of their progress around them—stumps and billboards and filling stations, and at night the white moons of street lights flung out westward through the cleared lands. They came with the smell of quick money in their nostrils and left behind them tin cans and faded For Sale signs. They had known nothing and cared less about the land with which they speculated as if it were only a strange white richness which might any moment disappear. Like a contagion that feeling spread even among the slow-speaking old-timers—the grove men, and the growers. It boiled up clear to Lawrence Locklin's own boundaries, which stood like walls against the tide. He had been glad when the year of feverish speculation was over. Now he and his kind could go on as they had begun—building up—building up deeper groves, more splendid gardens, finer cities—worthy of this thing they loved.

"You sound exactly like the paid secretary of a boosters' club," Marian said to him once. "First thing you know you'll be signing your letters the way old Mr. Orrin does, when he writes you for a better price for his peppers: 'Yours always, for our beautiful and beloved Florida.'"

"Well, and why not?" Lawrence had said slowly. "It's what I think. I don't care if I am a sentimental idiot. Man's got to have a little relaxation, hasn't he? By Jove, old lady, I believe I will."

And "Yours always, for our beautiful and beloved Florida" was exactly the phrase that he did use in signing his letters, or at least many of them, to Marian's open exasperation.

Now she turned with a great sigh, staring up at a dancing moat of light. That was all over now. She had been ten years in Florida, had borne his sons and had buried him. His purpose, his will, his dogged courage, his great laughter, his strange feeling for this new country of which she had been jealous, not being able to share, were gone, did not exist, would never come back to her. His last son flapped a tiny hand toward the light his father had loved. That was all over now. She was homesick for a place which was old and established and unchanging; feverish for quiet and shelter among the things she had known before. She would go back. As if, with that decision made, something tense within her relaxed for the first time after many years, she slipped profoundly into the sleep she needed.

It would not be difficult to sell the place, she found, as she had anticipated. Six weeks and more later she sat at her desk in the living room, reading a letter from the president of a neighboring subdivision, almost a city and as soundly financed, which had withstood somehow the lean year after the boom. For several years before they had maintained a standing offer for the well-kept Locklin acres and, although now they could not offer her so large a sum as last year, at the peak of high prices, they were still interested in buying. The price would be ample to establish Marian and the children in the North, to support them modestly, and to educate them. It was a foregone conclusion with her that she would accept. Next Tuesday she was to sign the final papers at her lawyer's office in Miami. In addition, there was the avocado crop—an especially heavy one, and almost ready for the packing house—which they had agreed to let her have. It would be another very neat sum in her pocket. All this was so easy of achievement that it gave her a curious sense of assurance, as of a course ordained and inevitable.

All about her now the house was quiet, green hung and shadowy with vines. The long cool verandas opened out on the green gold of the lawn in full sun, where the shade trees towered, older seeming than their scant tropic years. In the kitchen Charley-Anne crooned, over and over, the same rich

(Continued on Page 133)

WHEN the smart, well-kept car rolls up it's on Generals. The reason is basic, not superficial. The cold black beauty of the General Tire spots it anywhere as the quality tire of the industry. But deeper than the tread are those inbuilt features of quality that are responsible for users' records of almost unbelievable mileage, comfort and safety.

The GENERAL TIRE

When you paint to preserve ~you beautify

Who can question the rewards of surface protection? Let him look around, at home or on his travels. He cannot fail to see how paint and varnish touch his life for the better in all his doings.

WHERE the paint brush goes, preservation and beauty follow.

Property values are maintained or enhanced. Saving the surface plays a big part in true prosperity, for prosperity hangs on conserving what we produce. And how much the twin blessing, beauty, adds to the satisfaction of life.

Wherever people gather—to work, worship, play, eat, rest—paint and varnish are essential aids to cheerfulness—to good working, good living.

"Save the surface and you save all" is a mighty truth. The word *all* is packed with meaning no one owner can afford to overlook.

HERE is the gracious entrance of a modern suburban house. How definitely the painter has helped the owner and the architect to express the charm of the home within. And the woodwork can still be lovely, generations hence, with the protection of paint and varnish.

Edgar G. Vere[illegible] & Sc[illegible]monsky Architects

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
18 East 41st Street New York

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

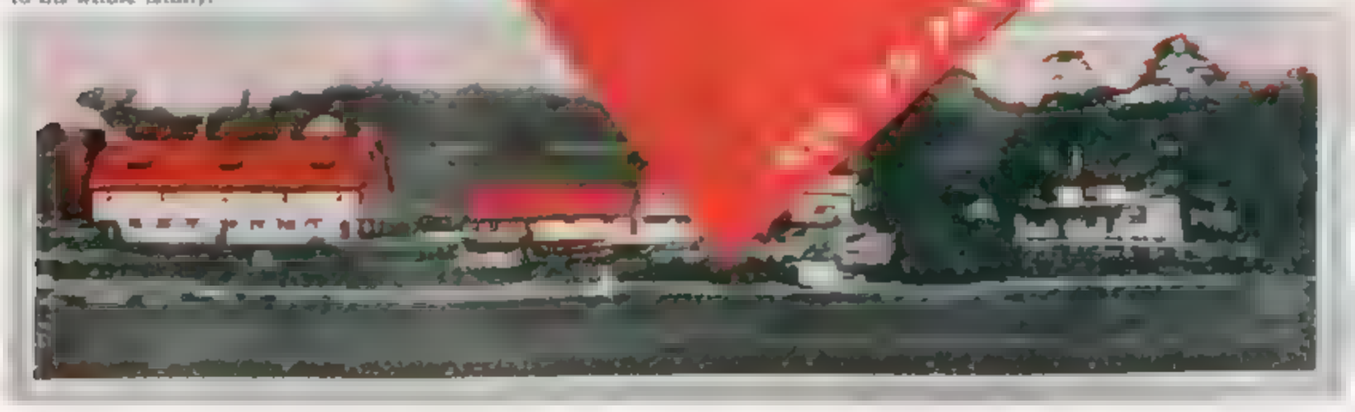
804 © Save the Surface Campaign, 1927

A glimpse into the Barclay-Vesey Building, home of the New York Telephone Co. 13,000 gallons of paint and varnish were used to protect and decorate it.

McKenzie, Voorhees & Gmelin Architects

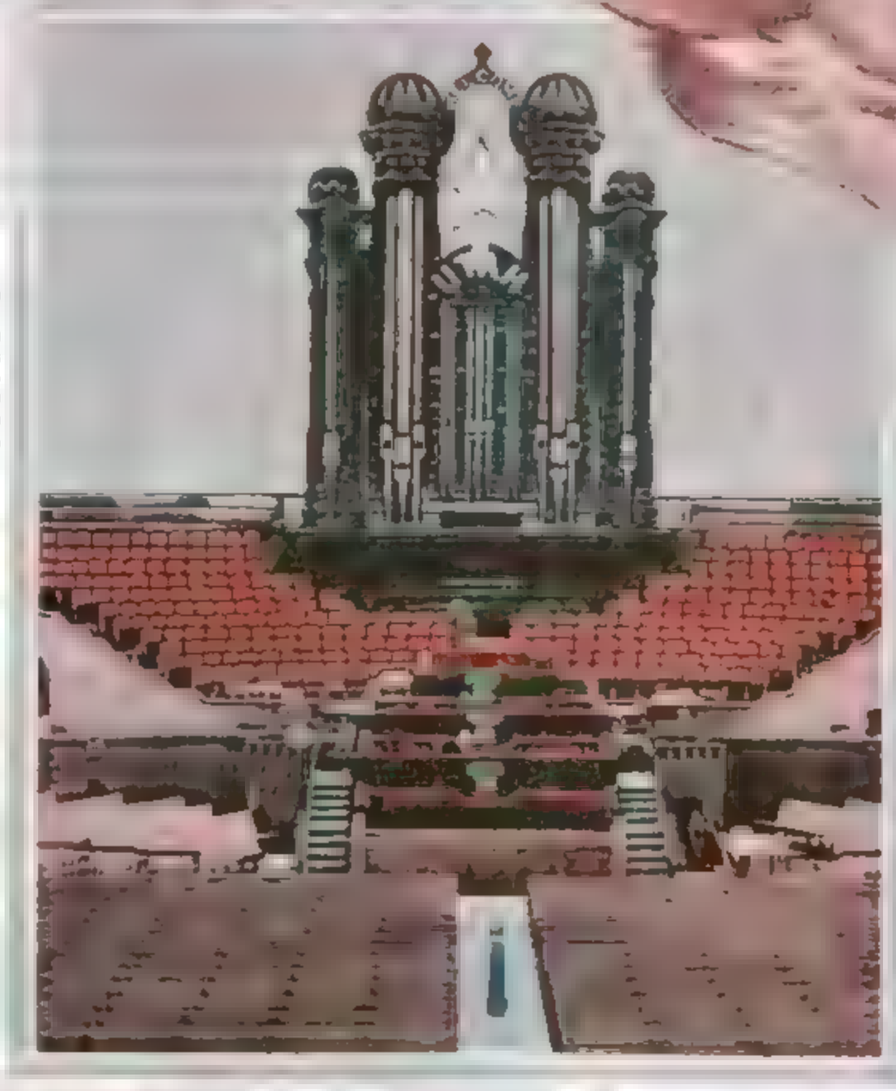
GOOD appearance counts heavily in successful merchandising. The department store of Boggs & Buhl, in Pittsburgh, is an example. In spite of unfavorable conditions, the systematic use of paint and varnish enables the management to keep the buildings looking as they should, both inside and out.

NOWHERE do paint and varnish offer greater rewards than to the farmer. He is a manufacturer — and their systematic use preserves his buildings and equipment. His farm is his home — and saving the surface makes living on the farm more attractive to his whole family.



When you paint to beautify ~ *you preserve*

THE Mormon Tabernacle is one of the famous sights of Salt Lake City. The cornerstone was laid 74 years ago, since when upkeep with paint and varnish has been a regular program. Thanks to this care, the original hand hewn benches are still in use, perfectly preserved.



WHAT could be more restful than a living room like this—where paint and varnish play such a conspicuous part in the decorative scheme! Paneled walls, floor, ceiling, and furniture owe much of their charm to these materials — which at the same time protect their surfaces.

Treanor and Fatio, Architects

BEAUTY follows the paint brush Doesn't this prove it—this glimpse into a delightful New England home? It might be old, though it is modern, for paint and varnish have preserved many fine homes from Colonial times — like

Prentice Sawyer, Architect

AT Nela Park (the National Lamp Works of General Electric Company) [illegible] a scientific study. In office, laboratory and factory, effective [illegible] is in large part on the wise use of paint and varnish—just as to protection of surfaces and betterment of working conditions

TRANSPORTATION systems spread their network over all the world—but wherever they are, the need of paint and varnish is unescapable. Systematic surface protection earns public good will at the same time that it promotes safety and conserves invested capital

LATITE

Roofed at last —to last!

Genasco Latite Shingles are armored against weather and wear

There is no known limit to the life of these sturdy, storm-tight Genasco Latite Shingles. And once you have laid them—*whether over old wood shingles or over new boards*—you have ended your roofing troubles and expense for years.

Genasco Latite Shingles owe their great weather and wear resistance—therefore their long life—to protective coatings of Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement. Streets paved with this remarkable material more than a half century ago are still in use.

The top layer of this asphaltic cement protects the shingles against weather just as armor protects a battleship against shell fire. It also grips and holds the surface coating of granulated slate that makes Genasco Latite Shingles so attractive and fire-retardant.

The bottom layer is the famous Genasco "Sealbac". It protects the shingles against condensation—seals in the water-proofing saturant—and helps bind each shingle closer to those underneath.

If you plan reroofing—or having your old roof repaired—consider the advantages of laying Genasco Latite Shingles *right over your old wood shingles*. You save the cost of ripping off the old roof. You avoid dirt-littered lawns and attics. And you don't expose your home to damage by rain while reroofing.

Genasco Latite Shingles are so low in cost you can lay them economically on a garage or a stable. All leading builders, building-supply dealers, roofers and carpenters supply them. Attractive booklets furnished on request.

The Barber Asphalt Company

New York Chicago Pittsburgh **Philadelphia** St. Louis Kansas City San Francisco

Front view of a Genasco Latite Shingle. Made in three natural, non fading colors—red, green and blue black

Genasco Latite Shingles

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Back view of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the invisible "key" that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath

(Continued from Page 128)

notes. Now and then the baby gurgled in his crib, and from the rabbit hutch where Duncan and Robert labored devotedly their little-boy voices came occasionally, high-pitched and very busy. Far off in the sunny afternoon someone was hammering like a slow woodpecker. Marian had begun a letter to her mother, giving her the exact day when she now expected they would reach New York. But her pen had dropped from her fingers and she sat listening idly. Now that she had as good as freed herself from this alien soil she had the curious feeling that she was seeing for the first time the worth and beauty of what her husband had built. For the first time she could breathe deeply in it without the remotest hostility.

Either the day was more exquisite than any she had ever known, or the brooding calm that was in her had laid its serenity on the earth itself. The white September heat had relaxed to a delicious softness. The vast light lay upon the earth thrillingly brilliant, thrillingly tender, glittering from every motionless leaf edge, dark thin jade against the sky—sky that was a vast frail bubble of ultimate turquoise, floating upward terrifically beyond the dazzling snow of cloud heads on the horizon, motionless and marmoreal and pure. She left her pen upon her letter paper and drifted out to the wide lawn, where she moved among the shadows without any thoughts at all, only gazing up into the dreaming sky and from time to time resting her hand lingeringly on some strong tree trunk of her husband's planting. The long hour stood silent on her deep-drawn breath.

The dreaming mood clung to her all that evening, into the suave dark. She let Charley-Anne go early and gave the boys their supper herself, brooding by their red heads in the lamplight, elbow on the table and eyes wandering out into the night, heedless of too clattering baby spoons. When they were tucked in and the house was quiet again, she moved gently about the kitchen under her stooping shadow, preparing the baby's bottle, and sat by his crib in the silken dark until he was asleep. When at last she put out her own lamp the night slipped in between the vine leaves and she lay quiet, no pain in her heart, and so moved dreaming into deep sleep.

She woke, hours later, in blackness, a long screaming in her ears. She sat upright, horrified eyes straining into the dark. It was a long, yelling scream, all around the little house, high above it, going on, and on, and on insupportably. Even as she stared she saw that the dark was not dark, but a ghastly saffron, creeping on the walls from the livid sky beyond the yelling wind. Wind. It was wind. Even as she leaped out of bed and ran into the nursery to tuck up the baby and fasten down the canvas screens, the knowledge that it was wind such as she had never known, frightfully let loose, chilled the very cells of her body to an unknown fear.

The wind screamed from the northwest, from which the kitchen addition protected them a little. The dreadful saffron light deepened in the yelling heavens as she hurried into her clothing, and air like a cold torrent tore about her body. As she hurried into the boys' room she was vaguely aware that the hands of her bedroom clock faintly pointed to 3:30. It was no hour such as she had ever known.

In the yellow glare she saw that the boys were already awake and sitting up in bed; two dark little huddled figures staring at her as she moved to them.

"What is it, mother—what is it?" little Duncan whispered to her as she slipped her arm around him. He was shaking, but she had a moment of thankfulness that it was not with fright, but with sheer excitement. Duncan was the high-strung one. At that moment something as deep and fundamental as the cold fear running along her muscles lifted in her hotly—a kind of grim teeth-clenching defiance against whatever mad forces there were outside that were trying to make her children afraid. If she could only keep them safe and warm and not afraid. Sturdy Robert was out of bed already and on the floor, putting on his shoes without a word. Doors were clapping like pistol shots. Shutters tore loose. A tree branch crashed through a window—wire screening, windowpane and all. The screaming wind was a huge fist striking blows upon the roof over their heads—blows that shook the house to its foundations, again and again and again, in an unbelievable savagery. In the uproar of it individual sounds were lost, swallowed up, dominated by the long screaming rising unbearably overhead.

She stood for a split second longer snatching frantically at courage against that naked animal fear. Then she ran back to her baby. The canvas screen which she had just fastened with all her strength ripped through with a sound like a distant gunshot just as she ran to the crib. As she snatched him up, the baby nuzzled into her shoulder, still sleeping. And as she stood in her room wondering wildly what would be the safest place for him, she heard the weird whistling scream of the savage wind give way to a long booming roar. It was a roar that grew so swiftly out of distance to crash directly overhead that it was like the thunder of ten locomotives run wild across the pinelands. At the same moment, outside the windows and across the open veranda, the air turned suddenly to water—leadlike sheets of water, bursting and foaming over the house in one black surge. The saffron light went out leaving pitchy blackness and the deafness of unimaginable uproar.

As she hurried back to the boys' room her ankles were cold with water, her shoulders and the top of her head dripping wet. Water spurted under the doorsills. Water dripped slowly down through the very hall ceiling as if it were made of blotting paper. Only the boys' room, more or less in the lee of the rest of the house, seemed comparatively dry, although the walls shivered.

With hands that were icy but perfectly sure she dragged out the baby's day crib from the deep clothes closet, wrapped him in wool blankets and shoved him, crib and all, into the closet and shut the door. So long as the roof held that would be the safest place for him. She stripped the mattress from the bed and put it against the door that led into the living room, shoving the heavy bureau against it. The windows were locked shut. They would have to hold as best they could under the vicious flogging of wind and black water. She could not tell whether the other rooms were being blown open and gutted. Again and again the whole house quivered to a more severe shock, which might have been one of the trees falling and crashing, noiselessly in that unutterable tumult, against the roof. Over that she had no power. All she could do was to hunt up all the boys' woolen clothing—ragged sweaters and old bathrobes and outgrown woolens—into which she shoved them somehow, pinning them in securely with rows and rows of safety pins. How dreadful it must be, she kept thinking, while her hands flew, for the mothers who did not have enough safety pins on such a night.

But that was the only thought she had for any beings in the insane universe except the sleeping baby in the closet and these two wiggling, precious small bodies. It was as if every other scrap of human life had been destroyed in the howling pitchy waste of the world. She and her children alone were left utterly isolated.

She had done everything that she could think of doing. She gathered in her two and sat down on the bed frame and waited; waited minute by minute for the last screeching moment of dissolution, when the roof should go off. Crouching there she seemed to herself to be holding it on by the very tension of her own muscles, the singleness of her own will. They sat so for four hours.

When a little unbelievable light crept through the débris plastered to the windowpanes, she dared to believe that this thing which was so strange about them was silence. The boys looked up at her and she could see them, and their faces were those of tired old men. The baby was miraculously still sleeping, just as he had been when she had crept to him from time to time in the interminable night.

Now she opened the soaked hall door with difficulty and walked down to her own room, looking at the wreckage with dull eyes. All her furniture was soaked and smashed and covered with wet débris and heaped up in the corners. A sheet was blown halfway through a long crack in the ceiling and hung in dirty dripping tatters. The ceiling itself still dripped upon them, long slow drops in a relentless fall. Outside, from the veranda, she looked with the indifference of exhaustion at trees torn up by the roots, stripped gray of leaves and bark, tangled and matted inextricably on what had been lawn and road and driveway. All the veranda screens had been blown in and the huge naked branch of a tree had been jammed in somehow under the veranda roof, just not quite going through the house wall.

But the only thing Marian cared about was that her kitchen was not quite wrecked enough to be useless. Its roof was still on, although the floor splashed with water and was ankle deep in slimy pulp that had been leaves. At least there was a bottle of drinking water and food and oil enough to cook with. Setting the boys to mopping, she moved about as briskly as she could, preparing the baby's bottle and the children's breakfast. Actually a ray of watery sunshine broke through the gray tatters of cloud and shone on the tea kettle. And yet Marian was conscious of a dreadful feeling of suspense that was not so much her imagination as an actual physical pressure in her head, squeezing at her heart, roaring in her eardrums. The children breathed heavily as they worked, as if they were running. The continuing silence was too hushed, even a little terrible, as if it held a lowering significance. What did it make her think of, this sense of pause, she wondered dully. What was it she must remember—oh, what was it?

A little group of people were struggling through the wreckage to what had been her kitchen porch. People. She stared at them with astonishment. People left in the desolation of this world. As suddenly she saw that they were her people—her own negroes—from the shacks beyond the grove edge. Her people. She stumbled to open the door for them, looking at their faces earnestly and anxiously to see what the night had done to them, thankful for them to the shaken depths of her soul. They came up the steps eagerly, soaken and huddled and forlorn, crying out to her, reaching their soaked pink palms up to her, and she caught them by the hands and drew them in.

"What happened to you, Enoch? What happened, Charley-Anne—Henry—Sarah? Are you all right?" she cried at them.

Their houses had been blown away from over their despairing heads. They had crouched the night out somehow, but with the first light they had worked their painful way straight to her. There were Enoch and Martha and Charley-Anne and Amos and Harold and Sarah Nurse and Gertrude and two thick-shouldered men Marian had never seen before. Amos half carried his old mother, who had once been injured in a hurricane in the Bahamas and was croaking and squalling and shivering, quite out of her head. Sarah's baby was wailing feebly in her arms and Gertrude's two small children were shaking. Enoch's left arm had been torn open to the bone and the wound washed clean by the very force of the rain that had beaten upon him through the night. One of the men limped badly and Martha had a great bruise across her forehead. They rolled wide terrified eyes at her and stammered. She felt a great warm rush of friendliness for them, and thankfulness for the eager black hands, the strong willing shoulders. They were as necessary to her as she was to them, she thought, in a blur of activity, setting Charley-Anne and Gertrude to boiling coffee and rice and frying bacon for everybody; bandaging Enoch's arm; filling enough additional bottles for Sarah's baby, as well as her own, to last the rest of the day; starting the men clearing up the almost hopeless wreckage on the veranda; making Sarah feed and change both babies, and getting Amos' old mother dry and quiet in a sheltered corner, with a great bowl of hot coffee in her shaking old claws.

But still there was that sense she had, of something sinister brooding in the oppressive quiet, of something imminent and suddenly to come. Then, for no other reason than her own need, she remembered. It was in Conrad's Typhoon. This was the lull in the middle of the storm. They had reached to the very center of it—to the perilous calm. In a moment now—any moment—and from the opposite direction it would fall upon them again. It was all to do over.

Even as the recognition shot through her mind and she looked out anxiously at the sky over the sodden ruin of the world, she saw a boiling fringe of gray racing at them up the southeast sky. Lower down there was only greenish-dark. She whirled instantly, stung out of fatigue, out of contemplation, into a perfect fury of action. If they were all to be saved she must save them. How she thought and with what poise and control and clearness would determine the safety of all these lives.

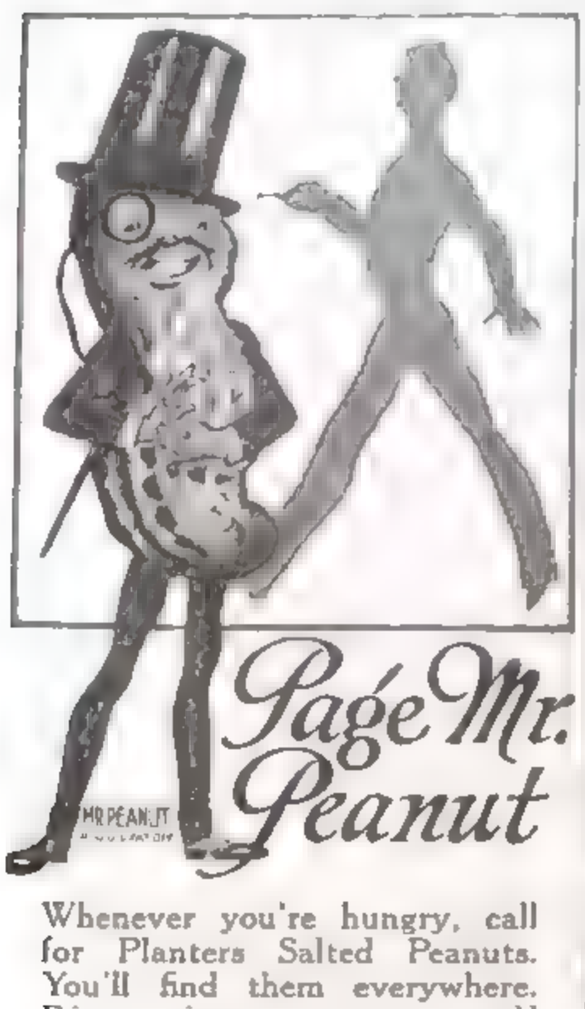
The only shelter this time would be the living room, and that stood wide open to the veranda, with its two walls of glass doors folded back as they always were, and heaped with débris—two frail walls of glass to interpose between them and what was to come. At her sharp words of direction the negroes tugged at the folded frames. The hinges, rusty with disuse, moved slowly. The door catches hardly held. Where were the nails? Kitchen cupboard. Hammers. The women left the cooking pots and went to help the men. Marian frantically reviewed their necessities: Food for the babies, dry clothes, all the blankets; furniture to pile against doors; nail the ironing board across; nail the table leaves across; pile up mattresses. Were the children warm enough? Could the glass doors be made to hold? Oh, hurry—hurry!

The light outside was growing greeny dark, and far in the distance—so far it was only a thread of sound, but growing—she recognized the beginning whistle of the altered wind. The baby's crib was moved from the clothes closet into the living room, shoved under the heavy table, and Sarah's baby tucked in hastily beside him. She had a mattress put on top of the table. The doors were nailed shut. Men and women worked together frantically. Marian herself ran into the kitchen for a last wild snatch at a bottle of orange juice and two loaves of bread, when with a howl and a booming crash the world went mad once more.

As she dashed across the floor to the living room she saw out of the corner of her eye the heavy dining table blown over like a chip and hurled full through the panel of her bedroom door with a crash that sounded only faintly in the screaming chaos overhead.

Instantly, as soon as she was within the barricaded room, even before she could put the bread in a dry place, she was wet to the knees. Water gushed up from under the doorsills. The ceiling began instantly its slow persistent rain. Around her the shrieking of Amos' demented old mother, the noise of the doors which bulged inward against the full heaving weight of the negroes, the crash of a tree on the roof, were all faint sounds, undistinguishable in the renewed uproar. It was as if they had all suddenly become blind and deaf, stunned and helpless as they were in the turgid dark.

When Marian tried to scream an order to one of the men, about moving the full bookcase against a dangerously bulging door, she heard her own voice, a small sound, and far away. She shouted full into the man's ear and saw his lips move and his head nod. She found she had been scrutinizing his face



Page Mr. Peanut

Whenever you're hungry, call for Planters Salted Peanuts. You'll find them everywhere. Big, crisp peanuts, well roasted, properly salted. Irresistible. 5c in glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. "The Nickel Lunch."

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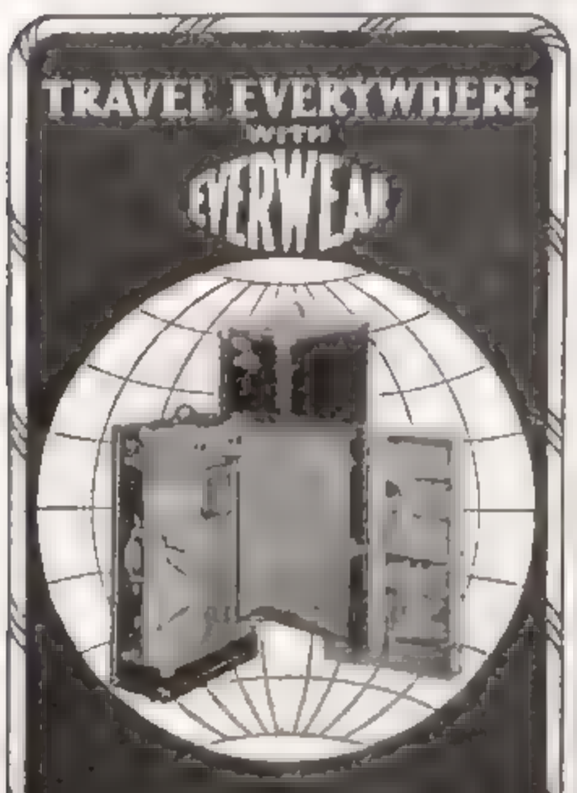

The Tour-lite

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Send for the free, illustrated booklet "*The Love for Travel Comfort*"—there's an Everwear for *every* travel purpose.

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in that watery dark with an intensity of earnestness, as if it was only a miracle that he should understand. Here and there she caught the gleam of straining eyeballs, the tension of a muscle, bulged and straining to its utmost under the wet plaster of a shirt. Men and women turned their dumb and anguished faces toward her, while their arms strained against the doors and their backs shoved, as if she alone among them could understand this extremity beyond all comprehension which had fallen upon them. And the sight of their humble obedient faces steadied her, called out in a cool competence which was like a superior will walking among them, whose terrible need was for just that to hold them steady in the perilous thing life had so incomprehensibly become

The water poured down the chimney like a cataract. It splashed in wavering rivulets down the walls. It poured over their heads, down their bodies, from the leaking roof, which by some miracle was still between them and the howling, redoubled impact of the wind. They moved in water, shadowy, tense figures crowded together in nightmare. Marian put her own full weight against a jerking door so that a man could be spared to break a hole in the flooring to let the water through. Then for the first time she felt the actual power of those rushing miles of terrible air outside, forcing itself against the puny plank and the frail glass like a renewed and continuous explosion. She bit at her wet lip, felt the veins bulge in her forehead. The door shook her as if she were a coat hung against it. Around her the piled furniture sagged and gave. The feet of the straining men slipped in the wet. She could see their chests lifting as hers lifted, with the hoarse breath. And yet somehow the doors held. The roof was still on.

The water poured over the jagged edge of the hole in the flooring. Dim figures of women shoved more water down it, with handfuls of rags as mops—curtains, clothing, old skirts, anything that would hold water. Her own hands grew pulpy with sopping and squeezing and sopping. She caught sight from time to time of her own sons, braced against the doors with the men, their small faces drawn with exhaustion. The roaring howl of the storm was both outside her head and within it; an agony that was endless; a purgatory that was to go on like this forever and forever.

There came an end. Silence crept down upon them, half drowned, and light slowly penetrated their dripping barricade, as if they had indeed sunk far in the lightless depths of sea. When they crept through the doors and looked about them vaguely at the wreckage, and with drawn faces, up at the sky whose color was turning a strange forgotten blue, they moved with the slow caution of old people from whom emotion has been squeezed to the last drop.

But it was in the next week that Marian Locklin learned her own driving power. She had come through somehow with her baby, her sons, her remnant of a house, her land and her negroes. The trees were gone, unrecognizable in an abominable tangle of desolation. The avocado crop was gone. The pleasant acres her husband had left were a churned mass of broken trees and mud and débris. But she had come through. And hearing the tales that floated about the devastated countryside of drownings and crushings, of houses smashed and roofs blown off, of children separated from their mothers and drowned, of women giving birth to babies alone in wrecked houses, of losses and injuries and escapes—a great flame of thankfulness burned within her, translating itself hotly into action and more action. Her scrubbed verandas were filled with dried-out mattresses where her negroes and other homeless ones slept. Her kitchen fires boiled huge pots of coffee, huge kettles of rice, for her driven workers. Before the first day was over she had set the men to work with axes clearing her own road and drive, piling up the débris to be burned, scratching, in spite of fatigue, some sort of order out of utter confusion. The women worked side by side with the men, and she worked with them, and the children, whose faces were no longer quite the faces of children, worked.

Axes rang down the grove until dark, and after that the fires roared, burning up the wreckage of the good wood. Early in the morning, before daybreak, Marian was up, rousing her people. She had found that more than half the trees, with care, could be reset. Perhaps by next year they would be bearing again. But the fever that was in her for restoring, rebuilding, making all orderly and green again, as it had been, would not let her be satisfied with anything less. She wanted things as they had been—green and thrifty and tidy, as Lawrence had left them. She moved like a dynamo down the grove, among the axes, between the propped-up ranks of trees, wearing a draggled skirt and a man's hat, and doing the work of a man; seeing everything, directing everything, keying the work up to her own pitch. It seemed to her she could not bear for another moment this gray desolation under the blue, pure sky.

For three weeks she worked like that, with a face set into gray lines of fatigue, leaving nothing undone for the work or for the welfare of the children and her people. There was no hint of relenting in her, not the slightest indication of letting down. Until, at the end of the third week, she saw for the first time in all that deadness a tiny flicker of new green running like a flame up the naked branch of a tree. When she saw that she went into her room and cried her heart out.

It was two days after that that the letter came from the president of that subdivision, who had made her the offer for her land. He still wanted the land, and the offer held, if she would accept somewhat longer terms. He was prepared to pay in cash a sum that would take them North and settle them there perfectly, adequately.

Marian sat at her desk in the battered room that still smelt of wet plastering and soaked wood, and looked out at the nearest window to the back yard, which had once been the chicken yard and the back garden. She was thinking that she must have the back yard cleaned up next, as soon as she could spare a man from the grove, even as she realized, with a profound astonishment, that the way of escape from all this was still clear. It had seemed years since she had made up her mind to take the children North. She remembered her feeling then as if it were something she had felt as a little girl a long time ago. Because she was not going North. There was not the remotest possibility that she would sell the place and leave it now.

What a strange thing it would be to sell it now, when there were so many things she wanted to do. It was not only restoring the grove that absorbed her. She wanted to build the negro houses over, and better. Sarah's baby was an ailing little thing and she was showing Sarah how to feed it properly. And the house must be repaired; and imagine leaving things now, without knowing which trees would really be able to live and bear. She knew them all now, every one, as if they were individuals she were nursing. How could she possibly leave them? In addition, she felt a great eagerness to get out farther into the country to find out how the growers whom Lawrence had known had fared in the hurricane. She wanted to talk to their wives and look at their houses. But most of all she wanted to talk to all the men from whom Lawrence had learned so much. She wanted to learn everything that they knew about the trees—the mangos and the avocados, the grapefruit and the king oranges. She was hungry for the exact knowledge of all these things which she knew she must have in order to carry Lawrence's work on successfully. For, finally, that was what she was going to do. Knowing that, she saw for the first time that she had not lost him. He was the great rock on which she could still rest

She dipped her pen and wrote her rejection of the offer in slow, deliberate words. Before she finished, she stopped, to be sure there was nothing else she wanted to say, and her thoughtful glance again went out the window. It rested on a tangle of dead vines, some rotten shingles, a mass of filthy matted rags caked with mud, which might once have been her window curtains. The dead body of a chicken lay under a plank and in a pool of slowly caking mud she saw the livid purple bodies of three land crabs, very dead indeed. That was all she could see; that and a vast height of sky towering to burning blue at the zenith, which her eyes could not reach.

She dropped them to the paper again with a little grin on her lips. It was a nice joke on her. Lawrence would have adored it.

So she added one more sentence to her letter, his laughter in her ears. It read:

Yours always, for our beautiful and beloved Florida,

MARIAN LOCKLIN.

A Vista of Timberline Ridge, Showing the Tatoosh Range Through the Trees, Rainier National Park

THE PRESIDENT

first choice of America's first executives

A "CARGO OF VALUE" comes sailing home in The President, a Studebaker Big Six Custom Sedan for seven, and America's first car to combine custom charm and performance with common sense economy.

In six short months, this masterpiece of custom design has become the most popular seven passenger sedan in the world—indicating the purchasing judgment of executives for whom The President was created.

Its long, custom body is swung low for safety and beauty—lustrous with long-lived lacquers. Its interior is richly upholstered in broadcloth or fine mohair with broadlace trim, and enriched by silver-finish inlaid hardware. The ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker) insures *draftless* ventilation in every sort of weather. Powered by the quiet Big Six L-head motor which first beat the coast-to-coast time of the crack Limiteds, only seven American cars equal The President in horse power rating—and they cost from two to four times more.

The President is waiting to see you—now!

Equipment—No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; front and rear bumpers; Watson Stabilators; engine thermometer, clock and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on the dash, coincidental lock; oil filter; automatic windshield cleaner; double rear-vision mirror; vanity case; smoking set; arm rests; toggle grips; dome light, automatically turned on when right rear door is opened; rear traffic signal light; emergency lamp on extension, 4 wheel brakes; full-size balloon tires, and two-beam nickel-plated acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel.

THE PRESIDENT $2245
Including front and rear bumpers

Other Big Six Models: The Sheriff (Sport Phaeton), $1445; Club Coupe, $1480; Sport Roadster (4-Pass.), $1495; *The Commander* (Big Six Brougham), *$1585; The Chancellor* (4-Pass.), $1645; Duplex Phaeton (7-Pass.), $1810.

Above prices f. o. b. factory, including disc wheels and 4-wheel brakes

STUDEBAKER

Strop a NEW blade and give yourself a barber's shave

A barber gives you a good shave because he has a good razor and because he strops it each time before he uses it.

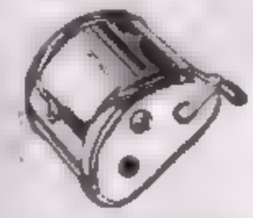
The barber strops his razor

The stropping is very important. The best old-fashioned razor ever made wouldn't be worth a whoop unless it was stropped regularly. Safety razor blades are made of no better steel than the old-fashioned razor. They need stropping to make them the equal of the barber's razor.

That's easy with a Twinplex. The action is quick and automatic and the results certain. The cutting edge of a brand NEW blade when stropped is improved so much you'd hardly recognize it.

Mr. Goeth has tried it and knows:

"Your stropper is the first thing I have found that takes the PULL out of a safety razor, makes a safety razor shave equally as well as a straight razor. I frequently find new blades which are unfit for shaving even one time, but the "Twinplex" overcomes this and gives me shaves as smooth as my barber can give."



(Signed) Arthur C. Goeth, San Antonio, Tex.

And that's not all. A stropped blade lasts longer. You'll spend much less for blades.

Stropped NEW Blade Free

Name your razor and we'll send you free a NEW blade stropped on a Twinplex. We would like to show you what real shaving is

All dealers are authorized to sell you a Twinplex on 10 days trial. If after four weeks of marvelous shaving you are willing to forego the comfort and economy you have enjoyed, give up your Twinplex and get back your money. If you can't find the model you want, write us.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1621 Locust Street, Saint Louis
New York Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex Stroppers

THE SUPERCHERUB

(Continued from Page 13)

over bigger than anything yet, with expenses what they are. It has to be sold right up to the last dollar. But the picture's sure to turn them away."

Positively the last shot of the Little Lonely Lord was not satisfactory to the director, Coe Swain. "Roger," he said, "we will have to make it again. That's a brave little boy."

Roger Ewald Sipp's attendant for the tenth time lightly brushed his velvet shoulders, readjusted a heavy lace collar, relaid the famous curls. Violette Main rose listlessly from her portable dressing case and mirror; the violins began the wandering echo of a waltz. The set represented a noble terrace, with a corner of one of England's great mansions; Violette, dressed for sport in satins and a lizard-skin belt and slippers, came again, presumably from within, to meet the Duke of Westmorency, from whom she had lately been estranged. The duke wore a gaberdine jacket, a red waistcoat with gilt buttons, holding in place a piqué stock picturesquely embroidered with thistles, checkered knickerbockers drooping to the tops of gray gaiters, and gray suède shoes. Aside from this, he was young and completely handsome. He advanced to meet Violette, a Russian highness and refugee, and kissed her hand. During this she gazed with a set intensity in the general direction of the sky. Coe Swain cried:

"For the love of Mike, not up there, Miss Main! Come down off the spots! A man is kissing your hand you think you've been wronged by. Look at him with a kind of still reproach, and yet proud too. Show it by your manner it seems all over between you. But be sorry for it, do you see? Put melancholy in it. Think of what might have been." He turned to the violins. "I want some swell sobbing out of you. Now, Miss Main, Mr. Lurlock, again, please. Camera!" He was still dissatisfied. "No, no! Cut! That's no good. Miss Main, you've lost the swellest bird in England. Can't you understand that?—the swellest. And you loved him. You believed it was all fixed up until Lady Vivian Vixlacy came between you. You loved this duke, don't you see?—and you love him yet. Though rather than let him know it, you'd perish.

"And, Mr. Lurlock, please—you are the Duke of Westmorency—a duke—get that. It is rather important. You are kissing the hand of the most beautiful woman of all the Russias. You love her desperately, but you cannot tell her the facts that would explain everything and bring you together. You cannot say that Vivian Vixlacy was an old flame of your father's the earl's and that there was never anything between her and you. Your heart is breaking, if you can get what I mean. That's a hand, Mr. Lurlock; it's not a club sandwich. You don't want to give the look of biting it. Now camera! Miss Main! Mr. Lurlock! That's better. Roger! Farther up front, Roger. That's the boy! On one knee now. You kiss her hand. Good! Mr. Lurlock has lots to learn from you already. Up, up, Roger! Tell it to them. Give Miss Main the ring with the earl's signet. You are telling them that Lady Vixlacy is within."

The shot over, the music changed abruptly from its swell, swinging to a bar of current dance and a youth executed some agile current-dance steps. One by one the lights on the set were cut off, the spots and babies, the sun arcs and banks of Cooper-Hewitts. Violette Main drew Mr. Lurlock aside for a semi-private conversation. Single phrases were audible. "Sarcastic—don't have to put up with enormous contract Extension." Roger Ewald Sipp amused himself by holding the loose sheets of the continuity under some light cables.

"I can't think where I put them," the continuity clerk said, "and I have to make those last changes right away. I'll forget them if I don't. Oh, Roger. Did you see my script? Did you, darling? Come sit on Miss Plummer's knee and tell her."

Roger, on her knee, said that he would give her three guesses. "No," he answered to her first; "it isn't there." The second and third equally brought negatives.

"Well," she declared, "this picture's over and I'm going to Pax, and I'll say out loud you are a little nuisance. If you don't find the script for me I'll speak to your father. He just came in."

Roger slipped down to the floor. "Find your old script!" he declaimed shrilly. "And I'm glad you're going to Pax. You're no good anyway. Nothing more than a continuity clerk. You'll never be a star." Miss Plummer observed to Miss Main's maid, "Isn't it the truth?" An electrician discovered and returned the manuscript.

Roger went up to his father. "You can't come on this set without a permit. It's Roger Ewald Sipp's set and he doesn't want anybody else here." There was a general appreciative laugh; Violette Main stooped and embraced him.

"Some people," Mr. Sipp observed, "have all the luck."

Violette Main rose, turning her back upon him. "If I lose my contract for it!" she whispered to Lurlock. "The idea! Have you seen her? Believe me, she's something to see! A blond mountain is what she is. No question but Roger is her child."

Mr. Sipp added himself to their conversation. "Miss Main," he addressed her with a brisker, a more impersonal air, "I wanted to talk to you about your investments. I have a natural interest in the members of Roger's company.

"Well, you ought to put your money in Hollywood real estate. It's better than a gold mine and safer than pictures. What I wanted to say in particular is that there's a little development coming off out Yucca Street that's going to be better than good. It's held very close, but I can slip you in it. You have got to act quick though. The deal will be closed the end of the week."

She thanked him. "Thank you, Mr. Sipp, but I don't think I'll take what I have out of what it's in. I'm very well satisfied. Mr. Wilberforce let me have an interest in an oil development that turned out a regular Golconda. It did for a fact."

"While it lasts," Mr. Sipp said darkly; "you want to watch those oil leases. There is going to be something given to the public soon—the Government. Unfortunately I can't say anything further at present."

Roger put in, "Why, I've got oil stock, father! You bought it for me last month. Don't you remember? Mamma said you could make a paper vest out of it to keep you warm. Why did she tell you to make a vest out of oil stock?"

He explained that that was the style of his mother's humor. "She thinks it's funny to be smart at the expense of a business principle."

Violette confided to Mr. Lurlock that she hadn't thought Mrs. Sipp had so much to her. She wouldn't have judged it of her. "And him trying to hook me with his lousy real estate!" Four hundred per cent on her money was what Mr. Wilberforce had put her in the way of. "And a perfect gentleman all the time. Elaine Storey has never done better with her Mr. Benn and all his influence and water powers."

Mr. Lurlock assented. "You've got it on Storey any way you look at it. There is nothing to her outside of luck. I've worked with her and she's a chilly proposition. She doesn't give anything."

Violette Main told him, "Be that as it may, you can't hold my hand here in the studio—nor outside, for all that. You might as well know it now that I'm not any easier than Elaine, and break out in another direction."

Leaving the studio, Roger Ewald Sipp was joined by his secretary, a tall and heavy young man, with a uniformly white face, who bore the mark of an early and unconcluded study for the ministry. Under an arm he held a large leather portfolio; and when they had arrived at the Sipp dwelling he proceeded with its contents. Mrs. Sipp and Abner were in the room.

"Roger," Roger's secretary began, "in this afternoon's mail you have a hundred and seventy-six letters from children, boys and girls. Of that number a hundred and four asked for photographs and they have been turned over to your publicity department. To twenty-nine of the others we can send your Form Letter X 2. Your new greeting card will do for the rest. You have a letter from a Mrs. Gauden, in Ottawa, saying that she understands you are an orphan and is willing to adopt you. There are seven letters from clothing manufacturers asking authority to name garments after you. Four speak of considerations and they will be investigated. A candy maker wants to call a new candy the Sipp-Sipp and guarantees a minimum advertising of two hundred thousand dollars. Thirty-eight letters are from parents who have called their new little boys Roger Ewald. Two orphan asylums and three day nurseries have Roger Sipp for a name. A rare Delphinium—a variety of flower—and a rutabaga in Kansas are named after you. There is the usual number of inquiries after your diet and letters of prayer and advice. Some are inclined to be critical."

"How? In what way?" Abner Sipp demanded. "Criticism is often of more value than praise." For one, Mrs. Sipp asserted, she didn't want to waste her time over their criticism. It was envy.

"I have them separated from the others, the goats from the sheep," the secretary added. Mr. Sipp directed him to read one of the critical epistles, and a goat was selected at random. "It is signed, A Mother," the secretary proceeded: "'For heaven's sake, ask your father to cut off your pretty curls and make a boy of you. I have five boys and all of them and their little friends laugh out loud when you come on the screen. Get your hair cut and play real boys' parts and then perhaps you won't make the honest children of America sick.'"

"No more, Mr. Ricollet. No more, please," Katharine Sipp said firmly. "I'm surprised you let Roger hear such a communication, when you remember how sensitive he is. A mother, indeed! I'd like to give her a piece of my mind!"

Mr. Ricollet pointed out that Mr. Sipp had asked to hear one of the more critical letters. Mr. Sipp, his wife intimated, had been, and as usual, no better than injudicious. "There is more," the secretary hurried on; "two requests for Roger's presence on the same date—the eighteenth of this month. He is invited to open a playground at Los Mangoes and to lay the corner stone of the new maternity hospital at Villeneda."

"I want to open the playground," Roger cried. "Mamma, can't I open the playground? I don't have to go to an old hospital, do I?"

"You can go to the playground one," his mother promised him.

Abner Sipp asked, "Which is the best business?"

Without hesitation the secretary answered, "The hospital. It will be a big thing—a state charity and a crowd and special people, a United States senator and all the press. The playground's small beside it."

Sipp turned to his wife. "That ought to be the answer for us," he asserted; "you got to use your head in these matters."

Roger Ewald Sipp began to scream that he wouldn't go to the dirty hospital and lay the dirty corner stone. "I won't! I won't! I won't!" he yelled. "I don't have to.

(Continued on Page 138)

An Easter Gift that speaks of spring

Whitman's

SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES

A generous gesture of hospitality — an open box of Salmagundi.

A thoughtful attention and a charming compliment—the Salmagundi Chocolates carried with one and presented in calling.

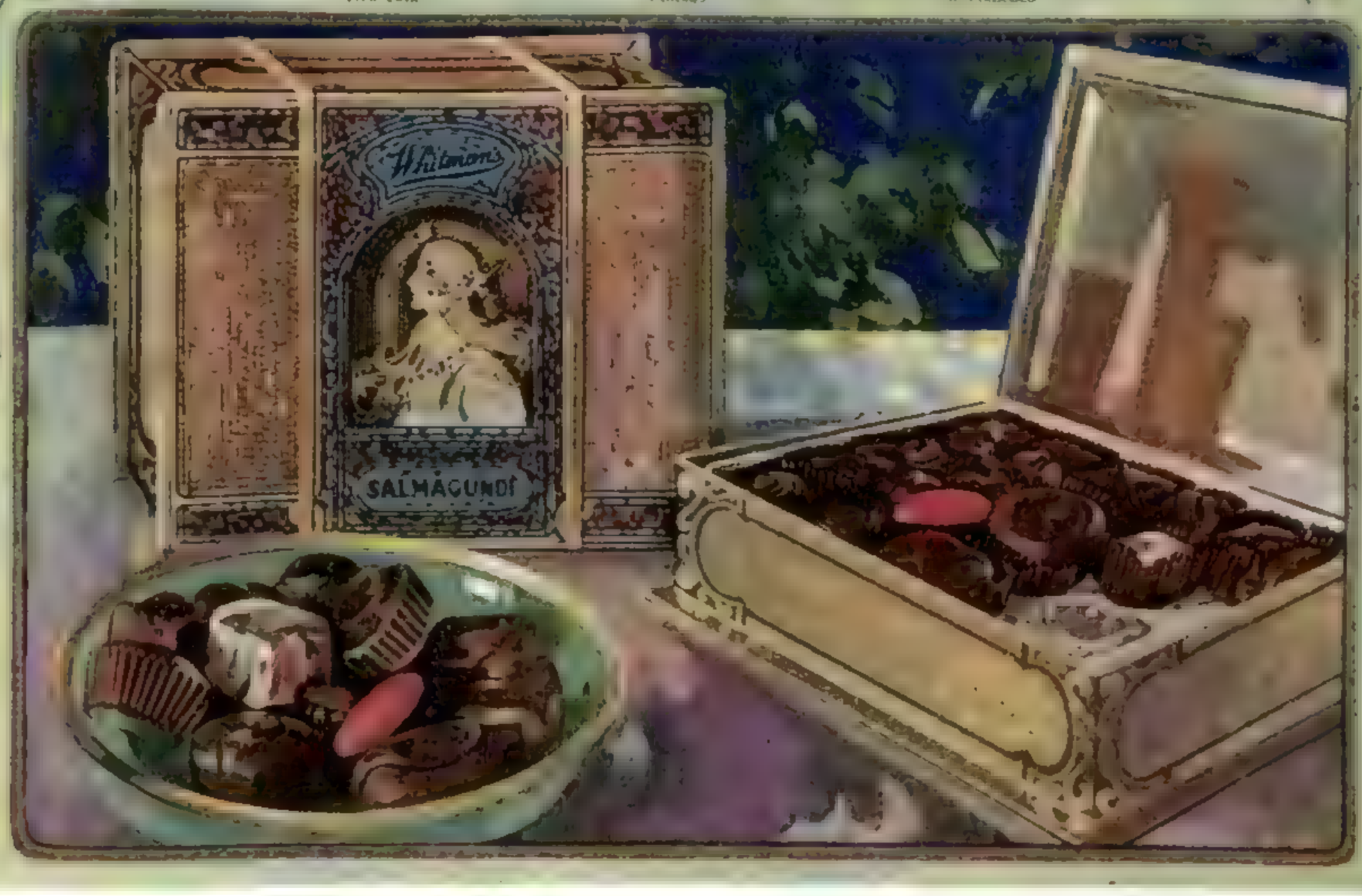
A message that speaks louder than words — Salmagundi through the post.

Second only to the Sampler as the most favored package of candy in all the world. Chocolates of choice quality and careful assortment packed in an artistic metal box.

The Whitman agency near you will be glad to mail the Salmagundi, in one pound or two pound sizes, to your friends at a distance, with an Easter greeting band added for the occasion.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia

New York Chicago San Francisco



(Continued from Page 136)

mamma, do I? It will make me sick and I won't be able to be in a picture. I'm so sensitive, mamma, I have to be awful careful of what I do." He had rushed to her and buried his face in her shoulder.

"It's just terrible," she said, "what this child has to put up with—a burden would kill a grown man. You be quiet, darling. I won't have you tormented"

That, her husband told her, was only foolish. "Publicity is our life," he went on; "it's your cake and bracelets. It won't hurt Roger none to be at the hospital for an hour. The corner-stone laying is only a figure of speech. You have it in your head that everything is set now and that all we have to do is sit back, but you're wrong. The competition is fierce. If Roger don't go to the hospital someone else like Cushing or Elaine Storey will, and grab a hundred thousand dollars' worth of notices."

"Listen, darling"—Katharine Sipp bent over her son—"don't you want to go to the nice place where the angels bring the new little babies? Wouldn't it be grand to stand up along with a United States senator and the most important men there are? Wouldn't it? If you do mamma will give you a ring with a diamond in it like papa's—only nicer."

Roger raised a tear-stained face. "It must be nicer than father's," he stipulated; "ever so much: and then I will go to the corner stone where the angels are. Will the United States senator know I am Roger Ewald Sipp?"

Everyone in the world knew that, Mrs. Sipp reassured him. "The little boys in China know, and the Arab boys in Arabia—that's a country on the Red Sea—and the little Jewish boys in Jerusalem. And Italian children and Australian and Eskimos in hairy clothes. Little tropical black boys. They have all heard about my Roger."

"They have all heard about Roger Ewald Sipp," he raised a thin chant. "Special senators and the press. And they will see my diamond ring, won't they, mamma? And you can tell them it's nicer than father's."

Abner Sipp said with the greatest firmness: "You get the ring afterward. You know as well as I do, Katharine, it would be bad news having Roger at his age flashing a diamond ring on everybody."

"At any rate," she replied—"at any rate Roger would be paying for his own ring, and that's more than you did. He isn't beholden to a little child. You can have your ring right away, precious; mamma will go downtown with you tomorrow and get it. Only perhaps you had better not take it to the hospital. It might be stolen."

Roger was standing beside Senator Stamper at the laying of the corner stone of the Villeneda Maternity Hospital, when he confided in that imposing individual. "You ought to see my diamond ring," he said; "it's better than father's, or yours too. It cost more." The senator contented himself with an indeed. "I got it for coming today. I wanted to open a playground, but I came here for a diamond ring, and I don't believe it about any damn angels and babies either."

Senator Stamper coughed sharply. "My friends," he addressed the select gathering before them, "it is peculiarly fitting that a little child should lay this corner stone today. Did I say little child? Ah, I meant great child. In fact, America's greatest child, Roger Ewald Sipp. I stand beside him, beside his eager purity, with a feeling of humility. I recognize his genius with a sensation of humble gratitude. But he is more than an individual, celebrated as that individual is; he is a symbol—a symbol of the youthful genius of his land. And something more still—he is the radiant, the golden, spirit of charity."

Highly excited by the publicity in which he had been bathed at the ceremonies connected with the maternity hospital, Roger addressed himself to his Aunt Ella. "You're a widow, you are, aren't you, Aunt Ella?" he asked.

"Yes, Roger," she replied, "I am a widow."

She hadn't any little boys? he went on. No, she hadn't any little boys. "You haven't any little girls either?" Roger persisted. No, she hadn't a single little girl "Don't you like them?" he inquired. "Don't you like little boys?"

She assured him, in a worn voice, that she did. "Oh, yes, I love them; specially when they are kind and thoughtful and don't ask too many questions"

It was his mind, Roger's mother explained. "It is bright like that. It's natural for him to ask questions." The family was at the supper table.

"Yes, Aunt Ella," he said brightly, "it is natural for me to ask questions. Have you always been poor?" Pretty much, she admitted. "And now I support you, don't I? I support you and father and mamma and Henry ——" There he was interrupted.

"You don't support me and you want to know it," Henry told him. "I'm going to can pictures. I've got a job down in Los Angeles. If I hear you say that again I'll bust you in the ear."

Roger Ewald Sipp replied complacently that he didn't dare to bust him. "They would put you in a black bag and hang you by the neck if you did"

Aunt Ella nervously interposed: "You don't mind helping me, do you, Roger?"

He replied, "No, not much. I guess you would starve if it wasn't for me. You wouldn't have any dress and you wouldn't have a place to sleep and ——"

"Roger," his father said sharply, "stop! You mustn't hurt your Aunt Ella's feelings." Clearly wretched, Aunt Ella begged Abner not to bother about her. "I won't have it," he insisted. "It's got to end. I don't wonder Henry spoke like he did. There's times when I believe a strap would be the best thing in the world for Roger."

"Indeed!" his wife exclaimed. "Well, let me tell you that a strap will never touch Roger when I'm alive. I say further, too, that if Ella is so much of a contention, she had better go elsewhere to live. I won't stand it, if she did marry your brother, to have her continually correcting the child. Be quiet, Ella. I've got ears. It has come to this, Abner, that Roger and I have to leave you. This house is divided against itself. A house that is divided can't stand. I can't stand it and you any longer. I am just going to take Roger and go live in a bungalow at the Ambassador, like Pola Negri, and Mr. Barrymore, and the other stars. It's just a waste of our lives to stay here.

"You have never understood Roger and you didn't know a thing about me from the first minute. We are high-strung, but what does that mean to you? Nothing! Henry and you and Ella belong on one side, and little Roger and me on the other. We won't go on being taken wrong at every word."

"Now, Katharine," Abner Sipp protested, "don't turn my meaning into something else. I just didn't want the boy to be bothering his Aunt Ella. Ella's older than he is, and she's known sorrow and he ought to respect that. You can't leave us. You haven't anything to leave us for. The law won't let you."

"Won't it?" she replied. "And you wasting all of Roger's substance! I ought to have had a court order restraining you a year ago. Now my mind is made up. What good are you, I'd like to ask? You hardly ever made a decent living. Your son Henry will show you what you are like with that hard jaw to him. How I ever bore him is a mystery to more than me. Anyhow, I've stood it for the last time."

Aunt Ella, palpably weeping, spoke with an unaccustomed firmness: "Don't say any more, Abner; I am going. I am the one. It was a mistake my ever accepting your kindness."

"You'll stay where you are," Abner directed her; "and so will you, Katharine. This is all nonsense about the Ambassador. I guess Roger can stand a little correction

(Continued on Page 141)

She likes to ride with him *now!*

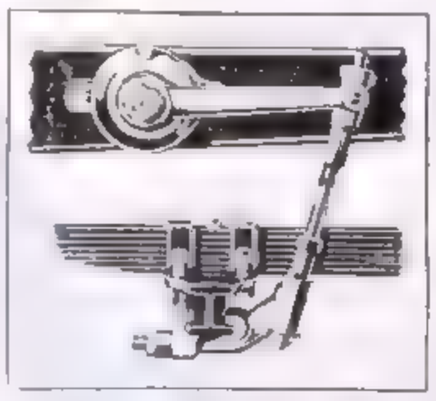
SHE always did like Jack. But the difference between *his* car and the *other* fellow's was something she could never forget.

In one car, she'd ride all day and never get a bump. In the other she'd never *miss* one.

Then Jack *came to life!* Why not on his car, *too?*

So now the little car rides the rough roads like a zephyr, and when it goes spinning out into the country, she invariably goes with it!

She says it was Jack. But of course he knows it was *Houdaille.*



Houdaille *hydraulic double-acting* Shock Absorbers transform the riding qualities of *any* car.

Whether your car is heavy or light, whether the roads are rough, or as smooth as velvet, Houdailles mean an incomparably *easier, more pleasurable ride.*

They are hydraulic and double-acting. With an arm of steel and a cushion of liquid, they restrain every upward and downward spring movement. Their wonderful hydraulic recoil mechanism absorbs the shocks, checks the rebounds, swallows the vibrations and saves both driver and car.

No other single comfort device or combination of devices more completely smooths out the road—nor does it more *permanently.* For Houdailles are grease, grit, water and wear-proof, without spring, straporcable.

The standard equipment on many of America's finest cars, including the Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow,

The same prin[illegible] tamed the territ[illegible] has today in Houdaille ended motoring fatigue

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"Stands By" You through the precious morning hours

8:30 A. M. 12:30 P. M.

Within 4 morning hours 70% of the world's important work falls

70% of the day's important work—in *the home,* schools, colleges, business institutions—is crowded into 4 morning hours, according to nation-wide commercial and scholastic investigations just completed.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to "Watch your breakfast"—to "Start days with food that 'stands by' you through the morning." And thus to protect your own and your children's most important working hours.

A DELICIOUS hot breakfast—you need it, your children must have it. For delicious food is easiest to digest and quickest to assimilate.

But that alone is not enough. Your breakfast must be well-balanced in the essential food elements. For that makes for morning energy.

Thus Quaker Oats is the dietetic urge of the world today.

In savory deliciousness, no other compares. In food balance the oat stands alone

16% is protein, the great muscle builder. 65% is carbohydrate, the great energy producer. Vitamines and minerals are abundantly represented. The "bulk" that makes laxatives seldom needed is there.

Thus, all things authorities urge in a breakfast dish are virtually embodied. Try for one week. Note how much better your mornings will be. The difference will surprise you.

That is why it stands supreme among all breakfasts.

If you seek quick cooking, get Quick Quaker which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

Or—if you prefer—get the regular Quaker Oats that you have always known. Your grocer has both kinds.

Quaker Cereal Products

Quick Quaker Quaker Oats Quick Mother's Oats Mother's Oats
Quaker Puffed Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice Aunt Jemima Pancake and Buckwheat Flours
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Quaker Hominy Grits New Pettijohn's Scotch Brand Pearled Barley
Quaker Flour Mother's Flour

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

The Quaker on a label means the world's standard in cereal products.

(Continued from Page 138)

without breaking the family up." Henry muttered a phrase that sounded like "Let it break up." "I am only speaking for the child's good," Abner explained; "we want him to be regular when he grows up. He can't always be little and have gold curls. Why, he's getting bigger all the time. You heard him say he wanted to be in a Western with Indians—well?"

"It's too late," his wife declared. "I've been afraid of this moment for a year, and now it's come. What is dead is dead. I haven't got a particle of confidence in you. I could have forgiven your not amounting to anything; I overlooked the way we used to have to live, with you playing poker with the grocery money, but the way you have treated this child has decided me. When he comes home worn out from the studio you have nothing but criticism for him. Henry is brutal to Roger, and you never even correct him. You thought I was nothing but a wife, and you are wrong. I am a mother. First of all, I am a woman! I am a woman yet in spite of all that has gone, and I don't intend to be put on the shelf before my time."

"You are, Katharine," he agreed; "you are, all right; and I'd like to hear anyone to try and deny it. Who suggested putting you on the shelf? You've never looked better."

She said that he couldn't win her now by flattery. "It's too late. It's all over. You have hardened my heart by the blows you dealt it."

"Mamma," Roger begged shrilly, "can't I go and live with you at the Ambassador like Mr. Barrymore? Can't I, mamma? I don't like it here and I don't want to support Aunt Ella any longer. She's just an old yellow sardine. She's only a pauper. I'm afraid of Henry, mamma; he says he's going to pull off my ears and twist my nose. Can't we leave them and be at the hotel?" He left his seat and crowded into her lap.

Mrs. Sipp smoothed his shining curls; she met the wide limpid blue of his gaze with a tender smile. "I'll take you away from it all. I'll take care of my brave little Roger. Mamma's golden soldier. We have a right to be happy; you earned it for mamma."

Abner Sipp asked sharply, "Are you serious, Katharine?" She nodded. He sat with huddled shoulders, staring at his clasped hands resting on the table. "It's over then," he said in a voice from which all the edge had gone. "Our life together is over and our home is broke up. And why? I'll tell you—because of Roger Ewald Sipp Pictures. That's why. If I hadn't consented to his taking a test we'd be happy right now. You'd be happy with me and me with you. Roger's success came between us. You haven't been a natural wife since he was a star. A star," he repeated bitterly; "America's favorite child; the child everyone adores."

That was him all over, Katharine declared. "You never had any ambition; and as for you letting Roger take a test, if it hadn't been for me he'd never had one. I never expected, either, to see a father jealous of his child. Envious! If you had your way you'd keep us both in chains while you wasted money running with screen favorites. Paying Violette Main three thousand five hundred dollars a week right out of Roger's mouth!"

The running he had done with Violette Main, Abner Sipp answered, wouldn't hurry a snail. If she must leave him, he said, he guessed she must. He looked oddly confused, harassed and spent.

Abner Sipp was so upset by the approaching calamity to his family, his life, that he almost entirely neglected the swift progress of the Little Lonely Lord unrolling before him. It was the first time the picture had been assembled; and though the titles were temporary, and a great deal of cutting was necessary still, it was a highly important and, in a way, final view. Beside Sipp, in the small projection room of the Roger Ewald Sipp Company, sat Samuel Gainor, the president of Apollo Distribution, the outlet for Roger's pictures, one of the most powerful distributing agencies in the United States. Roger made pictures, but Samuel Gainor made their sale possible. He had with him another man from an allied organization, the owner of an important block of theaters in the Northwest; and Abner Sipp, Coe Swain, the director's assistant, and his continuity clerk, made a small but highly technical and significant audience

When the picture was over and the company descending concrete steps to the offices below, Gainor congratulated Abner Sipp on the completeness of the plant erected for his son's contribution to the motion-picture world. "Everything in the most modern and best style," he commented; "everything permanent and, I am afraid, as expensive as possible. If you will excuse me, Mr. Sipp, I should like to consult with Mr. Vemuth for a few minutes. It's in my mind that I have something of the gravest importance to communicate to you. As I said, it is important. I must proceed with due thought."

Abner Sipp was thinking: "And she's going to leave me! She's going to take little Roger. A bungalow at the Ambassador. My home is gone," he told himself. And why? Because of Roger's unnatural success. The boy hadn't been himself. How could he have been, under the circumstances? It was natural for Roger to get beyond reason.

But only he, Abner, had been to blame where his wife was concerned. He had let her have her head and that was a mistake—fatal. In the past Katharine had been a different woman: a little given to poetry and sighs, perhaps; not extremely useful about a house; but a fine girl for all that. And now look what she was like! The truth was that right today she was worse than Roger; she encouraged him in half his nonsense ——

A messenger said that the gentlemen in Mr. Binder's office would like to see him.

"Mr. Sipp," Gainor began, "the truth is that I came West largely on account of Roger Ewald Sipp Pictures, and I'm glad I did; I'm only sorry I didn't come six months sooner. Now, Mr. Sipp, I want you to follow very closely what I am obliged to say, and remember that it is only my opinion, but backed by Mr. Vemuth, who, up to a point, can be said to speak for the exhibitors. Up to a point, Mr. Sipp. Mr. Sipp, the motion-picture public is changing. It is, I think it is proper to say, waking up. In the early days of pictures, when we were all more or less experimenting, Mr. Sipp, the public was contented with the best we had, the best we knew. It still is—and there is the rub. Notice that, Mr. Sipp—the best. In short, they will take nothing short of the best.

"The public, Mr. Sipp, can be said to be awake; their progress has kept pace with the progress of motion pictures. The public knows what we can, what we must, do, and demands it. The pictures that were sensations yesteryear are today, in the vernacular, flops—flops, Mr. Sipp. Now while you do not have to take my word, backed by Mr. Vemuth's word, while you are at liberty to go ahead as far as you like, to spend what money you feel justified in spending I feel that I, supported by Mr. Vemuth, must say to you that the Little Lonely Lord, vernacularly speaking, is a flop, Mr. Sipp—just that. If I am to put it differently, speak concretely, so to speak, Apollo cannot offer it to the exhibitors. Mr. Vemuth wouldn't buy it for a dollar, he tells me."

"A flop," Abner Sipp echoed him dully. "You won't distribute the Little Lonely Lord!"

"I couldn't," Gainor replied; "I couldn't, with respect to my conscience, persuade the exhibitors to buy it. Mr. Sipp, I couldn't line our sales force behind it. The campaign would be without spirit, Mr. Sipp. The organization couldn't put its soul in the Little Lonely Lord."

Abner Sipp thought, "Better than seven hundred thousand dollars in it, figuring the overhead'"

"And, Mr. Sipp," Gainor went on and on, "while we have this thought before us we ought to consider the whole question of juvenile stars. The truth is that the time has passed for them. A beautiful child now and then—yes; that is God's good way; but seven reels about a child, however endearing, no—decidedly no. The public doesn't want it. If I could have advised you sooner, Mr. Sipp, this splendid plant would never have been erected: all the efficient and expensive staff would have still been attached—shall I say?—to more solid enterprises."

"Mr. Gainor," Abner demanded, "what do you advise? What'll we do with this picture? It's stood us a big sum of money. We always understood you were behind us solid. You agreed to distribute Roger Ewald Sipp Pictures."

"So I did, Mr. Sipp," Gainor acknowledged; "it's a fact. I did, as you know. It was the public who decided otherwise. If you are asking me for advice, Mr. Sipp, I should advise you to sell all this splendid plant around us and let little Roger take straight child's parts, play character. We are no longer justified in maintaining him as a star. That, Mr. Sipp, is my opinion, supported by Mr. Vemuth's opinion."

Then, in his opinion, Abner Sipp silently added, Roger Ewald Sipp Pictures was ruined. If they couldn't distribute through Apollo, there would be no market, no sales. It was all very well to make independent pictures; but, practically speaking, there were no such things as independent theaters, for the simple reason that where such circuits did exist they couldn't be reached; there was no mechanics of distribution. Entering his house, the home that was to be so soon disrupted, Abner Sipp came on Roger carrying a small ornamental humidor from the living room. Where, Abner demanded, was he taking the humidor.

"To the Ambassador," Roger replied; "mamma and I are taking it to the Ambassador, where we are going to live in a bungalow like Mr. Barrymore."

By leaning forward, Abner Sipp brought the flat of his palm smack on Roger Ewald Sipp's ear. The humidor fell, spilling cigars across the rug; and then, in the interest of symmetry, Sipp banged his son's other ear. There was an answering scream of surprise, of pain and rage, that brought Katharine Sipp hurrying into the room.

"What is it?" she cried "Did you dare to strike him?" He said that he had

"And pick up those cigars," he ordered Roger. "put the humidor back where you found it. Before you begin to move my things out"—he addressed his wife—"there will be something like a million dollars to be lost on Roger. Perhaps you had better give it a little thought before you decide. We can't sell his picture. Apollo won't distribute it. Roger isn't a star any more. In the language of the vernacular, he's a flop."

Winter in Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada

2 Suggestions FOR YOUR PACIFIC COAST TRIP

ALMOST every visitor finds his time entirely too limited to see all the major attractions of this Pacific Northwest wonderland, or to enjoy all its forms of recreation—mountaineering, skiing, boating, bathing, motoring, golfing, hunting, fishing. You can see much in one or two days—if necessary—but a week, ten days or all summer, is not too long. Many leave with regret that they have not allowed enough time.

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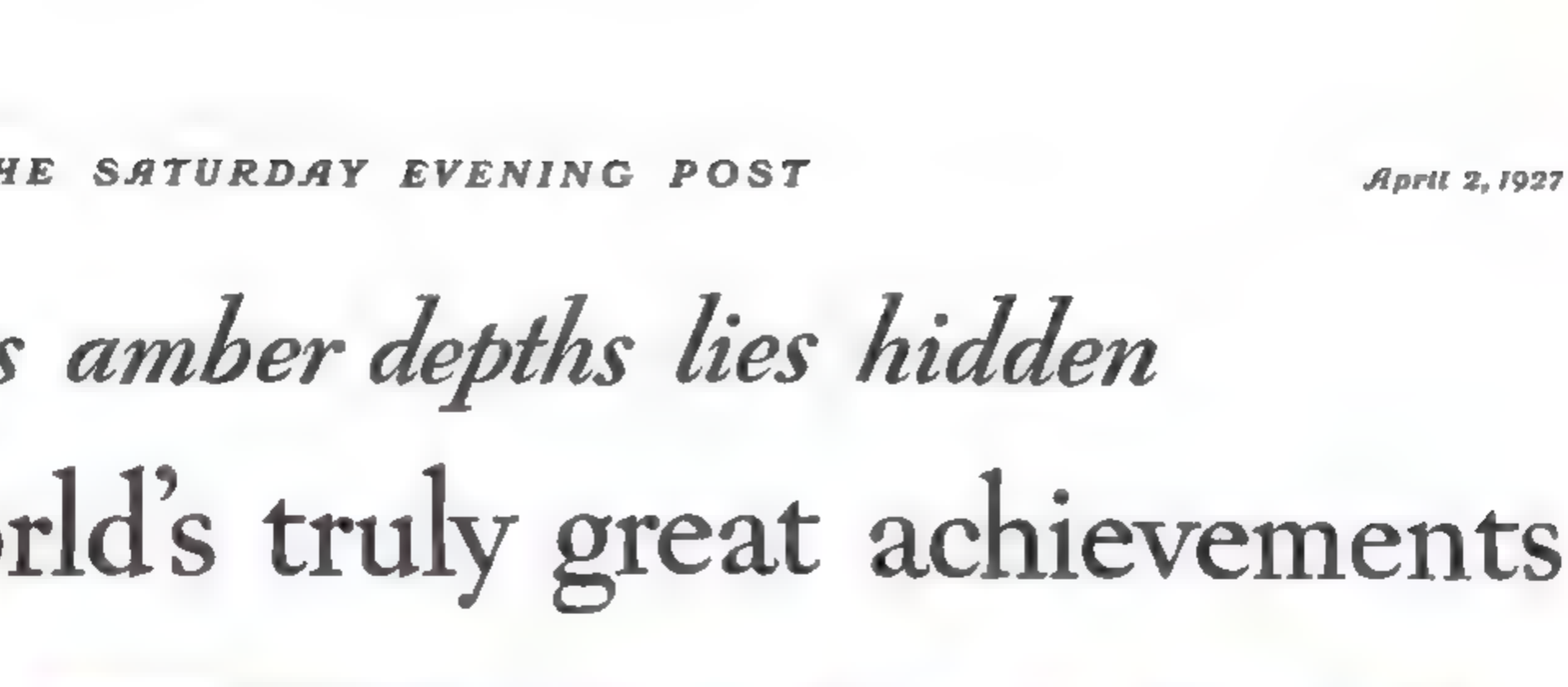

WHAT countless shades of flavor from many lands are offered us for that cup we sip at dinner and at breakfast! Black men, yellow men, brown men toiling in the tropical fields of four continents, send us hundreds of kinds and grades of coffee.

Yet no single coffee ever grown has been approved by those men and women in America who most appreciate the good things of life.

"As the painter mixes his colors upon his palette till the right tint springs into being," we are told in a well-known book on foods, "so coffee must be blended with coffee, patiently and skillfully until at last the perfect flavor is born."

And today it is a rich mingling of flavors —a special blend of coffees from the old South, that has for the first time pleased the most critical people throughout the entire United States. Created years ago by a man with a genius for flavor, it has won such fame as never before came to a coffee.

A shade of difference that has captured America

No one had ever tasted it—the coffee flavor Joel Cheek sought for, down in old Tennessee. Brought up in a land of good living, he worked long months to build a particular touch of richness—a difference in taste that would please the great families of Dixie.

From the first, the news of Joel Cheek's blend spread rapidly. Long ago it became the favorite coffee of the cities of the South.

Today it has taken rank as one of the great achievements of all time in the art of blending. Maxwell House has swiftly grown to be by far the largest selling coffee in the entire United States.

The special shade of mellow richness in this blend will bring your family a new experience. In its full-bodied liquor, in its rare fragrance you will find all the zest of an adventure. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

"Good to the last drop"

Where the belles of old Dixie danced till dawn at the old Maxwell House in Nashville—this blend of fine coffees first won fame

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

AN ANGEL'S MONEY HAS WINGS

(Continued from Page 58

"Listen, dearie; a girl never gets too young to learn how to look out for herself—especially on Broadway. You know as well as I do that the theatrical profession ain't no place for a shrinking violet, so all I done was to show Gert a orchid an' let her draw her own conclusions. Anyway, we had the Bedford date.

"Well, we wowed 'em at both Monday performances an' consequently it didn't worry us none at all when we heard that Jack Henderson was out front Tuesday night with his angel. It was a family audience, just made for me an' Gert. Before a crowd like that we didn't have no more chance of flopping than a society girl has of being unpopular after she's danced with the Prince of Wales. We came on smiling, put the old pep into our opening number an' owned 'em the rest of the way. Our rapid-fire talk had those pay customers holding onto their sides, our single numbers were sensations an' when we finished with our double, in close harmony, even the ushers couldn't restrain themselves. We had to do three encores, to say nothing of five curtain calls, an' if the electrician hadn't dimmed his lights for the next act we could of took more. As it was, they were still applauding when we got to our dressing room.

"'That's showing 'em, dearie,' exclaims I as we walks off. 'If them two birds can't see our possibilities after what we done to that audience, then they oughta get an X ray or something.'

"'Do you think they'll come backstage an' see us?' asts Gert.

"'Sure they will,' answers I. 'During my blue number I flashed Jack's angel a look what hasn't never missed yet. Hurry into your street clothes, sister; 'cause something tells me we ain't gonna make our return trip in no Subway.'

"'But mother always took me straight home,' protests Gert.

"'That's where she made a mistake,' replies I. 'Haven't you never heard that song, A Smile Will Go a Long, Long Way—to a bigger salary? Personality is what counts in this business, an' there ain't no better way of getting in right with a producer than sitting across a table from him an' laughing at his jokes, whether you've heard 'em before or not. If them two fellers wantta entertain us or anything, we'll go; an' don't you worry your little head about no pitfalls or nothing like that, dearie; 'cause you're gonna be chaperoned by an expert.'

"'A couple of gentlemen outside to see you,' announces the doorkeeper, after rapping once or twice.

"'What's their names?' questions I through the door.

"'Henderson an' Johnson,' answers the old man.

"'Who said I wasn't no fortune teller?' whispers I to Gert. 'Tell 'em to wait; we'll be out in a minute,' yells I. An' we was.

"'Lemme make you acquainted with Mr. Johnson, my backer,' says Jack.

"'Glad to meetcha,' coos I, shaking his hand an' giving him a couple of hundred volts.

"'Likewise,' replies he, getting the wave length without any trouble. 'My car is out front an' we thought perhaps you two girls might care to ride back to New York with us.'

"'Now ain't that funny?' says I. 'Me an' Gert was just wishing for a Prince Charming or somebody like that to drive up in a swell coach an' rescue us from the Subway.'

"'It's a coach all right,' laughs he, 'but I don't know so much about the swell. I drive it myself.'

"'What could be sweeter than riding beside the prince without no chauffeur to listen in?' says I. 'I ought to have made a few more wishes while I was at it. This seems to be my lucky night.'

"Well, with the ice broke like that, naturally me an' this Johnson feller got to be awful good friends before we even reached the Brooklyn end of the bridge. He was so tall an' good-looking any girl could of liked him, an' I would of been strong for him even if he hadn't told me he was in Wall Street an' had took a flyer in the show business simply for the fun of it. I didn't ast him how much he'd put in the revue, but from the way he talked it mustta been a real bank roll. The more I listened to him the better he assayed, an' by the time we reached the bright lights I had added two an' three together an' estimated his wealth at about half a million. Of course that isn't all the money in the world, but it was enough to make me feel awful kindly toward him.

"'Suppose we keep up this Cinderella stuff a while longer,' suggests Johnson when we got to Times Square. 'I don't know much about crystal footgear, but I'm familiar with the Golden Slipper. They have a whale of a jazz orchestra an' the floor is great. How about dropping in for a sandwich an' a fox trot or two?'

"'I'd love it,' says I, 'but my little pal is in mourning an' wouldn't go. However, we'll eat the sandwich somewhere else if you insist.' An' he did.

"While the fellers were getting a table at Jimmy's, me an' Gert left 'em a minute to powder the nose. She was all excited an' everything on account of Jack's having told her he liked our work an' we was set for the revue. That kinda news didn't cast no dampers over my spirits neither; so I was the life of the party till one o'clock, when we called it an evening an' went home. I saw Gert to her hotel an' in the elevator. From the way she squeezed my hand as she was saying good night, I knew she an' Jack had found something to talk about on the back seat of Johnson's car besides the weather. Two days later we signed our contracts an' went into rehearsal."

"What did you have to rehearse?" asked Dorothy. "I thought you was only gonna do your specialties."

"Nobody don't never know what they're gonna do in a revue till the last minute, an' then they ain't sure. Honest, Dot, there wasn't no more system in that production than there is in the way a Chinee marks your laundry. The book director would tell me he wanted me at 12:30, the feller what staged the numbers ordered me to report at 12:45, an' the angel ast me out to lunch at one. No wonder I was mixed up all the time an' had them other two fellers sore at me. Whenever a owner of a show gets a crush on me, I don't never worry about directors. Most of them birds are half cracked anyway, an' rehearse everything all wrong. The numbers is so jumbled up you can't tell whether you're in the first act or the second. By the time you find out, everything has been changed so you don't know any more than you did before. I told Johnson about the way things were being run, an' he said for me not to fret myself over it, he'd see I got good spots, or know the reason why. After that I showed up when I felt like it an' didn't take no back talk from nobody."

"What was Gertrude doing all this time?" asked Dorothy.

"Working her head off—the little fool. Instead of taking it easy like me an' sticking to our original specialties, she volunteered to do everything but move the scenery; an' she would of done that, too, only she knew the stage-hands' union wouldn't of let her. Whenever they needed somebody to do something nobody else wanted to do, they hollered 'Gertrude Weaver,' an' she done it. She was so tired an' wore out every night, it was a good thing she was in mourning an' couldn't go nowhere anyway.

"'Look-a-here, Gert,' says I to her one day, 'are you familiar with our contract?'

"'Sure,' answers she. 'Why?'

"'No reason at all,' replies I, 'except that I thought maybe you didn't know your own rights or nothing. You don't have to do everything you're told, an' a lot besides, to earn the salary we're gonna get. Whatcha working yourself to death for?'

"'I'm not working hard,' says she.

"'Well,' replies I, 'if what you're doing ain't hard work then a lotta performers is getting money under false pretenses.'

"'It's great fun an' I love it,' says Gert. 'I'm gonna be in a sketch too.'

"'They played that same joke on me last week,' exclaims I. 'The director gave me a part in an act called The Soul of the Saxophone. After I'd stayed up all night learning the lines, somebody told 'em a saxophone didn't have no soul, an' they threw it out.'

"'That's too bad,' said Gert. 'By the way, Jack's crazy about my Black-eyed Susan song an' he's gonna spot it in the second act, with a chorus an' everything.'

"'He is?' exclaims I. 'So you been pulling wires, have you?'

"'I didn't have nothing to do with it,' says she. 'Jack saw the possibilities in the number an' doped it all out himself. I thought you'd be pleased; that's why I told you.'

"'Sure I'm pleased,' snaps I. 'Where is he gonna put my blue song?'

"'I don't know,' replies she.

"'Well, I'm gonna find out,' says I. 'An' if it's any Number One or Two spots there's likely to be trouble in camp. When it comes to playing favorites I've got a little pull myself.'

"'Please don't start anything,' begs Gert. 'I'm sure you'll be taken care of all right.'

"'If I ain't Jack's gonna have to look for another backer,' retorts I. An' with that I walks away.

"'I wantta talk to you a minute,' says I to Jack Henderson, getting him off to one side

"'Sure,' replies he. 'What's on your mind?'

"'Plenty,' says I. 'Where you gonna spot my blue number?'

"'I haven't decided yet,' answers he; 'in fact, none of the numbers have been routined.'

"'Is that so?' exclaims I. 'Who you think you're talking to—a outsider or somebody like that?'

"'If you have any inside dope on how this show is gonna be put together you know more than I do,' replies he.

"'If that's your story an' you wantta stick to it—all right,' retorts I. 'But I wantta tell you one thing, Jack Henderson. I don't trust no man what makes young girls promises he ain't got no idea of keeping.'

"'Stop talking in riddles,' says he.

"'You've worked a lotta cross-word puzzles what was harder than that,' replies I. 'How about Gert an' her Black-eyed Susan song?'

"'Oh, so that's it?' exclaims he. 'I believe I did say something to her about making a second-act feature of it. Are you jealous?'

"'Don't make me giggle,' replies I. 'My name is going out in lights.'

"'Who said so?' asts Jack, turning red up to his forehead.

"'William Johnson,' replies I. 'An' he don't pick no seventeen-year-old children to make his promises to neither.'

"'That's the second time you've pulled that line an' I don't like it,' snaps Jack.

"'Leave her alone then,' says I. 'She ain't got no mother to guide her but me, an' I'm gonna look out for her, even if I hafter take her outta this show.'

"'Are you her legal guardian or anything?' asts Jack.

"'I am not,' replies I. 'But I've been through the mill an' I got a heart.'

"'So have I,' says he; 'at least I did have one before Gertrude Weaver came into my life! She's the dearest, sweetest, little girl in the whole wide world, an' I'm going to ask her to marry me if this revue goes over.'

"'Then you are playing favorites,' retorts I.

"'I'm doing nothing of the kind,' exclaims he. 'I know real talent when I see it.'

"'Love is blind,' laughs I.

"'Tell that to Johnson,' retorts he, an' then somebody called him away before I could think of a snappy comeback.

"Honest, Dot, I was so mad I would of handed in my notice right then an' there if I hadn't thought so much of Bill Johnson. You know a show angel hardly ever gets a real run for his money unless somebody like me, what knows the ropes, looks after his interests. Bill hadn't proposed to me, but he was leading up to it little by little, an' consequently I had a right to feel like it was my money at stake too. The more I thought about the matter the more I seen it was my solemn duty to stick around with my ears open an' not get excited or nothing till the crisis came. Anyway that's what I made up my mind to do."

"What was you so worried about?" asked Dot. "Jack Henderson was straight, wasn't he?"

"Maybe he was an' maybe he wasn't, dearie, but I didn't intend to run any chances. Money lost through bad judgment don't draw no more interest than money lost through a juggled expense account. If featuring an inexperienced seventeen-year-old girl is good showmanship, then Mr. Barnum should of went in the grocery business, an' I told Johnson so. But Bill, being a man an' not having no natural intuition like a woman has, refused to get worked up over what was going on an' made me promise not to start no fights or anything. He said Jack had his hands full with costumers, scenery painters, sketch writers an' other pests like that, an' it wouldn't be fair to him to start no internal combustion just then. He give me his solemn oath, though, to use all his influence in my favor, if at the dress rehearsal I didn't get everything what was coming to me, an' I let it go at that.

"Well, dearie, I've been through a lotta torture in my time, but that final night in Newark, before The Nifties opened, was the dentist's drill. To begin with, the scenery truck run into a ditch coming over an' they didn't get it out till about eleven o'clock, so it was after twelve before the stuff got hung. I knew right then that we was gonna see a sunrise in Jersey. Some of the costumes was all wrong, the orchestrations was worse, an' there was so much temperament in the place even a movie queen could of learned something. By one o'clock I had ate three ham on rye an' drank four cups of coffee, an' the chorus still being balled out over the way they went through the opening number. They had about as much pep as a last year's bottle of ginger ale with a flaw in the cap.

"'Whatcha think of Jack Henderson's showmanship now?' sneers I as they put on a sketch what run eight minutes an' seemed like thirty.

"'Wait, it's early yet,' says he.

"'A bad beginning never does the balance of the show no good,' replies I. 'If you don't get 'em from the jump, you don't get 'em at all.'

"'Madeline Vancastle, you are on next,' yells the stage manager.

"'I know it,' snaps I. 'I was just waiting for the funeral procession to get outta my way.' An' you oughta heard the orchestra laugh.

"After me came some hoofers what couldn't hoof an' some more playlets what wouldn't play. The further it went the sadder it got, an' if it hadn't of been for me an' Gert picking up the tempo with our double jazz harmony near the finish, even

(Continued on Page 148.

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Give a thought to the little GRIMED STOKER who makes automobile navigation possible.

Without it all these millions of speeding cars would be just so many HELPLESS HULKS.

When you step into your car tonight . . . and SOMETHING takes hold of that dead motor and spins it into LIFE . . . and SOMETHING fires those cylinders faster and faster and still faster, until their explosions are lost in one great symphony of POWER . . .

—and SOMETHING lays a path of sunlight up ahead of you through the blackness

—don't forget that all this MIRACLE is coming out of a little BLACK BOX . . . *Your Battery*

RUBBERIB

by Prest-O-Lite

TODAY a new word is born
—"Rubberib".

It is the name of a great new battery by Prest-O-Lite
—a really *better* battery
—better and more dependable
—a battery that will give you longer and more satisfactory battery service
—quicker, surer starts
—more sustained power.

† † †

THIS better battery by Prest-O-Lite is built to keep up with the constantly growing excellence of automobiles. The first Rubberib batteries were developed by Prest-O-Lite to meet a demand of the Packard Motor Car Company for a battery that would give Packard owners the greatest possible freedom from battery bother and annoyance.

For nearly three years Packard cars of every type have been equipped with this better battery.

Recently still other makers of quality cars have adopted this better battery as standard equipment; so there can be no doubt about its genuine superiority.

† † †

Now, with the full endorsement of famous engineers, Prest-O-Lite throws this great new motoring benefit open to the public at large; and no matter what car you are driving, a correct size Prest-O-Lite new Rubberib can be installed at once. Prest-O-Lite dealers everywhere have complete stocks.

† † †

THERE are a number of reasons why this is in fact a really *better* battery. It contains absolutely nothing but the very best of materials. It is produced under the most exacting scientific supervision by skilled experts of long experience. Its plates are especially selected and are of absolutely uniform quality—the best it is humanly possible to make.

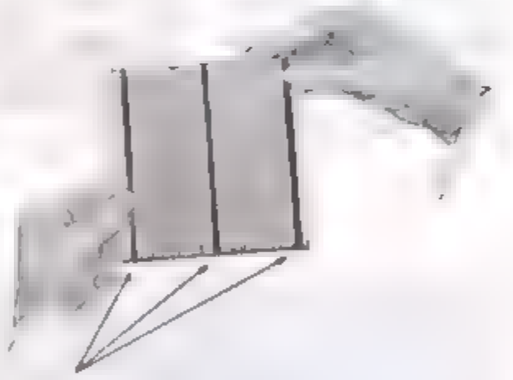
Above all else, a new and perfected type of separator is used, made of selected, genuine Port Orford Cedar, especially treated by a secret Prest-O-Lite process to increase its porosity and add to its durability.

Then, to give the separators still greater durability, they are triple-reinforced with staunch, hard, vulcanized rubber ribs—an exclusive Prest-O-Lite development of vital importance to battery life.

These new patented Prest-O-Lite separators, it has been found, will actually outwear the plates themselves.

† † †

IF YOU are tired of battery troubles, your nearest Prest-O-Lite service station can equip your car with this wonderful new battery
—TODAY.



HERE IS THE SECRET OF ITS LONGER LIFE

THE biggest factor in the life of a battery is the ruggedness and strength of the "separators" between the positive and negative plates. Therefore, a great, new improvement in "separators" means a great, new improvement in batteries. By triple-reinforcing separators made of candled Port Orford Cedar (admittedly the best material), with strong, vulcanized rubber ribs, Prest-O-Lite now solves the battery maker's most stubborn problem.

The staunch, vulcanized rubber ribs act as effective buffers between the wood separators and the metal plates—thus giving to the most vulnerable part of a battery the proved ability to *outwear the plates themselves*.

As a result of this new added life, your Prest-O-Lite Rubberib battery will be cheerfully and confidently guaranteed by us through the dealer who sells it to you.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, *Inc.*
New York INDIANAPOLIS San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Do You Own a Radio?

If so, give a thought to this new Prest-O-Lite Trikl-A power unit, said to be the most outstanding radio development of the year. It gives you uninterrupted, clear, full power reception at a cost far below that of any other power unit on the market. Just plug into a light socket and forget it. Ask your nearest Prest-O-Lite dealer to explain its technical superiorities.

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Smart New Spring Styles for Children

BUSTER BROWN
for Boys HEALTH SHOES for Girls

Easter Sunday—and brand new clothes from head to foot! Do you remember your childhood thrill in the prospect and the realization?

To the children new shoes, perhaps, are just a necessary part of the whole delightful plan. But mother and dad know that shoes are the most important item of a child's apparel.

The large illustration is of a patent leather one-strap, that achieves a still more captivating effect when on the foot of a dainty miss.

Take them to the store that sells Buster Brown Health Shoes. Fit them in this delightfully modern juvenile footwear, which typifies the engaging freshness and beauty of springtime itself.

Then your children will be shod in the season's smartest style—but more: you will have the keen satisfaction of knowing that you have effectively guarded against the lurking danger of foot troubles and the many other ailments traceable to ill-fitting, improperly constructed shoes.

Foot Health, Beauty and Economy are combined in Buster Brown Health Shoes.

Sold by the better Shoe and Department Stores everywhere

Just right for the little tot is this patent leather two button one strap, trimmed with Chagrin calf

This sturdy, mannish style for boys comes in both black and tan boarded calf

Brown Shoe Company
Manufacturers
St. Louis U. S. A.
Also Manufacturers of Brownbilt Shoes for Men and Women
16 Great Specialty Factories—Daily Capacity 40,000 Pairs

Buster's Picture in Every Pair

(Continued from Page 143

the stage hands would of went to sleep. The curtain dropped with a thud an' so did everybody's spirits

"While they was setting the scenery for the next act I got Johnson out in the dark lobby an' had a talk with him.

"'Look-a-here, Bill,' I says. 'There ain't no use of us fooling ourselves or nothing—this show looks like a awful frost to me.'

"'Me too,' sighs he.

"'How much have you got in it?' asts I.

"'Twenty thousand dollars,' answers he.

"'Good night!' exclaims I. 'That's a lotta eggs to smash in one basket.'

"'Thank goodness, I have others,' replies he, smiling; but the smile was kinda sickly.

"'Some people will buy cracked eggs,' suggests I.

"'I don't get you,' says he.

"'You being an angel, an' not knowing the show business, naturally you wouldn't,' answers I. 'Now lemme put you wise to something. Every mother believes in her own child, an' consequently Jack Henderson still thinks he's got a whale of a show. Now you sit out front an' watch the second act unfold. If it plays as slow as the first an' looks as much like a flop, you run down to the orchestra pit an' begin tearing it to pieces in sarcastic language an' everything. Jack will try to quiet you, but don't you quiet. Keep on criticizing till you get him sore, an' then offer to sell your interest for ten thousand berries. If he thinks as well of his Nifties as I think he thinks, he'll take you up an' you'll save half of your stake.'

"'But I don't believe he has the money,' says Johnson.

"'Any guy what can dig up a twenty-thousand-dollar angel can also unearth one with ten,' chirps I. 'Anyway it's worth trying.'

"'I'll say it is,' replies Bill.

"'An' you can buy me a string of pearls or some other little remembrance like that outta the salvage,' suggests I. After which gentle hint I went to my dressing room to freshen the old make-up.

"Well, the second an' final act started just like the first, only more so. It was then near 8 A.M. an' everybody was tired, outta sorts an' sore at the world in general. They didn't even try to give a decent performance; just running through the songs an' skits like people in a daze or something. Finally they reached Gertrude Weaver's Black-eyed Susan song an' she stood there in the middle of the stage calling on her vocal cords, but getting no response whatsoever. She was pale an' haggard from the strain she'd been under, an' try as she would she couldn't warble a note. Jack looked at her a minute, then walked over an' put his arm around her shoulders.

"'We'll cut this number tonight,' orders he. 'Miss Weaver knows the song an' so do the girls. I'll take a chance on it without another rehearsal.'

"'You'll do nothing of the kind,' booms a voice from the orchestra pit, an' I knew Bill Johnson had went into action. He certainly had picked a psychological moment.

"'What's that?' asks Jack, walking down to the footlights.

"'I said we wouldn't cut that number,' yells Bill. 'You're not gonna play any favorites with my money.'

"'But Gertrude is tired out,' replies Jack.

"'I'm—I'm -all right,' sobs Gert. 'I can sing it; honest, I can, Jack. Please let me try, Jack. I can sing it—see if I can't.'

"'Never mind, kid,' says Jack, patting her hand. 'You just sit down an' rest. Bill didn't understand.'

"'Oh, yes, I do,' yells Johnson. 'You're in love with that girl an' you're trying to make a star out of her, but she isn't strong enough to make the grade.'

"'Sure I'm in love with her,' answers Jack. 'I've told everybody else, an' I intended to tell her an' ask her to be my wife as soon as I was sure this show was a success.'

"'You don't have to wait,' says Gert. 'I'll marry you whether it's a hit or a flop. I'm no fair-weather buddy like some people I know.' An' she kissed him in front of the whole company.

"'Cut out the mush an' let's get down to cases,' yells Johnson. 'I want this rehearsal started at the very beginning, so I can dictate certain changes to be made.'

"'What's the matter, Bill?' pleads Jack 'You're not really serious, are you?'

"'I've got twenty thousand dollars invested in this frost, an' that's certainly serious enough,' yells Johnson. 'You do what I say, an' do it quick, or I'll close this show here an' now.'

"'Wait a minute, Bill,' again pleads Jack. 'Now don't let's get excited or nothing about this.'

"'Excited, hell!' yells Johnson. 'This is the rottenest show that was ever put together, an' you haven't sense enough to know it. Why, it won't last a week.'

"'All dress rehearsals look bad,' replies Jack. 'Tomorrow night it will be entirely different.'

"'If you believe that, I know how you can make ten thousand dollars awful quick,' snaps Johnson.

"'How?' asts Jack.

"'Buy my interest. I'll sell for half,' replies Johnson.

"'But I haven't the money, an' you know it,' says Jack.

"'Dig up another sucker like you did me,' retorts Johnson.

"'That won't be necessary,' says Gertrude, stepping forward. 'Mother put away every cent I've earned since I was a kid. It's all in Liberty Bonds an' I'll buy your stock tomorrow.'

"'Sold,' yells Johnson.

"'Please, Gert,' begs Jack, 'don't do anything foolish. I'll manage somehow.'

"'What's the difference, dear?' asts Gert. 'I'd invest it in another show with you anyway; so we might as well see this one through.'

"'We'll close the deal in my office at 10:30 in the morning,' says Johnson.

"'I'll be there,' replies Gertrude; an' she was."

"Did you get your string of pearls?" asks Dorothy.

"I did not," replied Madeline. "Everybody in The Nifties cast mustta slept all day an' got rested or something, 'cause they did the peppiest show Newark has ever seen. The revue went over with such a bang the report was heard all along Broadway. Then it proceeded to clean up thirty thousand berries the next week at Atlantic City. After that it came in to New York an' the ticket speculators reaped a harvest from it for nearly a year. Incidentally, the Hendersons now own a gorgeous home in Southampton an' go to Europe for their summers. For some reason Bill Johnson took a sudden dislike to me right after the opening performance an' I haven't seen him since. I wouldn't of married him anyway, dearie, even if he had ast me. He was a born angel, and an angel's money has wings."

Half the Shave is the *After-shave*

THE shave takes a few minutes. But even if it were a perfect shave the *all-day* look and feel of your face depends a lot on what you do after you put down your razor.

Aqua Velva is for ***after-shaving***. Eighty-seven years of study of beards and how to soften them, skins and how to treat them, went into its making.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps

Try this tomorrow morning after shaving

Wash off the remaining lather. Leave your face moist, amply moist. Apply Aqua Velva generously. Work it in briskly with your fingers. Then pat off the surplus moisture, if any, with a soft towel.

What has happened?

You have given your newly shaved skin a stimulating tingle that will wake it up and liven it, make it react healthily. You have given it the care it needs:—

To keep its natural moisture, and so preserve the flexibility nature meant it to have—the flexibility of the *youthful* skin.

To keep it buoyant, toned up, well conditioned.

To correct the work of a faulty razor, sterilizing and healing little nicks and abrasions, visible and invisible.

To protect it from dust and germs, wind and weather.

To *keep* it, in short, as Williams shaving lather *leaves* it.

Try it. On the way home say "Aqua Velva" to some friendly druggist. Fifty cents. And great big dividends are yours in comfort and appearance. So hundreds of thousands think today.

Or, if you like, ask for a FREE sample. Use the coupon. Or say "Aqua Velva" on a post card.

Big, 5 ounce bottle, 50c at all toilet counters

Williams Aqua Velva

If you're doubtful, sir, please sign here

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Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Mail me a free bottle of Aqua Velva.

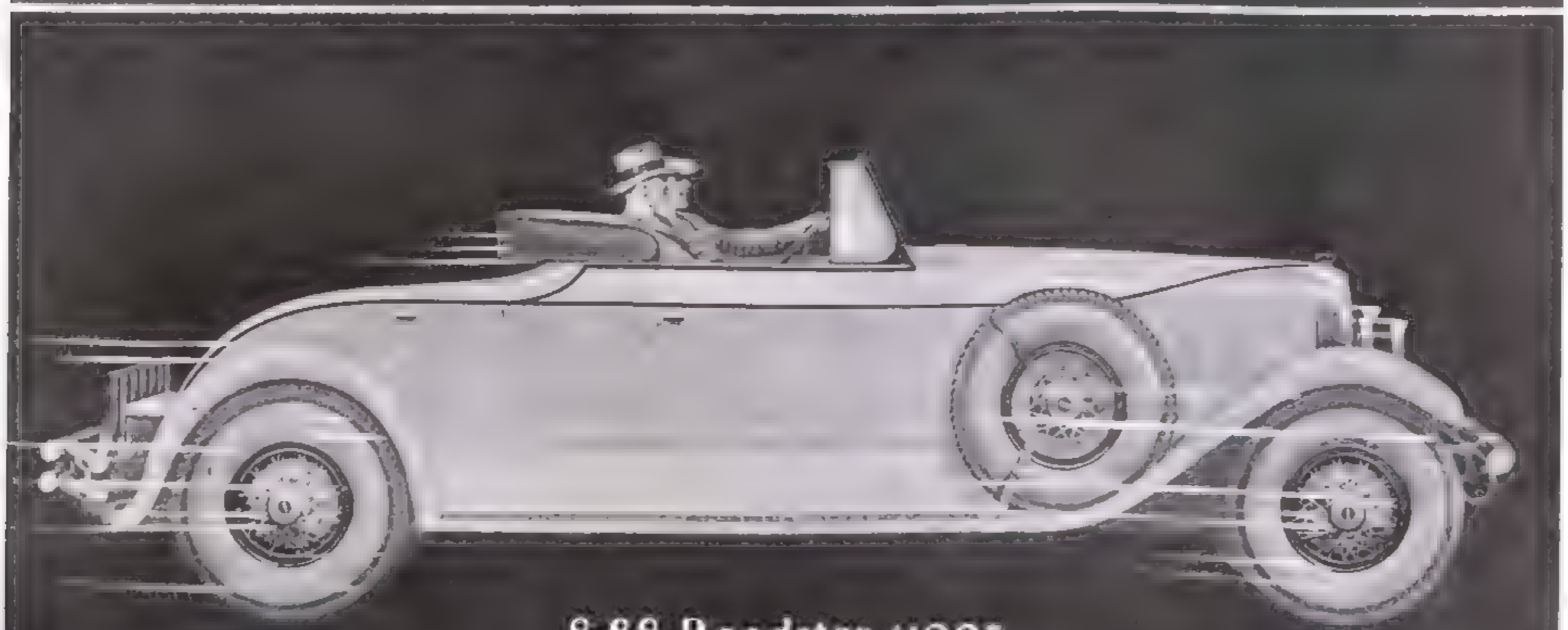
Name _____

Address

S P 4 3-27

YOUR NEXT CAR

Drive this Straight Eight and if it does not sell itself you will not be asked to buy



8-88 Roadster $1995

80 miles an hour. 130 inch wheelbase.
You don't have to climb over the fenders—there is a rear door!

One who sees in Auburn only a remarkable commercial success needs to look again with clearer vision.

Look deeper and you see at work the ideals and forces that insure America's leadership.

Auburn represents a supreme and honest effort to meet the advanced needs of an advanced people.

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana.

AUBURN

6-66 Roadster $1095; 6-66 Sport Sedan $1195; 6-66 Sedan $1295; 8-77 Roadster $1395; 8-77 Sport Sedan $1495; 8-77 Sedan $1695
8-88 Roadster $1995; 8-88 Sport Sedan $2095; 8-88 Sedan $2195; 8-88 7-Passenger Sedan $2595. Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra.

CABARET

(Continued from Page 54)

"Your sister ——" Strange that she seemed to have forgotten Dorothy!

"You came to supper with her four or five months ago."

"I go to supper with a lot of sisters," Miss August observed.

"Oh."

She'd forgotten it all, except him! Obviously she remembered him, and him alone. "This is great!" said Wilfred to himself, although his whole being was drawn with anxiety, for he was already occupied in his mind with the amorous problems to be tackled about 10:30. Did one—would she—was mere simple assault and battery the method of a he man? Or did one approach the rapture in a more delicate and strategic way, such as: "Would you ever forgive me if I ——" Or, rather more robustly, with a laugh: "Just one, for luck!" Or ——

George, if one came to think of it, had never been absolutely explicit about detail. He took the standpoint that it was a thing every man should think out for himself. Wilfred had never kissed a girl; but he had gone into training for some five months for it; and now it was darned well going to be done

They entered the Buttercup Club. Wilfred was consumed with the blighting shame of never having ordered a dinner. Fear seized him as the head waiter approached them, with a smile and a bow for Miss August. The head waiter looked Wilfred over, and weighed him up. His look was soft and understanding, expressing: "Trust in me, young sir, and all will be well." The palms of Wilfred's hands were clammy, and his voice weak. He took the menu and muttered. The menu was unintelligible. But in some extraordinary way the head waiter knew all about it.

"The dinner, sir? Thank you, sir."

"The dinner will do very nicely," said Miss August brightly. "Ordering à la carte is so slow. And after all, we want to dance, don't we?"

Did we? Wilfred found himself dancing, but confused with fear and emotion. "I'll be better when I've had a drink," he said boldly, returning Miss August to their table.

"Yes; don't forget the cocktails; we should have had them before we danced."

Cocktails.

The dinner was five shillings and sixpence a head. Eleven shillings. The cocktails were one and sixpence each. Fourteen shillings. The taxicab had been five shillings. Nineteen shillings out of two pounds leaves twenty-one shillings. There was still the wine and the waiter's tip; and——

Five shillings were going to be kept for the taxi ride back.

Wilfred had, in addition to his two pounds, brought—in case of some extraordinary emergency—his next week's lunch money—four shillings. However, it was scarcely credible that this would be needed, seeing that the evening ended, as far as the Buttercup was concerned, at 10:30.

"I'll have another cocktail," said Miss August casually. Curse mental arithmetic.

"Order some olives: I eat them incessantly," said Miss August.

Were they on the menu? Well, no. Still, what could you do but order them? And, anyway, what were olives? Those slimy little green things? It seemed they were.

"It is the Spanish olives I want," said Miss August.

"Here, waiter," said Wilfred bravely. "It is the Spanish olives we want."

A suave servitor came with a thin maroon book under his arm. He showed to Wilfred an unintelligible list of wines.

"Champagne, please," she said.

For a long minute Wilfred held the maroon-colored book in his damp hands. Then before his eyes the mist cleared a little, and words of George's recurred to him. "She had a half bottle of bubbly," said George in the privacy of his bedroom one night as he sat on his old school trunk teaching Wilfred a few facts about women. "I made an excuse and had lager. The money just worked out."

"Have a half bottle of Pol Roger, Miss August," said Wilfred, "if you d-d-don't mind drinking it b-b-by yourself."

"Oh, but why?"

"My doctor has f-f-forbidden me champagne."

"What's been the matter with you?"

"I got—a—a football knee."

Things were going very nicely after all. Pamela danced like a feather, sparkling with two cocktails and a half bottle of champagne. Wilfred danced like a feather with the help of one cocktail and his expectations. About nine o'clock he had transferred the five-shilling fare to Willow Villas to his left trousers pocket, and it was not going to be touched for anything at all. No; not for anything at all. What was left of the rest lay in his right pocket. Coffee had been an extra. She didn't care for his cigarettes, and her case was empty. Bang went the last shilling of the two pounds!

It was worth it all. The Buttercup was a marvelous place; every moment palpitated and throbbed and vibrated like music. He had in his arms a girl whom even George had declared to be beyond his reach. He hired taxicabs, bought dinners and champagne.

He beckoned waiters and they ran. His white waistcoat was superb. Oh, George, if you could see me now! Oh, mother! Oh, Dorothy! Oh, father, I'm going some! Oh, if you could see the girl I have with me! I have begun! This is the life.

It seemed mineral water with slices of lemon floating in it was very popular with dancers as a kind of permanent table beverage after dinner. Toward ten o'clock she thought she'd have an ice. Bang went next week's lunch money. No matter. It was going to be worth it. The greatest and proudest experience of his life was to come. The thing now was to keep her dancing; no going back to the table; no more eating and drinking.

They danced vividly till 10:30.

"A sandwich ——" she was beginning, when Wilfred showed her his wrist watch. Yes, 10:30. She left the floor willingly.

"Now!" said Wilfred giddily to himself.

A long, dark, lovely drive home and the climax of the evening. Assault and battery were to be the method. "I stood no nonsense," was what he was going to tell George.

They hastened into the vestibule of the club. There uprose from a plush sofa in that very confined space a figure reminiscent to Wilfred. Gallant in evening clothes was that fellow who looked as if he owned the earth, and did in fact own a roaring sports car. The car stood panting outside the door, guarded reverently by the Buttercup's commissionaire.

"Ah, Percy," said Miss August.

Something smote Wilfred hard upon the jaw, about the kidneys, and on the solar plexus. It was a certain feeling with a great punch to it.

"Thanks so much, Mr. Hopkins," said Miss August, turning to him graciously. "I have enjoyed the dancing. You'll be better with a little more practice. I must fly now, for it is Revels night at the Midnight Sun and my friend Mr. Lumley has kept a table for us at 10:45. Good night."

Good night, Miss August; good night, your friend Mr. Lumley. Curse all the world. Darn the whole box of tricks. Good night.

And yet, no.

"If"—said Wilfred to himself, when he had hugged the ropes awhile, taken the punishment, and found himself—a little groggily, maybe—still on his feet—"if you think to get away with it like that, my girl,

no chains, no traction

– don't risk a forward skid

Wet, slippery street—sudden stop—your car slides forward out of control. Then is when you'd give anything for ten seconds of WEED Chain traction.

Take just a few minutes to put on your WEED Chains. Let the hardened steel cross chains grip the road for you, giving your wheels the necessary *friction* between wet rubber and the road.

WET RUBBER *slips*
WEED CHAINS *grip*

WEED Chains come in handy bags for storing in a small space under the car seat, ready for use at the first indication of wet, slippery, skiddy streets. Genuine WEED Chains have red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

Drop in at any automobile accessory store and ask to be shown how easily worn cross chains can be replaced with new.

Buy WEED Cross Chains at only a few cents apiece a pair of WEED Pliers for 65 cents, and replace your own cross chains quickly and economically

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
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District Sales Offices: Boston Chicago New York
Philadelphia Pittsburgh San Francisco

Makers of WEED Bumpers and WEED Levelizers

and your friend Mr. Lumley, you are mistaken I'll not stand for that sort of nonsense. You mistake the kind of fellow I am"

Snatching his hat and coat, and with the taxicab fare to Willow Villas still intact in his trousers pocket, Wilfred hurried into the street. But the car had already roared away.

About one o'clock—by means of incessant and exhaustive inquiries of omnibus conductors, stray revelers, newspaper sellers and policemen—Wilfred found himself getting warm on the scent of the Midnight Sun Club. It was a young club, and secluded. Scarcely a policeman had ever heard of it, though every policeman looked instantly as if he might care to hear more. The stray revelers helped most. Walking and walking, with just the taxi fare back to Willow Villas in his pocket, Wilfred at length came wearily into a garage yard, climbed a long iron fire escape, and would have entered an engaging and exciting loft whence issued the music of the Charleston, but that an attendant in uniform stopped him.

"A member, sir?"

"No," said Wilfred wistfully.

"Wish to become one, sir?"

"Er—no," said Wilfred still more wistfully.

"Well, sir, can't go in unless ——"

"I am waiting for a young lady," said Wilfred.

"Wait there, then, sir, if I can't tempt you in," said the attendant, pointing to a dim alcove nearly full of cases of ginger beer.

Wilfred was glad to rest. He entered the alcove and sat down on a ginger-beer case. He leaned back against the wall and fixed his eye ferociously upon the uncurtained archway that gave upon the dancing floor. He could see her there dancing with the fellow who looked as if he owned the earth. Dancing, dancing. Moses! Could nothing exhaust the girl?

Now and again the attendant peered into the alcove to inquire temptingly, "Won't change your mind, sir? Not a little supper?"

"Supper!" thought Wilfred bitterly, with an aching void inside him. "Supper!" he thought wanly. No supper for him. Supper for her, yes, but ——

"I'm darned if I spend a penny. I'm going to see her home!"

Wilfred's eyes must have closed as he leaned there in the dusky recess, for when he opened them suddenly, with a start, a figure that looked somehow familiar was standing on the narrow landing at the top of the iron stairway. The music had stopped for good. The figure was speaking to the uniformed attendant, and the voice was that of Wilfred's brother George, got up festively as a man about town. Gosh!

Just here, as Wilfred, cramped and cold, was wondering if he should hail George, and if he were as wan, weak and tousled and thoroughly inadequate as he felt, out came Pamela August, looking through, about, and around George, and then at him.

"Mr.—Mr.—Hopkins?"

"Ah!" said George in a burbling voice and in a great ecstasy.

She didn't see Wilfred struggling to rise from the ginger-beer case. She meant the other Mr. Hopkins—one George—who was gazing upon her softly and with rapture.

There rushed after her, dragging his hat and coat, a thwarted young man who looked as if he had suddenly had an idea that the earth was possibly not all his.

"Here, I say, Miss August."

"Good night! Such a nice time! Many thanks!" said she, and then to George, "We must hurry; or the best of the eggs and bacon will be gone at the Looking-Glass. A taxi, quickly!" George had got her.

"I'm darned!" said the young man without an earth, who stood there with his arms full of hat and overcoat.

Wilfred came haughtily from his corner, adjusting the set of his coat.

"Excuse me, but Miss August ——"

Wilfred looked up into the young man's face, and the young man stared down.

"I came here to take her home," said Wilfred baldly.

The young man leaned against the wall. "Sir, I had the right to drive her home myself."

"Still," said Wilfred, "yours is an open car"

"What the devil difference does that make at this time of the night, or morning, with hardly anyone about? Besides, she lives in a very secluded road."

Wilfred turned and went down the iron stairway.

Where was the Looking-Glass Club? About 3:30, as dawn streaked the sky, he found it, in the vicinity of the Buttercup of troublous memory.

"But, sir," said the commissionaire to Wilfred's painful relief, "the club is just closing. The orchestra is playing the last dance, sir."

"That is perfectly all right; I am only waiting for a young lady."

Wilfred waited in the open, in a little vestibule. He meant that George and Pamela should see him instantly. He figured on the female terror of Pamela at grasping that she had been thus relentlessly stalked by her rightful escort. Women liked this stuff. They adored surrendering. They were but trembling, frail little things after all.

George? Well, there was no doubt but that George presented a bit of a tough problem. George had the weight, the reach, the experience, and the seniority.

Then out they came, a blur of people; among them, clear-cut, Pamela and George. Wilfred rose up.

George was saying in an airy way that he always used to cover deficiencies of all sorts: "Well, Miss August, it's such a beautiful dawn. It's a shame to get home too quickly. Shall we—er—er—I think you'd love the walk home in the cool air when—when—London looks so different."

Wilfred had suffered cruelly. He had walked for miles and miles and hours and hours; he had waited and hoped and lost again; he had been shamefully betrayed; but just here was when his spirits rose like larks at sunrise, and stepping right forward, with five silver shillings fairly singing in his pocket, he confronted Pamela and George. He understood. She had cleaned George out

"Walk?" she was repeating with a little tremolo of laughter, but she eyed George with sudden suspicion all the same. "Walk? Oh, I—I ——"

"In the dawn," said George, making his voice as romantic as a man in his predicament could do.

"I've nearly danced my feet off as it is," said Miss August, trying to cover her grave apprehensions with a tiny yawn, "Take me home in a taxi very quickly, please."

And then they both saw who stood beside them. George and Wilfred, accoutered lavishly like men of fashion, though both very stern and pale, fingered thoughtfully at their white ties.

"I was just waiting to drive Miss August home, George," explained Wilfred.

A sudden gleam entered George's eye, which Wilfred attributed to the idea of borrowing the cab fare that was evidently there; but a sudden gleam entered Wilfred's eye, too, so that the gleam in George's died out.

Pamela gazed at Wilfred at first with little recollection, and then with the lovely smile of recognition on her face. "Why, you" she said graciously—"you, Mr. Hop "

She looked from him to George.

"Mr. Hop—— "

"We're brothers," said George feebly.

"Isn't that divine!" she cried. "You wrote from your office, and he from home, and really, it never occurred to me that you were related. Really, the coincidence of names never struck me at all. I put them down so fast in my engagement book, you see ——"

"I see," said George.

"I see," said Wilfred.

"Quite amusing," said Miss August, "isn't it? You both tell me that we met when I came to supper with your sister Katie "

"Dorothy."

"I mean Dorothy. I go to supper with such a lot of sisters. That marvelous black hair of hers ——"

"Red."

"Red. And getting on so splendidly in her cookery school "

"She's she's a shorthand typist."

"That's what I mean. She's one of my dearest friends. I must ring her up tomorrow ——"

"And come to sup——" George and Wilfred were beginning, when the roar of a car was heard outside and in came Percy.

"Percy?" said Miss August inquiringly.

Percy looked at George. "I should like a word with you, sir," said he, regardless of soft manners.

"I am engaged in a discussion with my brother here, sir," answered George.

"I will take you both on, sir," said Percy promisingly.

"I am here to drive Miss August home," said Wilfred, keeping to his main theme.

"I am here for the same purpose," said Percy.

"And I," said George, "I—I "

George was the angriest, because he knew that not in any circumstances could he now drive her home; so he addressed Percy in no uncertain words, and suitably and to the point Percy replied.

"I don't care for this sort of thing," said Miss August.

Wilfred placed his hat at an angle, took Miss August's arm, and walked out with her, being missed by neither George nor Percy for a full minute.

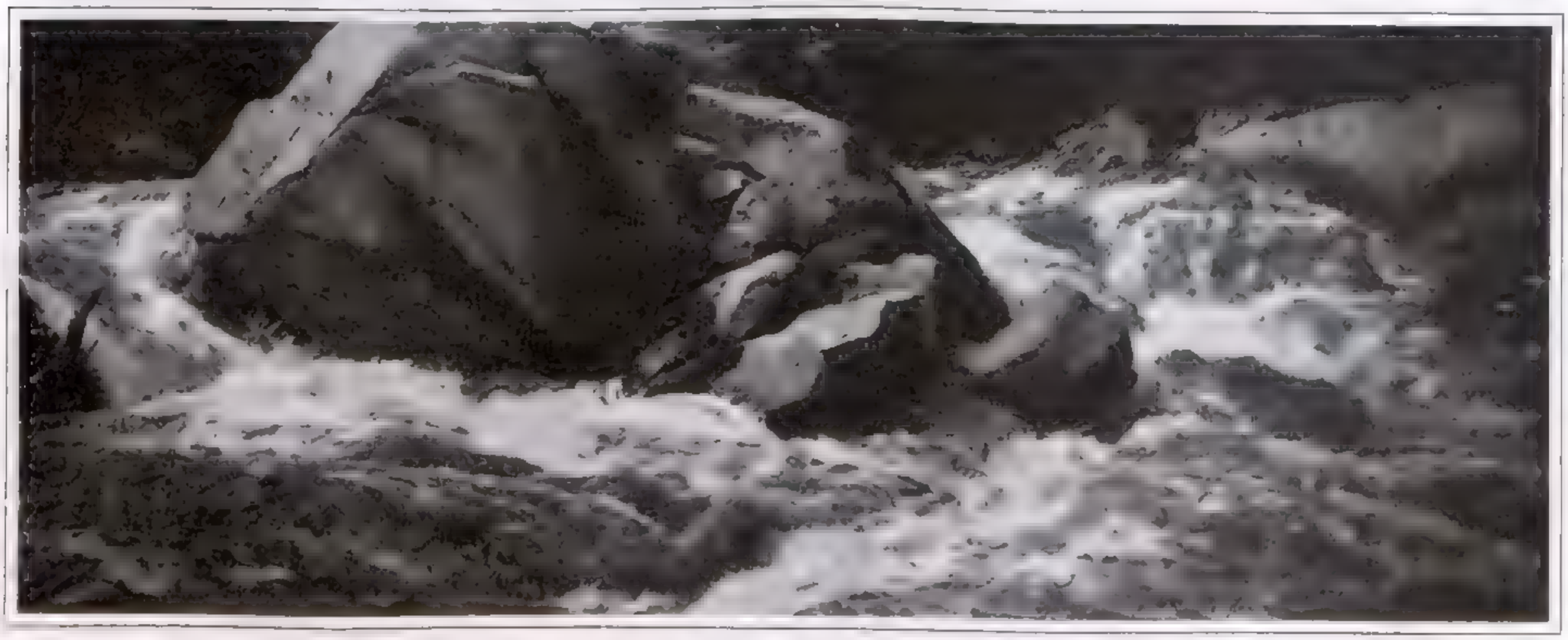
"Taxi!" Wilfred demanded negligently of the commissionaire.

They were in; Miss August ensconced herself with the greatest comfort in her corner.

"I have had quite a nice evening," she observed.

They glided away; streets and streets, darker, quieter; soon it must be done Wilfred prepared himself. He blew his nose, took off his hat, took off his gloves, and coughed warningly. She seemed accustomed to these premonitory symptoms, for they passed unnoticed. There she sat in her dim corner, emerging enchantingly from the near-Spanish shawl. And at last Wilfred, after promising himself a hundred times, "Gosh! I am now going to kiss her good night," leaned toward her.

Darn everything; cuss the whole world! Could you beat it! The girl slept.



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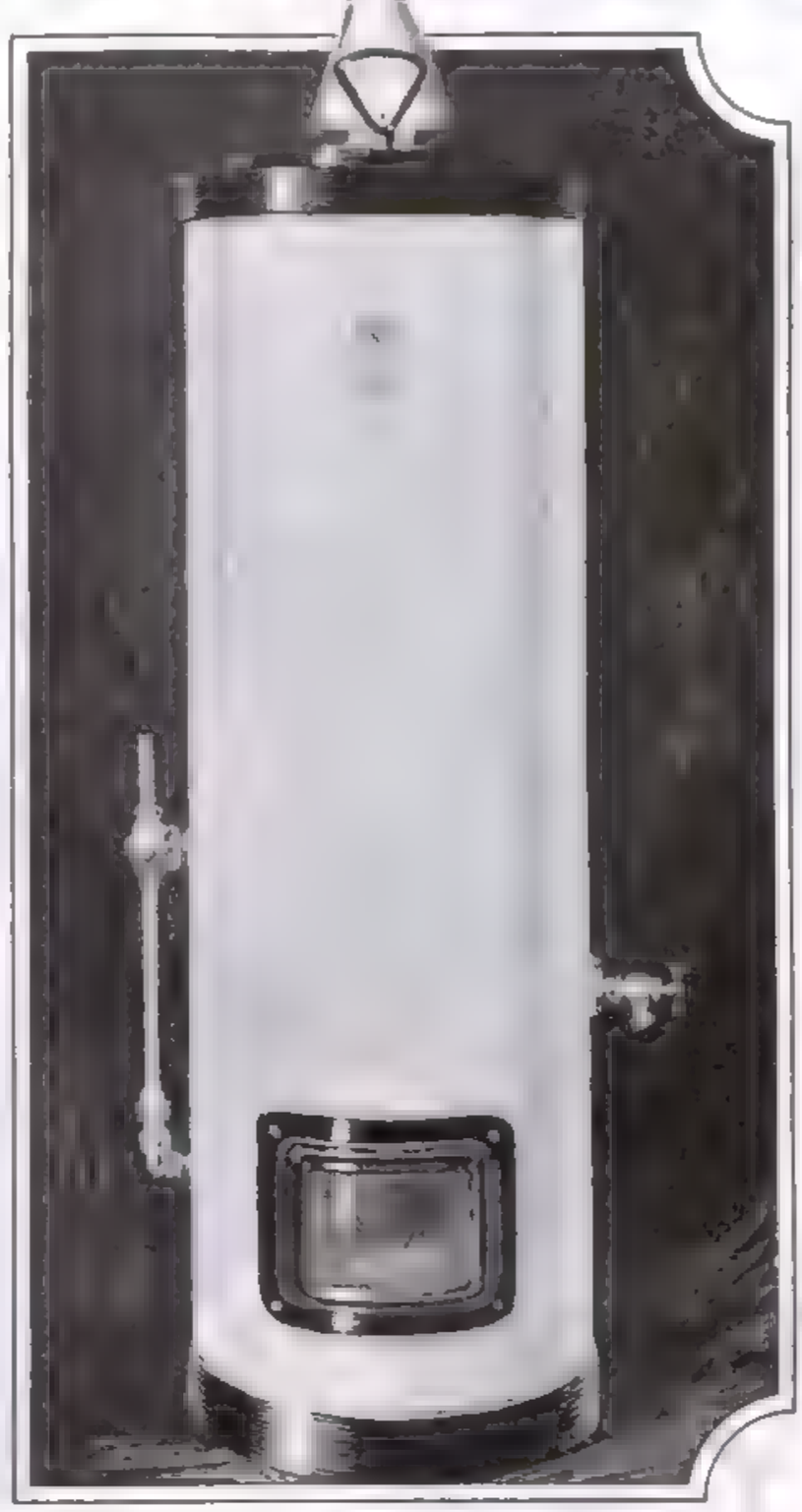

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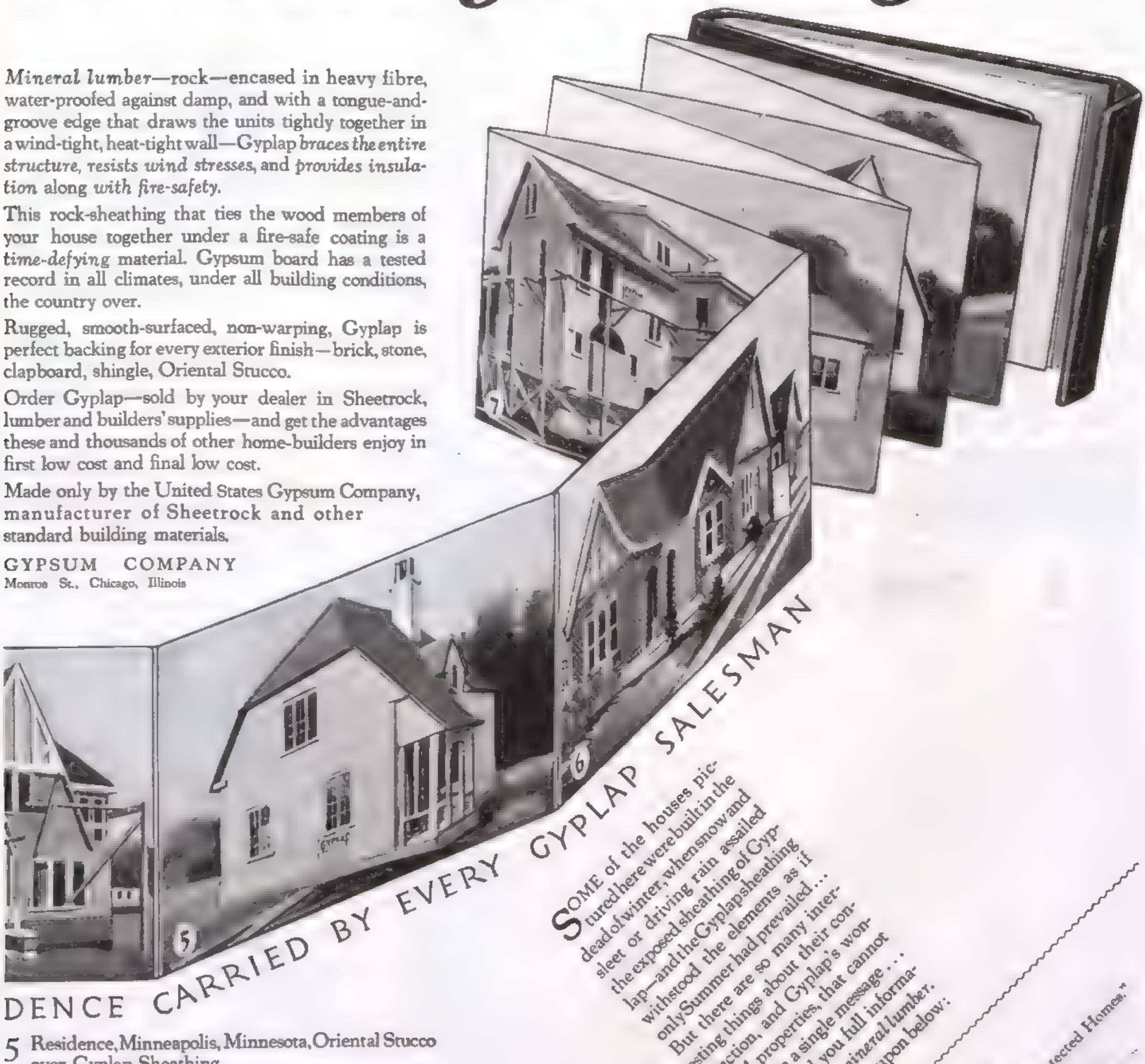

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BLOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

squawked and bolted. But presently he returned with more men. They hesitated at the doorway. The surgeon growled at them. They rushed forward, six of them, and pinioned Paul against the wall. Screaming and cursing, he watched the others lift the cot with the blood-stiff blanket and take the thing away.

Presently the men who held his arms let go and ran from him. He stood for a moment and then fell forward face downward upon the littered floor. Shortly the surgeon came to him again.

"You are wanted," he said gently. "Your brother's grave—I will show you so you will know. I am sorry, but what shall one do? It is war."

"War?" said Paul hoarsely. "War? Curse it! Curse the generals that make it!"

"Sh-h!" said the surgeon. "They did not kill your brother. It was the English—the *verdammte*, traitorous imbeciles. I will give you something—but you must go."

Paul stood up and stumbled to the doorway. Already the sound of guns pounded and trembled on the morning air. He stood with his smeared face toward it and breathed slowly, sharply, with distended nostrils.

"So," he said. "They wish more fight. Fifty—fifty men." He wiped at his face with the back of his hand and drew himself up. "One forgets," he mumbled in apology.

The surgeon laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Your brother's grave?"

Paul turned to him slowly and shook his head. The lines of his unshaven jaw were tightly drawn and his lips a thin white scar.

"No; that which you have is not my brother." He waved a quick, fierce hand toward the sound of the guns. "They have my brother. They have stolen him from me. I go to get him back."

"Brandy?" asked the surgeon.

Paul's lips drew back from his teeth. He stalked across the empty roadway and flung himself upon his horse.

Three days later there was Landrecies to be fought for in the dark. He fought for it. Time to Paul for days was merely the intervals between which one waited to catch khaki-clad rear-guard points at the gallop, to crash into them horse to horse, to empty a hot pistol into a white face, to crunch into bone with a full sweep of the saber. Twice he was wounded, twice he lost horses. Still the advance went on—on to the Marne. Food was tasteless stuff one crammed into one's panting mouth to stop an empty gnawing at one's stomach. Sleep was merely a lethal deadness that came when one pulled one's cape about one and sprawled headlong in a ditch to wait for dawn and the next man to kill. Perhaps he will be the guilty one! Perhaps tomorrow he would go to John. And so up again in the damp mist of morning, fearful lest tomorrow be the last day—the day they would cut through and gallop into the *faubourgs* of Paris.

But it never was. The Marne was fought and lost frightfully, and the Uhlans were no longer in the van. A legend of a mad officer started and spread for three days, until Paul's head dropped forward one morning and he shot out of his saddle into the roadway. There was gangrene in his leg and arm from the two wounds, and there were days behind him of insufficient sleep and food. They took him back and cut away the infection. For days he lay with rubber tubes in him and ice packs freezing his flesh. For days they fed him to put strength in him to go back. And all the while he stared at the white ceiling above him and took no interest. But he was only twenty-three, so presently he got well and a great intensity crept in where the despair and anguish had torn his soul.

He came back in February to the cold and the slush and the disappointment of that first winter. The horses were gone now and men were commencing to fight from filthy holes in the ground. He went into action again at Ypres—that first Ypres—and presently he was captain. All through the winter he worked doggedly, determinedly, at whatever job they gave him. The cold throbbed eternally in his old wounds, but that was a little thing compared to the dull ache that would never leave his heart. February became March, with its sleet and whipping cold rains. March was almost April and spring whispered faintly from behind the hills.

One day an orderly scratched on the curtain of his dugout and handed him a letter. It was from his aunt—his father never wrote to him. The letter was long and spotted once where a tear had fallen. His cousin was dead—gloriously—in the east. Killed fighting the Russians.

He crumpled the letter and held it in his trembling fist. Words came back to him: "Quite right! Slovenly!" He shook the letter angrily. "I do not care—I do not care! Curse him! It was his boots and kepi and saber!" And suddenly again he saw the red welt on the guard's face that afternoon so long ago, and he fell miserably across his tiny deal table and wept with great dry sobs for the half of him that was gone in this mad welter of blood.

Four nights later something whirred past his ear and splashed in blinding yellow light a few feet behind him. He meant to turn—to see what it was, but he couldn't, for there was no strength in his legs. The numbness broke and a paralyzing, screaming pain lashed through him. He pitched forward on his sweating face.

That hospital was not a pretty one of ice packs and drains as the other had been. It was a white-hot torture chamber of knives and ether burns and straps and weights and pulleys. Eighteen months he spent in it, shrieking, sweating and straining against people who held him and cut him cruelly. But again he came out, thin and wasted, with bluish hollows in his cheeks and a horrid burning harness of leather and nickled steel and cork to help him walk.

They sent him to his aunt's house to take milk and eggs, to sit in the sunlight. For weeks he refused to attempt walking. There were masseurs from Berlin, a great doctor from Hamburg. He was rubbed and bathed. He was put under strange lights that their life might go into him to make him well. But he took no interest. He would not look at the work the people did for him. He did not care for the improvement they told him of. All day, except during the hours of treatment, he sat with a blanket tucked across the wreck of himself and stared at the leafless trees that would soon be green again, at the melting snow crusts in the garden.

Again, though—he was only twenty-five—he recovered. From his waist up, presently, he was strong and pink and healthy. The hollows were gone from his cheeks and light stole softly into the deadness of his eyes. One day a bird sang in a bush far across the lawns. Slowly Paul pushed himself up from his chair and reached for his canes. He hobbled to the steps—the steps he and John had marched down with such dignity that afternoon so long ago. After a moment he tried them, and presently he was swinging himself across the grass below toward the terrace edge. It was painful, but less painful than it had been, and he was suddenly conscious that soon it would not be painful at all—merely habit.

The bird broke his song in midnote long before Paul reached the bush.

"Even a bird can't stand it," he thought. He stood there at the edge of the driveway, poking at the gravel with the ferrule of his great invalid's stick. There were fleecy clouds flecking the blue of the sky and again spring hovered over the land. He looked down at his legs and tapped idly at the foot that was dead cork. The ferrule of his stick struck against it with a hollow sound. He shrugged and slapped the stick sharply against the steel brace that strengthened the flesh-covered bone that was his other leg. "I can't go on this way," he said aloud, questioningly. "It is too difficult. I should have been killed. Why," he asked, "wasn't I killed? They killed John, why not me?" Again he looked up at the sky. It was almost five o'clock and he did not want to go back to the house, to the quiet sadness of his aunt. Far away, he saw a tiny speck above Buhlerstadt. It was gliding in to the airdrome for the night. He watched it out of sight. For perhaps fifteen minutes more he stood there, then he lifted both canes and brought them down sharply in the gravel.

"I will go," he said. "I have heard that a leg here or there makes little difference in the air. I am *Rittmeister* of Uhlans. I have privileges. They will take me and train me. And this time I shall not return." Slowly he hobbled back toward the frowning portico.

He went at his flying calmly and methodically as he went at all tasks. There was no need of recklessness or foolhardiness, because some day the end would come quite naturally, without any doing of his own. Some day a control wire would give way or his engine would die too close to the ground and there would be nothing more to think about. Or perhaps he might live to reach the Front again and be shot. In the meantime it was amusing, and rather beautiful and clean to fly. He learned quite easily and quickly, in spite of what they had said. For his feet, he had straps riveted to the rudder bar—straps that he could buckle across his instep so that his feet would not slip off from weakness. And later, when he had learned more about the thing, he sometimes crooked his stick over one end of the bar and worked that side with his free hand, for it was not always pleasant on cold wet days to wear the cork foot they had given him. So he went on, and men who knew said he would be a great pilot if he lived long enough at the Front to learn about fighting.

Strangely enough, he did. It was rather like a game to him—to pass the time until that day he would not return. And it was clean; no blood, no mutilating wounds, no screams. It simply went on breathlessly, quietly, earnestly, until one day it stopped in a gagging swoop of air. So sure was he of the coming of that day that he could afford to do his work well and carefully while he waited.

There were two things they did at that first squadron—Kellermann's. One they did in groups of six and the other they did alone. The first was rather ghastly. They would go out together—they had Albatrosses—far above the clouds, with a slow L. V. G. two-seater machine below them for decoy. They would wait far above until enemy scouts attacked it and then dive into the fight in force. Seldom they missed getting one or two, once the decoy was attacked. The other thing was much better. If they wished, they might go out alone and prowl for enemy single-seaters or anything that came their way. That was rather better, although few of the pilots enjoyed it. Paul thought it was rather clean and good to fight singly.

There was one man that Paul met early in his days with Kellermann, doing the decoy business—just a brief glimpse he had as he pulled back his stick after the dive and zoomed up under the enemy plane and let go his guns. The plane split-aired over him and rose in an Immelmann turn. As it flashed above, he saw on its side, painted beside the red lightning streak that the three others had in common, the black numbers 696. Once more they came at each other, passed under and over and slithered away. The man in the enemy machine raised one hand, thumb to ear and wriggled his fingers. In a moment the fight was over and the British scouts were gone. But Paul remembered the gesture.

Twice more he met that man in the air. It was several months now since he had come to the front as a pilot. One by one the other pilots in Kellermann's squadron had melted away until there were only Paul and Kellermann left. The mess was full of new faces—replacements. Then one day Kellermann himself did not return. They waited moodily far into the evening for news, but none came—nor did it ever come. Kellermann was not there, that was all. Paul took over the running of the squadron. People were talking about him now in Berlin as they had talked of Kellermann, and poor devils in the green slime of the trenches were glad that Von Beulen's airdrome was behind them. His name was in print. He saw it several times, once with "the great" tacked on in front of it. And he smiled as he went on waiting for the day. Meanwhile he helped the young boys in his squadron to learn how to live.

One day a car was sent to bring him to the house in which the puffy-cheeked, stiff-mustached general of division was quartered.

"You will go," said the general, "and kill this man. He is a nuisance. A new machine perhaps you want? Get it. Anything—but the nuisance must be eliminated, you understand?"

So they had sent him alone, with a better machine, to an airdrome farther north to do his work. "This probably," he thought, "will be the end." And he went gladly.

It was difficult. He knew the airdrome where the other man based and he knew the type of machine he flew in, but there were hundreds of enemy planes just like it. For days he prowled without seeing the man. He tried once to draw him up by zooming on his airdrome at noon and raking a rattling stream of fire across the roofs of the hangars. The next day at noon machine gun bullets lashed at the corner of his own mess roof and a motor roared overhead. Very well, that was the trick, and the Englishman knew who was after him. The following day Paul sent a decoy pilot to strafe the other man's 'drome at noon, while he himself rode the high clouds above, waiting. And as he knew would happen, the Englishman was not on the ground, but instead, he was up there to meet him. One knew those things instinctively.

He saw the other machine slightly below him, skulking the cloud edges. It split-aired immediately and tore into the ragged mist wisps to climb through. Paul eased his joy stick forward, gauging the point where the other would come out. After a moment, he banked and fired a burst of ten to warm his guns for the fight that would come in a second. His controls jerked suddenly and it was as if drumsticks were beating a rattling tattoo on his tail planes. Instinctively he Immelmanned as the Englishman shot under him. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the other machine zoom to meet him. The pilot was half up in his cockpit, pounding at the breech of his Vickers with clenched fist. His gun was jammed! Paul yanked back on his stick and jerked on full rudder to stall and whip down on his man. But the other was quicker. He threw a tight loop while Paul trembled in the stall, and came out of it nose down, engine full on. At once he was gone in the clouds, but not before Paul saw his right hand flick up, thumb to ear flap and fingers distended, and he knew it was the same man of his first month at the Front. When he came out of the belly of the clouds, the Englishman was a tiny dot far below him. Paul shrugged and turned for home. It was useless to follow, and besides, the man's guns were jammed and he was rather fond of him in an unconscious way.

So the hide and seek went on for a month. Summer was almost over and the last advance of the war had changed the airdromes about so quickly that it was no

(Continued on Page 157)

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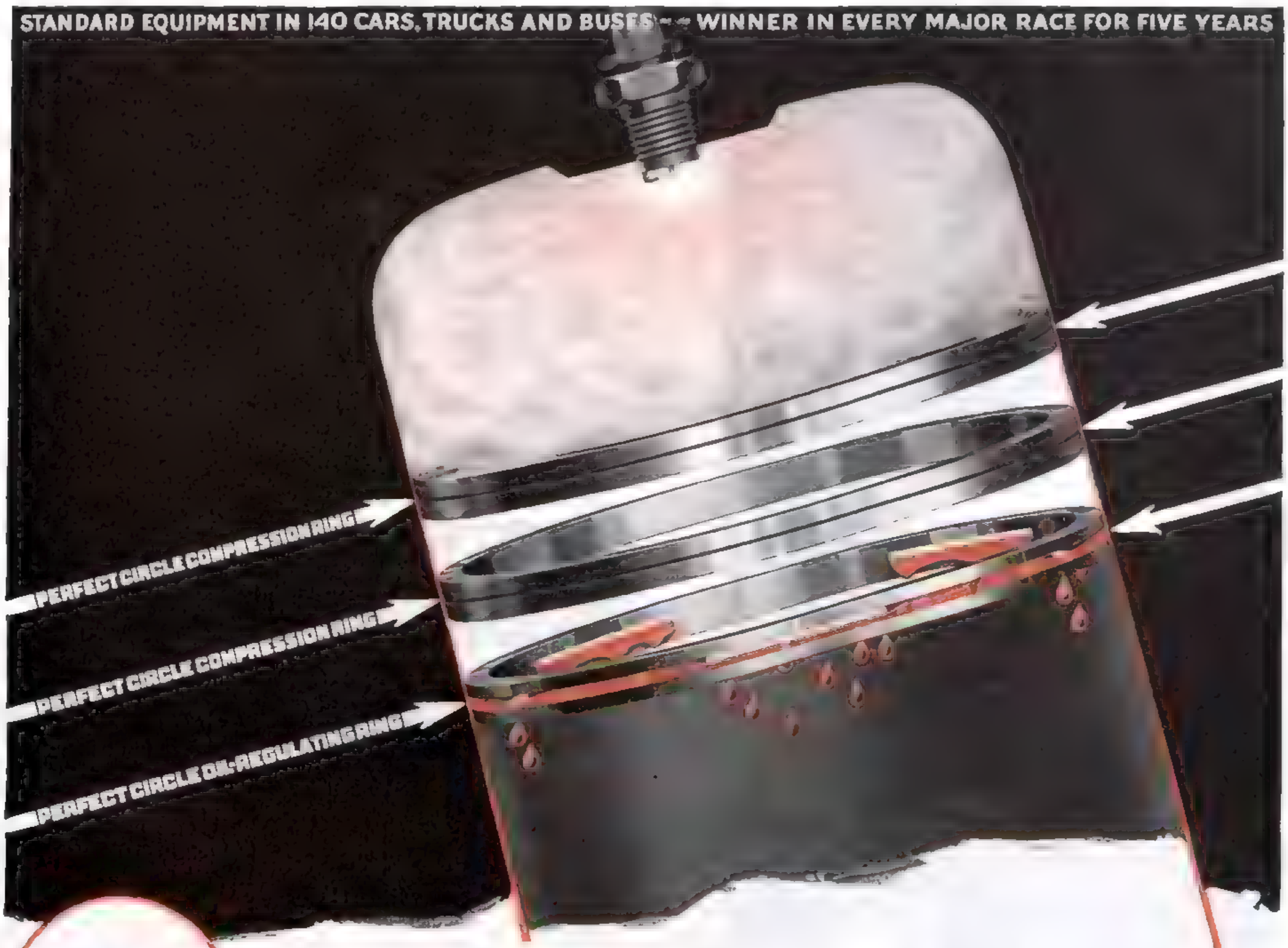

STANDARD EQUIPMENT IN 140 CARS, TRUCKS AND BUSES — WINNER IN EVERY MAJOR RACE FOR FIVE YEARS
PERFECT CIRCLE COMPRESSION RING
PERFECT CIRCLE COMPRESSION RING
PERFECT CIRCLE OIL-REGULATING RING

PERFECT CIRCLE

Stops Oil-Pumping *and* Blow-by

YOU KNOW how PERFECT CIRCLE solved the oil-pumping problem with the famous PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring—and made 1,000 miles to the gallon the standard oil mileage.

And now, through the development of an infinitely better compression ring, PERFECT CIRCLE solves the equally important problem of blow-by.

Blow-by is a common fault in automobile motors, caused by imperfect compression rings, which permits as much as 3000 cubic inches of exploded "gas" to blow past the pistons and into the crankcase *every minute*. Blow-by kills the pep of your motor and shortens its life. These gases which leak into the crankcase do not stop there, but enter the interior of the car, causing headaches and smarting eyes. Blow-by gases are poisonous.

Oil-pumping and blow-by both can be stopped simply by installing a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLES. The best repairmen and service stations use them, and any repairman will respect your judgment when you request him to install *a complete set* of PERFECT CIRCLES in your motor.

Oil-Regulating Type, 60c and up. Compression Type, 30c and up.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY, HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA

Export Sales Department, 549 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

BETTER MADE FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE

(Continued from Page 154)

longer possible to follow his man. The food was scarcer than it ever had been before. Twice Paul had been ill with his old stomach disorder that had never quite cleared up since his first wounds. For days they fed him on thin powder milk, aerated with Vichy. Sometimes he could not even take that and hold it. The doctors examined him daily and shook their heads. He was losing weight and the bluish smudges were back in his cheeks once more. For himself he didn't care. He was sick of the whole thing. One way or another—it didn't matter. The advance was crumpled now quite finally. Everyone in the air service knew it, even though they dared not speak. Things were brewing in Berlin—things unheard of. The undersea boats had drained gold in frightful amounts—drained it uselessly. People were starving in the streets.

That day of his last flight. He had just decided to return to his 'drome, when he saw a lone enemy scout below him. Mechanically, he shoved his stick down and dived with the cold thought in his mind that this must be the last. It was some seconds before the Englishman saw him and rose to meet him. Without any heart or thought in the movement, Paul opened fire at absurdly long range. He was too tired to care for precision any more. It was all too difficult. Bullets were biting now at his wing tips, fraying the fabric. By force of habit, he Immelmanned when they passed over and under, and turned again to the fight. For a frantic second they split-aired about each other and closed again in a streaking zoom. It will come now—he would be gone.

The other machine whipped over him and turned. He pulled up into a half loop with his hand still on his trigger controls, and the other machine flew through his smoky line of fire—that was all. It flopped once and a puff of yellowish smoke ripped away from it. It stalled frantically and side-slipped to whip the flames away from the cockpit. The pilot was up now, with a leg over the side, groping for a foothold on the trailing edge of his lower plane. Stupidly, Paul followed after it, not firing any more, just watching. It couldn't last forever. It didn't. The burning machine slid out of the slip and the flames swept down its fuselage. The pilot hesitated just a second and then flung himself off into seventeen thousand feet of empty space.

But in that second he raised his hand, thumb to his ear flap, fingers distended.

Paul covered his face with his hands. "Ah, God," he said, "I've killed him, and now I shall always be alive!"

Somehow he came in and landed, but just as he was climbing out, the airdrome spun round him and slid off into a far corner of the evening sky.

They picked him up and worked over him for an hour. By no means must he be allowed to fly for many weeks, the doctor insisted. Food and rest and sunshine, and by spring perhaps ——

But there was no spring that year for Germany.

It had been brewing for days in the cities, and especially in Berlin. The Hindenburg Line was gone now—punctured on October third—and the new men were begging frantically for peace. There was no food left, hardly a potato paring. Then the Kriemhilde Line gave way and people were shouting and screaming in the streets, demanding, where they had formerly begged. Ludendorff was out and Austria had crumbled away to cold, dead ashes.

The evening of the ninth of November, at a quarter to ten, there came a frantic pounding upon the door of Paul's flat—the flat he and John had opened so proudly six years before when they had been gazetted to Berlin. All afternoon and evening there had been the roaring of the crowds below his windows, but he had not looked once, nor had he read a paper for three days. The knocking resounded again in the entryway and the bell rang furiously. He got up slowly and picked up his canes. If they had come for him, it was so much less to care about. He hobbled across to the doorway and snapped on the light in the hall. Outside, he could hear the rasping sound of heavy breathing. Again the knock.

He opened the door and looked into the chalky face of his old concierge.

"Quickly, Mein Herr! He is gone—to Holland. The crowds are searching for officers and killing, house to house, but there is yet time. The wounded soldiers are the worst. In the name of heaven, go!"

Paul nodded absently, "Thank you."

He closed the door and stared at the lock for a moment, then slowly he pulled back the spring catch and hobbled up the hall, leaving the door ajar. In the drawing-room he crossed to the bookcases and took out his Lüger. Carefully he filled the magazine, threw off the safety lock and placed the pistol upon a table near the doorway. For a moment he stood in the center of the room and drew deeply upon his cigarette. This then will be the way—alone—in my own house.

The roaring of the crowds in the street rose to a higher pitch. Window glass crashed and tinkled. Someone screamed and a shot blurted sharply into the night.

Slowly and carefully Paul tamped out his cigarette and lighted another one. He counted the remaining cigarettes in the package—three. They would come before he had finished them. He smiled and settled back against the cushions of the divan, his hands behind his head, his canes beside him. The little gold clock that had been John's ticked loudly upon the mantel shelf. It was after ten now.

He looked up at the painting of his grandfather in uniform. "You will help," he said aloud. "You were to blame as well." And again he smiled.

He heard a door slam on the floor below, heard the sound of hoarse voices, the scrape of hobnailed boots on the flagging. They were coming up the stairs now. They would see his outer door half opened. A moment, John, a moment.

Carefully he took another cigarette from his package and lighted it at the glowing coal of the last one. Before it is finished ——

His outer door creaked cautiously on its hinges and he heard footsteps and the muttering of several men in the entryway. The footsteps tiptoed slowly up the hallway toward the drawing-room. The voices of more men rose in the entryway and he heard the harsh sound of rough clothing scraping against the fabrics on the wall. He looked up.

They were crowded in the doorway—six faces, dirty and unshaven and hungry-eyed. They stood there staring at him, half expecting resistance. The men behind pushed them forward into the room. One man was on crutches. Another had but one hand. In his other he grasped a pistol. Paul waited.

Then suddenly it came in an awed whisper: "It is Von Beulen!"

The whisper broke into rasping explanations. "He is of us—a true son of Germany—a mangled soldier. It is his father we want, not him. Pardon—but some food perhaps?"

He sprang up, white-faced, trembling. "Curse you!" he screamed. "Rot you! Kill me! You came to do it—do it then, you swine!"

But they fell back before him with hands raised in horror. "It is Von Beulen the ace! He is mad!"

"Damn you!" he shrieked. "Kill me, do you hear? Kill me!"

They turned in a scrambling, frightened knot and streaked up the hallway, fighting at the entryway to get out. He followed them furiously, swinging himself from table to chair, catching for support at the swaying tapestries, shrieking and sobbing. But they were gone when he reached the outer door—gone in a hurried rush of footfalls on the echoing stairway.

He turned then madly and swung back up the hall toward the drawing-room. At the door he paused wild-eyed, bracing himself with both hands. The Lüger! Where is it? He must think now—just a moment more. On the table? But it was not there! On the bookcase top? No. Where then—in the name of God, where? He had loaded it and placed it ready to hand for them to use on him. He had placed it on the table, but it was gone. He bent down and looked on the floor beneath. Not there either. Then suddenly he knew. They had taken it!

He covered his face with his hands and flung himself headlong on the divan.

Hours later the concierge, coming up with the breakfast tray, found him there. He sat up.

"They have not harmed you?"

"No," he said. "You may put the tray here."

"It is still bad in the streets. I thought they might perhaps have killed you, Mein Herr?"

"No," he said slowly. "I shall go on living—forever."

The concierge started and looked at him. Slowly he backed to the doorway and bowed. Paul did not look up.

As he opened the outer door to go out, the concierge heard the tinkle of the coffee cup against its saucer.

"Forever," Paul muttered softly. "Because of a kepi, a pair of boots and a saber."

The concierge shook his head and closed the door quietly behind him.

Corns

Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

Boy Saves Baby Sister

Mother tells how teaching children use of Pyrene Fire Extinguisher saved their lives:

"My boy was minding baby sister in the attic playroom. Suddenly I smelled smoke and rushed frantically upstairs.

"Brother was pumping liquid from our Pyrene Fire Extinguisher upon a smoking toy-engine, which against my orders, they had filled with kerosene.

"Tragedy was averted because his father had taught sonny the use of a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher. It saved my children's lives."

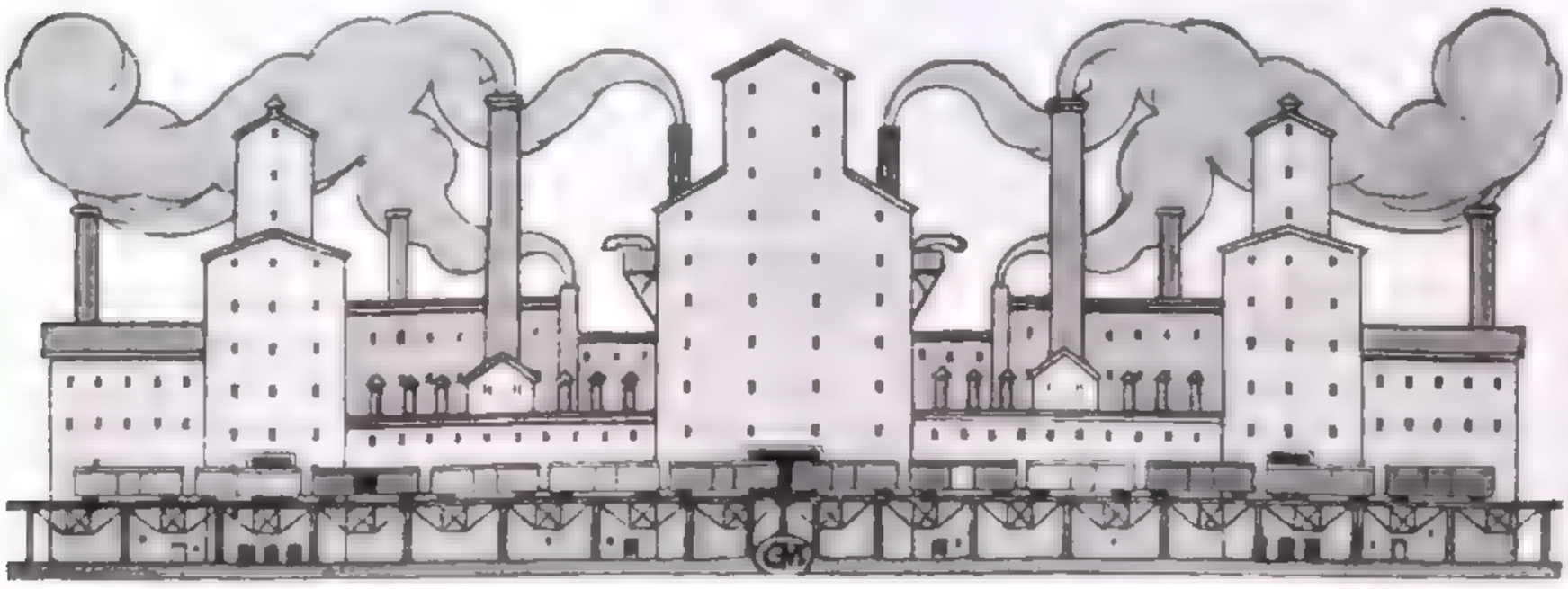
Every parent should teach children the use of a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher in case of fire emergency. A Pyrene Fire Extinguisher kills fire at its start.

IMPROVED Pyrene FIRE EXTINGUISHER

KILLS FIRE—SAVES LIFE

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., Newark, N. J.

CAUTION: *Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers*



THE MEXICAN LAND PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 31)

One brother was the first Minister of the Treasury in the Madero administration.

No sooner was the San Luis Potosí plan formulated than bandit leaders sprang up, and each one had his own reform scheme. Subsequent events proved that these highly altruistic suggestions began and ended with the idea of private gain. Before long Madero and his creed were confronted by such gentry as Zapata, Orozco, and last but not least, Pancho Villa. Under the ægis of proletarian uplift these marauders took the law in their own hands and stopped at nothing to achieve their ends.

As most people know, Madero was assassinated and Victoriano Huerta, who was a reactionary of the reactionaries, succeeded him. During the Huerta régime land reform was almost completely nullified.

The present agrarian policy of the Mexican Government was inaugurated by a decree of Carranza while he was first chief, published on January 6, 1915. It provided for the restitution of *ejidos* to the native villages and also for the dotation of lands to other centers of population which had never before owned a common.

The exact meaning of "dotation" is endowment or donation. As originally construed, it was an act of the government in making a donation of free or government lands to communities to be enjoyed as *ejidos*. Private lands could not be disposed of by the government in this way.

A Preelection Promise

This matter of dotation requires emphasis. The Carranza decree did not call for expropriation of privately owned properties. Its principal purpose, as you have just seen, was restoration of confiscated *ejidos* as well as dotations out of free or government areas.

The next phase of Mexican land reform brings us to our old friend, the Carranza constitution of 1917, which is entirely responsible for the present impasse between the American and the Mexican Governments. The decree of January 6, 1915, was incorporated in it and now gives the Calles government authority for the wholesale confiscation of private lands.

Carranza went after the big landowners tooth and nail. His particular objective was the Diaz concessionaire. One of the historians of the Mexican land movement—Helen Phipps, who made an exhaustive study of the subject—has pointed out that up to September 1, 1919, land concessions aggregating 37,434,658 acres had been revoked. This unsettled endless land titles and planted the seed for much future complication.

When Obregón became president in 1920 he halted the orgy of seizure because he was both capitalist and landowner. Furthermore, he wanted recognition by the United States. He realized that confiscation would not aid him in that direction. For the same reason he made no effort to carry out the retroactive constitutional provisions relating to petroleum and other subsoil deposits.

It was not until Calles came into power on December 1, 1924, that agrarianism started full tilt. Calles was elected on a platform promising fulfillment of every constitutional provision, especially in the matter of land reform. Regardless of the consequences, he has made good on that preelection promise.

As I pointed out in the preceding article, a provision of the Mexican constitution is not in itself effective. A so-called regulatory law and specific regulation are required to make it operative. Calles therefore brought about the enactment of an agrarian law. Incidentally, every one of the twenty-eight Mexican states has its own agrarian law, which does not contribute to the peace or possession of the unhappy private owner.

Under the principal national agrarian law the twofold system of providing communal lands is enforced. One is the process of restoring *ejidos* to the villages and towns. The other consists of endowing lands for the peon. Most of the abuses have been perpetrated under the latter procedure. The operation of the agrarian law is directly under the Department of Agriculture of the federal government, which works in cooperation with the National Agrarian Commission. The process through which a village may obtain an *ejido* lends itself to elasticity, to say the least. We can now see how it works.

The Mexican Water Supply is Primitive

If the Department of Agriculture desires to establish an *ejido* in a town or create a village for the purpose, it sends an agent to spread propaganda among the people. The natives are told how to go about the business. In many cases they have never heard of an *ejido*. In consequence, when they get one they often do not know what to do with it.

The Homestead Law

Once they learn the ropes, they apply for an *ejido* to the local agrarian commission which exists in the capital of each state and is appointed by the federal government. The governor then passes upon the request and decides whether the petition should be granted. If the decision is favorable the petition passes to the National Agrarian Commission at Mexico City and this body decides definitely upon the matter.

At this point it may be well to state that in addition to the agrarian law which provides for the establishment of *ejidos*, there is another law, effective December 31, 1925, which permits the government to grant homesteads or patrimonies to peons. It divides the *ejidos* into family tracts for individual operation. That this last-mentioned plan has come into operation is a practical admission that the communal system is a failure.

In his letter sending the draft of the homestead law to congress, Calles stated: "The experiments in communal organization effected in a relatively small number of villages granted *ejidos* have produced the firm conviction that such a system, if continued, will render fruitless our conscientious efforts to bring about the economic regeneration of the country."

According to the Calles scheme, each peon gets a certain acreage to be tilled for the necessities of life. The area depends upon tillability and water rights. If the land has water the peon gets fifteen acres. If not irrigated, but within the rain area, it is from forty to fifty acres. The apportionment of land also depends upon seasonable crops and other factors.

These patrimonies are inalienable—that is, immune from legal process. No act of leasing, sale, partnership or mortgage is valid upon them. The purpose is to protect the ignorant Indian from spoliation.

The Human Factor

The peon now possessed the land, but being a primitive person and having always worked under direction, he did not know what to do with it. So Calles then formulated what on paper is a really admirable scheme for the translation of the Indian into a more or less self-contained rural proprietor on a small scale.

The peons had to have seed, implements, horses and mules. Calles therefore caused coöperatives to be instituted. These societies, as well as individuals, can purchase the necessities for agricultural development through communal banks. The shares in these banks are held by the government, but will eventually be sold to the coöperatives as they are able to buy them. Loans in the communal banks are secured by crops, implements, or a need like a house or a barn. They are also credits for cultural purposes such as schoolhouses. The communal banks represent the first stage of rural financing. For the larger landowners the National Bank of Agricultural Credit has been set up to serve the proprietors of 400 acres or more.

As with his lawmaking, Calles has been thorough in his system of agricultural reform. He knew that scientific farming was one of the keys to the future. He accordingly established four agricultural colleges, where the sons of the peons will be taught modern farming methods and then be given an opportunity to become real factors in the national expansion. I accompanied the president when he opened the agricultural school at Santa Lucia and found it to be well equipped and a credit to the government.

Calles has also started a drive for the increase of rural schools. He proposes to install a radio outfit in each of these schools so that good music and the news of the world may be brought to the interior districts.

The whole Calles project for rural uplift, let me repeat, is an admirable conception. If it could be honestly administered the man and his administration would stand out preëminently in the history of Mexico. But in the republic beyond the Rio Grande the best-laid schemes usually fail for political and kindred reasons. The Calles rural program is no exception to the rule.

In any ordinary backward country the first obstacle to the successful consummation of such a plan as I have outlined would be in what might be called the raw human material involved. In Mexico you have this handicap plus the corruption that attaches to many administrative branches. We will deal with the human aspect first.

Of the total population of Mexico, half—that is, 7,500,000—are ignorant Indians. Of the remainder, 4,000,000 are mixed breeds, while the rest are pure white. The Calles rural project was conceived for the benefit of the submerged Indian, who goes barefoot, wears a filthy blanket and whose only home is a straw hut. Obviously he is unfitted for the responsibilities of landownership, with all the problems that it involves, to say nothing of the machinery of coöperatives and land banks.

Calles makes the point that if the Russian peasants can handle coöperatives the Mexicans are able to do so. He quite forgets that the Russian peasant is an instinctive democrat and for many generations has known the benefits and practices of rural coöperative endeavor. The Mexican peon, on the other hand, has been an exploited piece of mentally inert clay.

Here you have one reason why so many peons have not been able to realize practically upon the homestead opportunity. Adequately to enable them to work out their destiny they must be taught, and there is no trained personnel in the country to do this. The hundreds of boys now in the agricultural colleges will be active missionaries, but it will take some years before they and their successors in school can be really helpful.

Moreover, there is the invariable human weakness which expresses itself in lack of desire to be uplifted. The peon has followed the line of least resistance so long that he shies at sanitation and the other requisites of civilization. Finally there is the haste with which Calles wants to put his reform over. Even if the Indian responded to treatment, he must be shown the way.

For Political Purposes

The human element in time can be made amenable. The real difficulty—and the cause of the failure of the reform idea—is in the prostitution of agrarianism. This leads to the other phase. Under it expropriation has become confiscation. As with the oil areas, private property rights are either utterly disregarded or wiped out.

At the root of the trouble lies the proverbial Mexican capitalization of everything and everybody for political purposes. Many officeholders curry favor with their henchmen by arbitrarily designating privately owned areas for new *ejidos* with the idea of personal advancement or profit. This has been notoriously the case in the allocation of *ejidos* for family tracts. Valuable areas are given to people who have no idea of developing them. The sole purpose is to extract some kind of gain through enhancement of adjacent values or otherwise.

Likewise the new irrigation law opens the door to further abuse and confusion. It increases the present uncertainty of land tenure by declaring all irrigable works a public utility and allowing the government to take lands in payment for these works. This will afford an opportunity for dishonest officials to steal water rights.

Capitalization of the agrarian lands for political purposes is only a phase of the evil. Professional agrarians, or *agraristas*, as they are called in Mexico, have brought about a systematic spoliation of private property. I call these interlopers professional agrarians, because they are not animated by any idea of agricultural uplift or aid for the peon. They are rapacious politicians, or agents of politicians, who expropriate land for mythical *ejidos*. Almost invariably they can be bought off by the landowner to escape expropriation. Thus attempted expropriation has become a profitable business.

Here is a case in point which may be regarded as typical of what has been going on

(Continued on Page 163)

MASON BALLOONS

Main Plant

At Kent, Ohio—housing, cord tire, balloon tire and clincher tire factories—also the engineering, research and chemistry divisions.

Mason Cotton Mills

At Kent, Ohio, where Mason assembles its selected raw cotton and spins all the Hylastic Cord used exclusively in Mason tires.

Bedford Plant

One of the most modern tire plants. Given over exclusively to the manufacture of Mason Balloon Tires, made with Hylastic Cord.

Made with **Hylastic** CORD

Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills under Mason's directions and to Mason's standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason Balloon so flexible that it gives maximum comfort and yet is so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

Light as a

Average weight
20 ounces

Retail price $15.00

Our New Leader

Model 612

Alligator Featherweight Men's Full English Raglan cut with pocket vents, giving access to inner garment pockets without unbuttoning the coat—a wonderfully convenient and popular feature

Sizes—32 to 48.

Lengths—46 to 52 inches.

Colors—blue, deep sea and brown.

Weights—20 to 24 ounces

No overgarment ever more quickly achieved popularity—nor more nearly universal popularity.

Left—You can roll up an Alligator Featherweight and carry it in a pocket. It's so light and thin!

Right—There's an irresistible lure in the beautiful semi-transparency of an Alligator Featherweight

For Women and Misses

Price $

feather for all kinds of weather ~

Made of Balloon Cloth and Smartly Cut

Rakishly fashioned from Balloon Cloth by our own designers, Alligators are so featherweighty that a man's overcoat weighs only 20 ounces—so thin they are semi-transparent, and can be rolled and carried in a pocket—so strong you can hardly tear them.

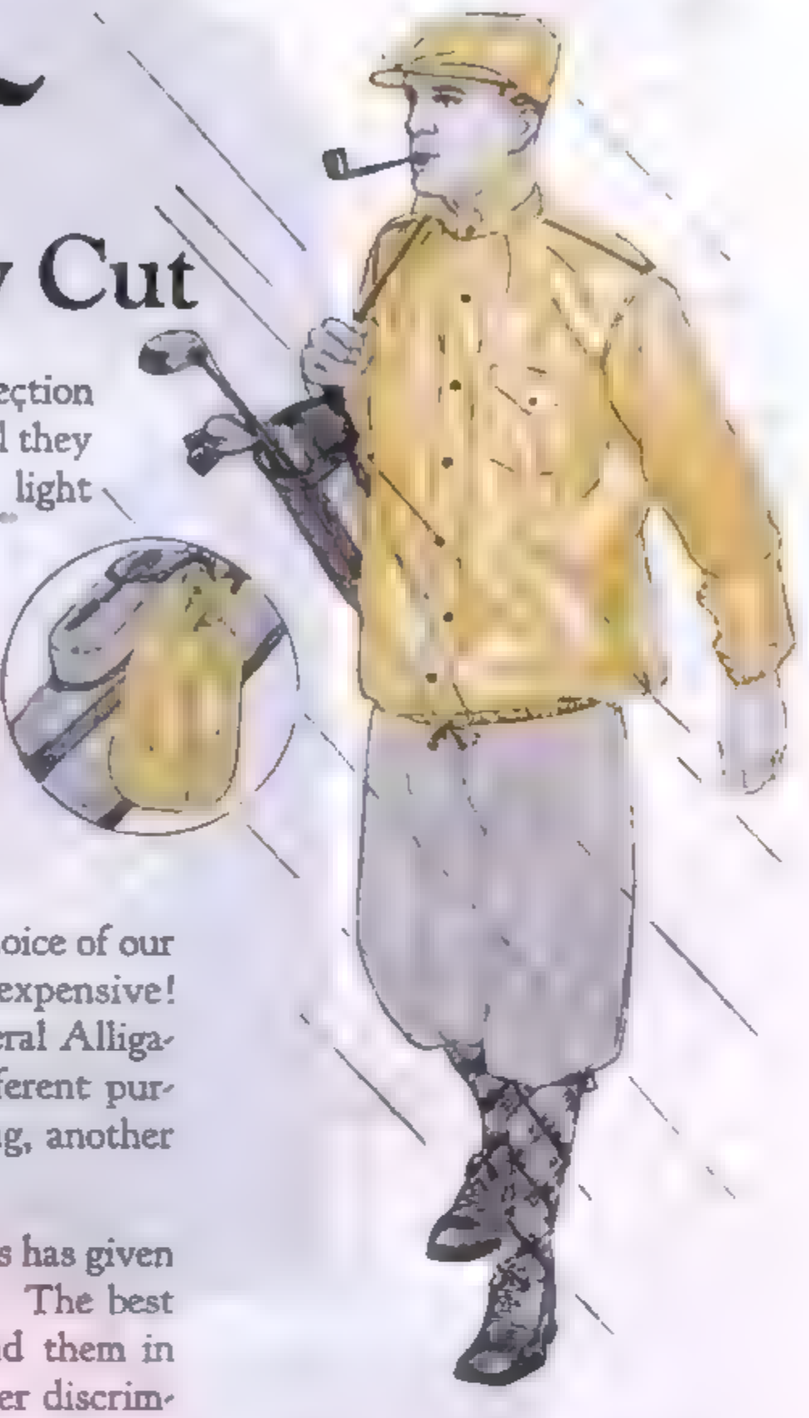
The exclusive Alligator Process, which makes them waterproof, dustproof and windproof, impregnates the fabric through and through, making it stronger and incredibly lasting. No rubber is used. Alligators improve with age, becoming softer and more pliant; they will not stick, crack nor leak. Soiled spots are easily removed with soap and water.

Watch the Alligators pass; they're as colorful as a kaleidoscope—cherry red, jade green, deep sea, burgundy, peacock, brown, navy blue, black! Modish and beautifully tailored! So alluring in their brilliant coloring and semi-transparency that ladies love to wear them over their daintiest evening gowns!

Alligators play no favorites among the seasons: In winter they give warmth and protection from wind and snow; in spring and fall they are better than the more expensive light overcoats and wraps; in summer they protect your clothing from dust and rain, and wear against automobile cushions. They're for men and women, for youths and misses and children. They're all-weather, all-purpose garments.

They're war-tested garments; their durability and style made them the choice of our army officers. And they're so inexpensive! The man of fashion likes to have several Alligators, often of different colors, for different purposes—one for golf, another for riding, another for evening wear, etc.

The world-wide demand for Alligators has given them almost world-wide distribution. The best style-clothiers carry them. You'll find them in New York, London, Paris—wherever discrimination guides the selection of clothes.



For the Golfer

Golfers, hunters and fishermen are jubilant over the new model Alligator Featherweight Golf Shirt. It's so light, so strong, so absolutely weatherproof—and its under-arm ventilation, permitting the arms to be raised freely in action, is the last word in convenience. Average weight, only 10 ounces. Can be rolled and carried in a pocket, enclosed in the little pouch of the same material and attached to the golf bag, or in the golf bag. Colors: deep sea, jade, blue, brown, burgundy, red and yellow. Price, $6.50.

Leading style-clothiers everywhere handle Alligators. If for any reason your clothier does not have them in stock, send us his name and address, together with the retail price of the Alligators you want, and we'll see that you are supplied.

THE ALLIGATOR CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Offices: New York, Chicago, Portland, Ore.; Los Angeles

ALLIGATOR

FEATHERWEIGHTS

The lightest weight garments ever made that are absolutely waterproof under all conditions

No 2

College Slickers

Price, $[illegible] to $7.40 according to size

No 3

Caps and Tams

Smart shapes in colors and materials to match coats. Can be worn rain or shine. Very durable and exceedingly becoming.

Prices, $1.75 to $3.50

No 4

For the Fisherman

Alligator Featherweight Sport Shirt. Lengths—46 inches, 48 inches and 50 inches. Color—deep sea

Price, $13.50

No 5

Army Officer's Model

Price $5.00

No 6

For the Bathing Beach

Just the thing to wear over the bathing suit to and from the beach. Colors: cherry, jade, navy blue, deep sea and burgundy. Bust—34 to 46 inches. Length—30¼ to 54½ inches.

Price, $15.00

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

Guaranteed
Hand Dipped
in pure
Molten Zinc

Thirty-six years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern large scale production methods offer quicker and cheaper ways to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is carried on in Wheeling factories because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out

Branded "Best" for Everyday Tasks

These humble servitors of the kitchen, the laundry and the back porch are no longer *nameless.*

Wheeling has raised each to the level of "best" and branded each with its *name*—a definite guarantee to the housewife of strength, long service and *usefulness* in humble tasks.

The Red Label means that every household product it identifies will serve you better. That each is an *improvement*—far in advance of today's standards.

This applies to design, materials and workmanship—particularly to the special Wheeling process of Hand-Dipping in pure molten zinc, which renders each leak-proof and rust-proof.

Let your dealer renew your spring cleaning necessities with Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware—tubs, pails, garbage cans, refuse burners or containers. Note their improvements and solid worth, accomplished by Wheeling resources and 36 years' experience in building uncommon quality into everyday essentials.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY, Wheeling, W. Va.

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(Continued from Page 158)

throughout the republic ever since the enactment of the agrarian laws:

A group of foreigners, including British and Americans, bought a large plot of land and laid out a subdivision, which in Mexico is called a *colonia*. After they had gone to great expense they were informed that the most desirable section of it had been claimed for an *ejido*. The absurdity of the contention is obvious when I say that there was no agricultural land near by, and not even a village. As a matter of fact, the area was within city limits. When the owners demurred, it was intimated to them that by presenting 10 per cent of the choicest lots to a certain official and his friends they would escape expropriation. This they refused to do and the seizure was made. It destroyed the value of the whole undertaking.

Instead of taking the millions of idle acres throughout Mexico where agricultural development is really needed on a big scale, the agrarians seize upon the most attractive and cultivated areas, usually those owned by foreigners.

The land upon which crops are growing, as well as irrigation ditches, is carved out of ranches and the owners left literally high and dry.

In the state of Durango occurred an incident which shows how the agrarian system works.

The uplifters seized 500 acres of a large plantation and diverted the water from the section which was left to the unfortunate owner.

The trespassers planted a crop, but before it could come to fruition the diverted river ran dry. Then they brought suit against the owner for damages, holding him responsible for the drought!

A somewhat kindred experience was that of an English widow living near San Luis Potosí. For three years her land has been systematically taken by the agrarians without compensation, until she has only a fraction of her former holdings left. A river runs through the whole area. Not long ago the local agrarian chief demanded of her two pesos—one dollar—a month a head for the privilege of letting her cattle drink water from her river.

Salt in the Wound

Humor and tragedy mingle in what has well been called agrarianism gone mad. In Cuernavaca an Italian subject complained that the agrarian commission had given away properties reported to belong to him which were of greater acreage than he actually possessed!

An American in the state of Puebla has been victimized of so much land that the only way he can reach his ranch house is by aeroplane.

A typical case is in the state of Jalisco. The property of a landowner was taken and the old owner got an injunction. The agrarians countered by appealing to the supreme court. The docket of this tribunal is so crowded that two years will elapse before the case in question is reached. Meanwhile the agrarians not only continue in possession but are cutting down the trees and preventing the owner from coming on the land. As a crowning act of injustice, they offered to sell him his own timber.

It is no infrequent occurrence for agrarians to fence disconnected sections of an area that they have seized, making it impossible for the owner to farm a continuous tract of his own land or to have full access to his pastures. A conspicuous example of this kind of procedure happened on a large American-owned hacienda. The entire area comprises 20,000 acres. I saw the titles to these lands and some of them went back to 1710. Despite the undisputed ownership, more than 5000 acres of it were expropriated for *ejidos*, and in such scattered fashion that the proprietor had to obtain permission from the trespassers to gain entrance to his ranch house.

In Durango the People's Agrarian Board of a certain town were given authority to seize a highly developed alien-owned cotton plantation, although much desirable but undeveloped land was near at hand. It was in the heart of the so-called Laguna district, one of the richest in Mexico. The petition was awarded and 250 agrarians moved in. I might add that the courts frequently work in conjunction with the professional agrarians and hand down decisions under their dictation. When a judge wants to do the right thing he hesitates from fear of incurring the enmity of the agrarian commissions, who are always ace-high with the local governments and wield powerful political influence.

Wherever you turn in an examination of the enforcement of the agrarian laws you find some kind of abuse. The latest wrinkle is to seize cultivated areas, ostensibly for *ejidos*, and then rent the land to outside persons. The proceeds go into the pockets of the agrarian promoters.

The Epic of Rosalie Evans

For the final illustration of Mexican land aggression I have reserved the story which stands out above all others. I refer to what may well be termed the epic of Rosalie Evans. It not only made her the best-known woman in the republic but established a tradition of high faith and gallant effort.

Mrs. Evans was born Rosalie Caden of American parents at Galveston. While on a trip to Puebla, Mexico, where her father was engaged in business, she met and subsequently married Harry Evans, a leading member of the British colony and manager of the Puebla Bank of London and Mexico. Six years later Evans bought the hacienda of San Pedro Coxtocan, an old Spanish estate, which originated in the sixteenth century and had fallen into ruin. Evans converted it into what came to be the show place of the Puebla valley. Its beauty was rivaled by its practicality, because the wheat grown on the place was famed for its quality.

During the 1910 revolution the hacienda was sacked and the Evanses moved away. Evans died in 1917. The following year Mrs. Evans returned to Mexico, determined to restore the property which to her had become a sacred cause. With a force of loyal Indians who stuck to her to the last, she not only rebuilt the estate but again made its wheat the most desired in the whole region.

Hardly had she put her house in order when trouble began. It was natural that the agrarians should covet San Pedro Coxtocan, so they expropriated the best part of it for *ejidos* and started to take possession.

But they did not reckon with the pluck of the owner. At first she was able to protect herself by law. Foiled here, the agrarians began to snipe her and her workers as they appeared in the fields. A little war developed.

Matters reached such a pass that Mrs. Evans was forced to arm herself and her peons and stand off organized assault. From June, 1918, until she was assassinated in August, 1924, while driving along the public road, her hacienda was an intermittent battleground. Animating the resistance was this woman's dauntless spirit. She believed that she had right and justice on her side and died for it.

The Rosalie Evans story is told in a series of letters she wrote to her sister, Mrs. Daisy C. Pettus, which have lately been published.

Because it so clearly defines the abuse of the agrarian law, I am reproducing the following extract from Mrs. Pettus' foreword:

> Mrs. Evans, in the use of force, was not resisting the Mexican laws, but was seeking the protection and rights afforded her under those very laws. It is hard for Americans, who are accustomed to a strictly responsible form of government, with disinterested courts, which provide for relief from invasion of personal and property rights and the abuse of power by officials, to appreciate the conditions which confronted Mrs. Evans. The courts were subservient to the executive will, and the agrarian commissions represented the most radical political party in Mexico and exercised almost autocratic powers. Mrs. Evans never contended that the Mexican Government could not expropriate her lands, nor that the local committees could not, upon proper showing, apply the agrarian laws to her property. What she did resist was the unwarranted seizure of her properties without right of compensation. There were no villages surrounding her hacienda entitled to grants of *ejidos* therefrom, for her property did not include any former communal land, and the surrounding villages were already provided with more land than they could care for. The Mexican constitution guaranteed her right of private ownership under the circumstances.

In the aftermath of the Rosalie Evans tragedy, for such it was, three episodes, typical of Mexican procedure, stand out. The first is that the book of letters has been suppressed in Mexico. The second is that the assassins remained unpunished. The third is the fact that, despite the supreme sacrifice that Mrs. Evans made, her land remains unoccupied. Apparently the agrarian needs were not so urgent as they seemed.

In view of what I have already written, it is no wonder that President Calles, in the letter that he sent to congress with the draft of the homestead law to which I have already referred, stated that the corruption of the managers of the communal enterprises had destroyed the confidence of the peons. He further admitted that these abuses had largely been responsible for reducing the agricultural production to a lower level.

In the decline of agricultural output you have another evidence of the destructive effects of the Calles legislative program. On account of the retroactive and confiscatory laws, oil production has decreased from 185,000,000 barrels a year in 1922 to 90,000,000 barrels in 1926, and with it a corresponding reduction of the national income. Sugar cane and cotton also are at low levels. The large landowners hesitate about planting crops because they do not know when the avaricious agrarians will swoop down on them and seize not only the land but the wheat, corn or beans growing on it.

The worst hardship is in the shrinkage in production of essential food products, especially beans, the staple article in the national diet. Mexican agriculture is now insufficient to satisfy the necessities of the people, poorly fed as they are. During the first nine months of 1926 Mexico imported from the United States 1,421,595 bushels of wheat and 3,810,958 bushels of corn. The corn output has gone from 81,000,000 bushels in 1910 to 70,000,000 bushels. The supply of beans has been reduced by nearly one-third.

Paid With Promises

This state of mind is infectious. All enterprise is halted since foreign capital, which has made industrial development possible, remains outside a country whose present motto is Mexico for the Mexicans. Revenues everywhere have shrunk to such an extent that in the state of Nuevo León the government employes have not been paid their salaries for several months. Previous to that time they were given I O U's, which were accepted by some of the commercial houses at Monterrey and elsewhere in exchange for groceries and other necessities at a 20 per cent discount. Yet, in the face of what has become the worst business depression in history, Calles contracted for and has just received a million-dollar special train for presidential use.

Expropriation is bad enough, but the lack of compensation for it is worse. The constitution of 1917 authorizes indemnification of landowners whose properties have been confiscated for agrarian purposes on the basis of the assessed value plus 10 per cent. This constitutional provision was made legally effective by a Carranza decree of January 10, 1920, creating the public agrarian debt. It was not until September 1, 1925, that a bureau of indemnity was created. This means that for eight years the luckless landowners lacked the slightest evidence of compensation, because confiscation began in 1917.

The actual form of compensation is in 5 per cent twenty-year bonds of the public agrarian debt. If these bonds had any real value the quarrel with the government would be mitigated, because some return would be had. But the reverse is true. They have no market and can only be used, in the main, for tax payments. In consequence the vast majority of the victims of the agrarian law have refused to accept them for this reason, and also because acceptance automatically validates the grab. Though land valued at more than $50,000,000 has been expropriated, the owners of only $900,000 worth have taken the bonds.

The agrarian bonds at best merely represent a gesture. In numerous cases there is not even the pretense of compensation. In a concrete case I can show how this works.

The agrarians expropriated 6000 acres of an American-owned hacienda in the State of Nuevo León. The proprietors took the case to court and naturally made no claim for agrarian bonds. When they lost their case they filed a claim with the General Claims Commission at Washington charged with the adjudication of such matters. The Mexican agent refused to admit compensation on the ground that the claimant "does not appear to have made use of the indemnification procedure."

Law With Few Favorites

With the attempted confiscation of oil lands, the victim is the foreign owner or lessee. Agrarian expropriation, however, plays no favorites. Scores of Mexicans of the upper classes have been deprived of their holdings. Any individual with money is regarded by the radical régime as an undesirable citizen—this, too, despite the fact that Calles and Obregón, and especially the latter, have amassed fortunes.

That the Mexicans themselves look upon the abuse of agrarianism as a national disaster is shown in a series of press comments that I shall now reproduce. All are from Excelsior, which had the courage to speak its mind. These articles not only confirm all that I have hitherto outlined but show the contempt in which independent-thinking natives hold the agrarian program.

The first extract is from an editorial entitled Agrarianism in Bankruptcy. Referring to the ruthless seizure of land for *ejidos*, it said:

"Let us not speak of what is so apparently in accordance with the horrid constitutional text, that is, that expropriation should be made by means of indemnities, without this ever being done. Let us not recall the immoralities of the agrarian commissions which close their ears systematically to the complaints of the proprietors and almost always act through political motives. They plunder the farmers in order to turn over their lands to men altogether incompetent and slothful. Let us not say one word about the business that goes on in the name of agrarian problem, upon which thrive alike the small-town political leader and the high-placed public official. It would be better to make reference to the marrow and substance of the agrarian laws, not in order to arouse the indignation of the victims, but in the hope that the authorities may retrace their steps and modify them in accordance with common sense and the more rudimentary plans of justice.

"In spite of the great material works that the government undertakes, in spite of the eleven millions that the Secretary of Finance has just paid the foreign creditors of Mexico, in spite of the policy of economy, we are living, as a great French politician once said, 'in full incoherence.'"

On the subject of the dotation of lands the same editorial continued:

"A dotation of public lands is, in substance, a lawsuit of expropriation. Every lawsuit, in accordance with the very same constitutional law of 1917, must consist of a plaintiff, a defendant, a claim and a

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judge. Otherwise the lawsuit is impossible according to any civilized legislation, and still more impossible in accordance with the more elementary plans of justice. The lawsuit is the action, and without plaintiff, without defendant, without claim and without any judge to judge, the action is absurd. In this we hope that all will agree, the agrarian lawyers included.

"Now in dotations of public lands in this action of expropriation, the plaintiff is the government, the defendant is the proprietor, the claim is the land and the judge is also the government. An essential element is therefore lacking in the action of expropriation. This deficiency nullifies it before any law. Consequently all dotations of land that have been granted in Mexico without the intervention of judges foreign to the sections are null and void.

"As for the sophism that the people are the ones that make the demand, it is a falsehood that borders on the grotesque. Many communities have asked nothing, nor have they wanted anything, yet they are compelled to accept the dotation. Even if the petition for lands would come in all cases from the people, a judicial power must decide upon the question. In all cases of dotations, however, it is the executive that has decided."

The second editorial is called Why Mexicans Emigrate. Among other things it says:

"Much has been said about the serious problem of the depopulation of our country, but nothing has been undertaken to reduce its alarming proportions. More than 100,000 Mexicans leave the national territory every year and emigrate to the United States in search of work. The exodus continues instead of diminishing. From Michoacán, from Guanajuato, Jalisco, Morelos, Puebla and other states peasants undertake long and costly journeys, as if they were flying from a deadly epidemic.

"It is in vain that agrarian commissions distribute lands and choose for them the best farms, thus bringing their legitimate employers to ruin. The current of emigration does not stop. Instead, the rural estates remain abandoned, unproductive and idle."

The Emigration Question

"What is now going on seems to be a sarcasm. Why is it that Mexican workers, both of the country and the city, who are so fondled and protected by the revolutionary governments, fly from the country, thus forsaking the great benefits which it is pretended that the revolution has wrought? There must be some reason, and it is not the one that the Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor points out. If, as he says, there is work here, if wages have increased considerably, if laborers enjoy a privileged position, why must they go to a foreign land? They go because they do not find work in Mexico, and there is no work here because we have no agricultural or industrial enterprises. The workers that remain live in poverty and penury."

After emphasizing the existing business depression due to the antiforeign agitation and the failure of alien capital to come in, the editorial goes on:

"The trouble is that the government has undertaken to convert the peons into landowners and the mistake has been tremendous. Out of 100,000 public-land owners not 5 per cent cultivate their soil. They all search for the customary daily wage here or in the United States, because they are wage earners and not agriculturists. The agriculturist cannot be improvised in any part of the world.

"If one surveys the excellent road from Mexico City to Puebla, it is easy to note that many kilometers of land along the highway are completely abandoned, and they are excellent lands. Why? Simply because they were dotated to the peons in a dotation made without any foresight. The peons earn their wages in the work of constructing the road instead of developing the land which has been given them."

Behind all the agrarianism that I have described is Luis G. León, Minister of Agriculture. Because he is typical of most of the group around Calles, his biography may prove interesting. León, who just turned thirty-three and is therefore the youngest man in the cabinet, was born at Juarez, in Chihuahua. After working as a telegraph operator at El Paso, he entered the National Agricultural College at Mexico City. Subsequently he was a professional bullfighter. In 1915 he joined the Carranza government and served under Calles as a soldier when the present chief executive organized the Sonora army. With Carranza's downfall León became an Obregón henchman. This naturally brought him in close contact with Calles, whose devoted ally he has been ever since. With the exception of Luis Morones, the Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor, León is closer to Calles than any one of the high officials.

Mexico's Toreador

In 1921 León tried to enter Soviet Russia to make a study of the government, but failed to get in. When De la Huerta started his revolt against Obregón it was León who led in the organization of the army recruited from the workers of the C. R. O. M., as the principal radical labor organization of Mexico is known. This army helped to overthrow the De la Huerta cause and León's power was naturally increased. Having long been active in the agrarian movement, it was natural that Calles, who succeeded Obregón, should make him Minister of Agriculture.

León is a fluent speaker, and a master of cunning and effective phraseology. Like most of his colleagues in the cabinet, he is fundamentally ignorant of the problems he seeks to solve, but with his gift of gab he gets away with it.

Of León's radicalism there is no doubt. He is president of the League of Agrarian Communes, which is affiliated with the C. R. O. M. and patterned after the Soviet organization. He is also conspicuous in the labor group which is now seeking to fasten upon Mexico perhaps the most drastic labor law ever devised.

León was a member of the presidential party when I made the trip with Calles and I saw him constantly. He made the principal speech at the opening of the agricultural college at Santa Lucía, which the president dedicated, and I had a good opportunity to see him in action. He reminded me of many of the orators whom I had seen on the stump in Moscow and elsewhere, because he is strong on the mass and class appeal.

I visited León at his office after we returned to the capital, and he talked to me for nearly two hours about the agrarian program. Since it was merely a rehash of what Calles told me on the trip, there is no need of rehearsing it here. León used the president's phraseology and argument. I found the same to be true of other official spokesmen. Apparently they all seem to be trained in the same school.

One final detail before we leave León: The next visitor after me was the most famous bullfighter in Mexico, who received a glad welcome. León is still loyal to his old kind.

Leon's right-hand man is Antonio Diaz Soto y Gama, the next best orator of the agrarian group and president of the National Agrarian Party. He got his start by becoming legal adviser to General Zapata. While one of the leaders of the Zapatista faction he came to be known as the proclamation attorney, because he was constantly issuing proclamations. Many of them dealt with confiscation. Soto y Gama is a radical socialist.

Linked with the agrarian question is the problem of the Indian. You have seen how Calles is determined to convert the peon peremptorily into a landowner. This attempt at re-Indianization of the country, as it is termed across the border, is really part of his Mexico-for-the-Mexicans campaign. Everywhere so-called Indianizing societies are springing up, all animated by the idea of maintaining the integrity of the Indian strain. The Indianophile is hot on the job. White influence is being discouraged and discredited.

This is particularly true of the Spanish, against whom a sharp animosity has developed during the past few years. The Spaniard today is almost as much an object of antagonism as the American oil man. Yet the mingling of the blood of the Spaniard and the Indian gave the country its first era of development.

It means that once more you find Calles dedicating himself to an unsound doctrine. Long experience with the Indian has proved that, in the main, he resents uplift. Furthermore, anything like complete racial cohesion is almost as difficult in Mexico as in China. This is due partly to the great number of local dialects. The Mexican Indian is in a stage of primitiveness almost beyond belief. Within thirty miles of Mexico City, the Otomi Indians, for example, conduct all the business among themselves with a vocabulary of about 300 words, which is helped out by signs and gestures.

Anything like economic independence for the Indian as a race seems out of the question. I have already indicated how the bulk of the peons do not cultivate their ground, once they get it. The Indian lacks any sort of executive ability. A few, like Benito Juarez, the national hero, and Porfirio Diaz, developed great qualities of leadership, but they have been the rare exceptions.

Back to the Aztec

Intelligent Mexicans resent the campaign for Indianization. The prevailing point of view was expressed in an editorial entitled The Racial Problem in Mexico, in El Universal, one of the leading newspapers of the capital. It stated:

"Sympathy for the Indian, which has been considered the maximum expression of patriotism from the earliest years of our independence, has assumed of late the character of a semiofficial worship. With a sentiment somewhat lyrical, it is being transformed into a fanaticism that proposes to Indianize the country, although it is by no means yet known how it is to be accomplished.

"The systematic Indianophile sustains the spiritual and physical superiority of the Indians as compared with the whites, and on this basis adjusts his speculations with regard to our future culture.

"We cannot believe that the Indianophile honestly considers that for us to obtain a national culture we must return to the bow, arrow and war-club age and abandon the Gregorian calendar for the Aztec. There is no remembrance of any culture which has not received certain influences from others. The Mexican culture of the future will not have to be either Indian or white, but Mexican; that is, the product of the union of all the races within our border. But it will show more of an Occidental or white influence, because the white civilization is the one that has left the profoundest impression upon our land. The Indian is not advanced by holding him aloof, but by elevating him to the standard of the cultured races around him. What must be done is not to create racial antagonism but coordination."

I have referred to the Indianization movement to emphasize again the futility that marks the present Mexican administration. It is evident also in the abuse of agrarianism, in the move to confiscate the alien-owned oil and other lands, and in the anticlerical and kindred laws. Instead of harmonizing the various races into a constructive unit that would make for the national advance, Calles is provoking new animosities. The result so far has been disintegration at home and hostility abroad.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Mexico. The next will be devoted to labor and the radical movement

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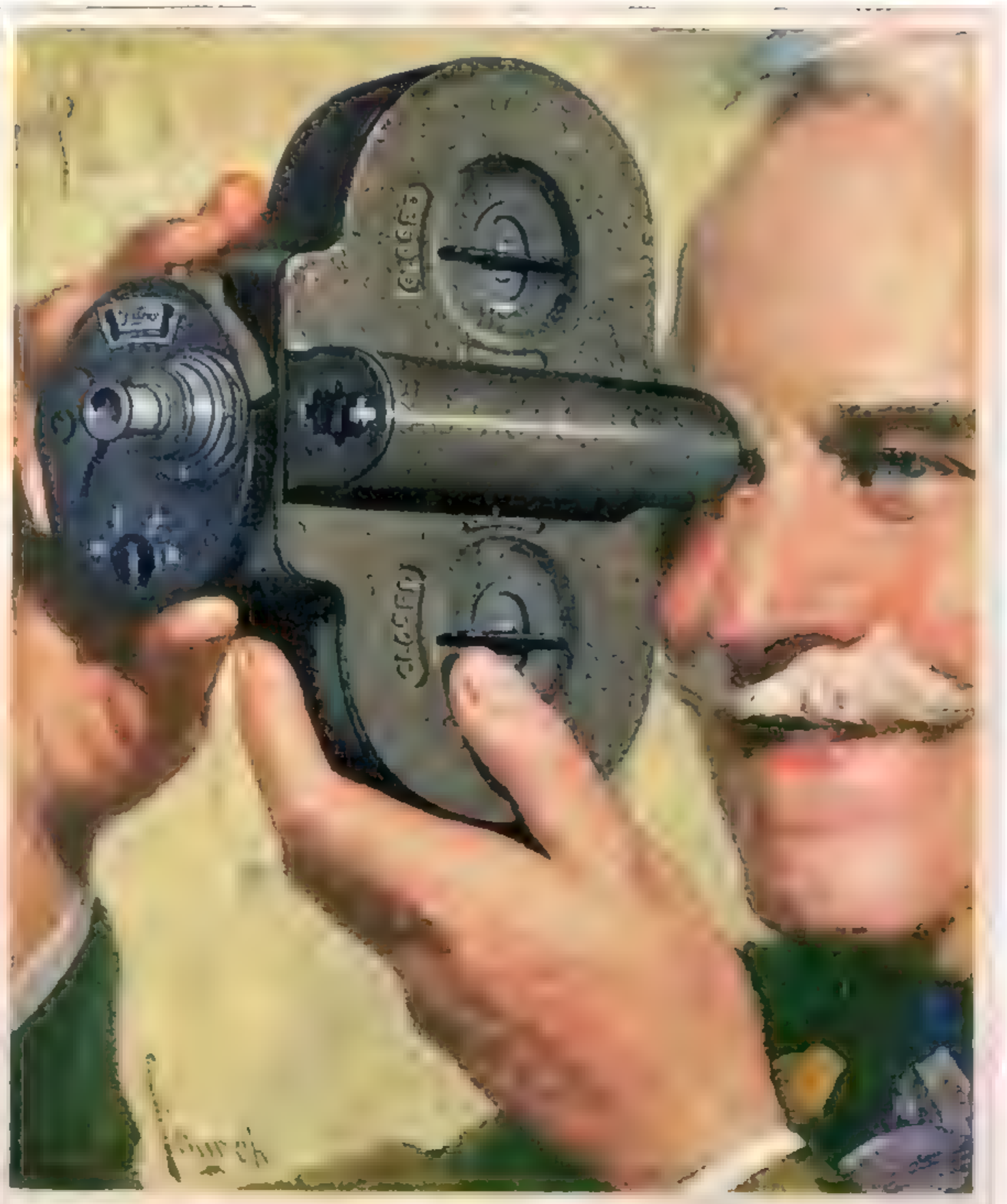

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THE MAD MASQUERADE

(Continued from Page 33)

"And his mother American—poor dear, she would spoil him—so what chance had he? He'll be very rich."

"The draper's bride," said Jacqueline, "is rather fun. I've asked her to come to us."

"If you like, Jack," said her mother, smiling; "but not with a house party. They'd snub the poor child so frightfully."

"I wouldn't expose her to that," the daughter agreed. "Relatives must be an awful drag when you've risen from the ranks."

A nod from the parents and then the talk fell on dogs.

In the meantime the subject of their conversation had escaped from the intrepid Jennifer and had hurried to Sara. The Finleys, he told her—never mind how he had met them—were due almost immediately. They were of the all-right kind, good solid friends; how about telling them the whole story? Somebody strong and dependable, to understand this mad muddle and back Sara up through thick and thin now, and in the future. Sara eagerly agreed with a sense of relief. The talk was interrupted by a courteous but insistent demand from the manager for the return of the official forms. The young man fished them out of his pocket.

"Fill 'em out, Sara," he said, thrusting them across with apparent casual indifference

"Oh—oh," she murmured; "must I?"

He leaned over, and in pretending to point to the blank lines, whispered in her ear: "Nothing else to be done. I hope you know when and where Tybo was born."

The document, duly signed, was handed over.

"You rushed me," Sara charged hotly. "That's the last straw, the final touch. Now I've made a criminal of you." She started up, but he caught her arm and would not let her reclaim the paper.

"Lord Llanthony is due Friday," he reminded her. "He can fix things up somehow."

"Oh, but you have to apply at the Préfecture of police for a *carte d'identité*," said the experienced Sara, "and you have to produce your passport. And now, you're officially registered under a different name and dare not show your passport. Oh, I ——"

He made light of her fears, though he was not quite comfortable. "We'll have the advice of Colonel Finley," he said. But that they could not get, for a note came for Sara; the Finleys were very sorry, but they could not possibly make time to call.

"Come for a walk," he cried. "We're getting the colliwoggles."

"Oh, let's," Sara accepted; "you're safest in the streets."

But she was wrong, for he ran straight into what Kentucky and Mark Twain called a feud and Corsica calls a vendetta. Paris, city of refugees, is a clearing house for bitter hatreds engendered in the Ukraine, in the Caucasus, beyond the Urals and elsewhere in the world. A Slav, gray-haired, of distinguished bearing, was shot so near that he toppled into the young man's arms. This happened in a tobacco store in the Rue de Rivoli. A crowd gathered, doctor and officials appeared; Tybo transferred his burden, slipped backward through the crowd, and without haste overtook Sara.

"Did you find the cigarettes you wanted?" she asked.

"They don't keep them."

"Those or nothing?" she asked, smiling. "Such fidelity! Have you cut yourself?"

"A scratch," he answered as he wiped a drop of blood from his hand. He looked around. He was not followed, he thought. He wondered whether the murderer had got away; whether other than himself could identify the man; whether his failure promptly to describe the fugitive meant escape for the latter. He saw how a secret, however innocent, may make a skulker of a man, and that assassins must go free if their arrest may mean the death of one woman and the dishonor of another. Dishonor; too strong a word? Well, what were the people of two hemispheres going to say if it came out in a Paris court that Miss Sara Desmond, alone in a Paris hotel, had introduced there a stranger as her cousin, Lord Pontlottyn? Shaken as he was, that was the word that came to him.

Sara eyed her silent companion. Searching for topics, she asked, "And how do you like Paris so far?"

He pulled himself together. "It's sure a city of adventure," he answered, with a laugh which went over very well.

IV

TROUBLED, anxious, were these two young people as they walked along the streets of Paris side by side, but as neither wished the other to know that, they were apparently high-hearted, and they laughed and chatted. They flamed inside with mutual curiosity, but they felt shy and estranged; a natural reaction after the sudden forced intimacy into which they had been violently flung. The presence of others, the needs of the moment, had whirled them as dancers at a masked ball; now the lights were out, the music had ceased, they were face to face in a daylight world. Passers-by, cheered by the sight of youth and gayety, sometimes turned to catch another glimpse. A striking pair, these observers thought; ideal visitors to the bright city, knowing nothing of the somber undercurrents flowing always since the war. The capacity of youth for duplicity is as deep as that of Paris; both at need may wear smiling faces for strangers; and both on impulse may rudely fling aside restraints.

The pair crossed to the Terrace of the Tuileries and seated themselves beneath a wide-branching tree. Whole families, including grandmother and babies, were scattered about; the women industriously knitting, the children playing. A vagrant English blackbird was singing sweetly amid the fresh spring branches and the air was so buoyant that mere breathing almost lifted the spirits of two silent young people, but not quite; for he was thinking of a murdered man, and Sara—impetuous, fearless Sara—was afraid for the first time in her life, afraid of what she was to find out about this stranger by her side. She felt sudden hot repudiation of the immense debt of gratitude which she owed to him. The kinder he was, the more successful his imposture, the higher rose the mountain of obligation.

That she knew herself shamelessly unfair only added to the burden; reason, sense, these were overwhelmed by this flood of feeling. A proud independent spirit helpless, unable to struggle, compelled to remain passive while coils twisted and bound more tightly with each hour that passed; coils not to be loosed even by the coming of her uncle. Responsibility would cease then; but the debt of obligation could never be paid. Hard, she thought, to owe so much to one's dearest friend, to parents, to a lover, a husband; to a stranger, crushing. She was on the top crest of a wave of rebellion which had been gathering force through the hours. It was unaccountable, unreasonable, astonishing, she felt, that a few hours could so utterly rob her of her cherished sense of independence.

The boy looked sidewise at her proud profile, at her quietly rich dress, at the shoe which bobbed rhythmically as she sat with crossed knees. She was outside of, beyond his world; he had had no chance of meeting women of supreme elegance. He was now a little in awe of her, and startled by the sudden thought that he was her absolute master. It frightened him to perceive that he held in his hand this brilliant girl. Her humility of the morning, her gratitude, had sunk deep. He felt that he had clamped a yoke on her neck—a yoke which only his disappearance could lift; and that solution was, of course, not to be thought of. He had a plan worked out; yet how to tell her?—for each sentence must tighten her bond. He was amazed that the illness of one person could with such relentless hands drive others along new roads. He was, you see, unconsciously in sympathy with Sara and thinking, from his point of view, the same thoughts.

It was she who spoke first. "Spring is always beautiful in Paris," she said.

He looked into eyes which seemed to say that all the time she had been thinking about the weather. He, too, frankly admitted that he had been admiring the climate. They discussed this subject, eying each other. Sara advanced a step. She smiled and casually asked if he had been flirting with Jennifer.

"She's no hard seed," he answered, "and it was easy to make her sprout." He laughed quite as though he felt like laughing. "If she showed right, and I could make a guess that the lemon wasn't as sour as he seemed, I thought I might clear up the position."

"Oh, and did you?"

He shook his head. "The Finleys prevented." He ran on, not thinking: "She handed out a fine line of hideous past to me. I drive autos into fountains, and as a writer of love letters I'm a piano tuner."

Sara's right to red hair was proved. She flamed into anger that astonished the boy. She scored "the catty dry-goods girl" with burning words, so apt, so concise, that the surprised listener admired her gift. He felt that this outburst was a relief to him too.

It certainly was to Sara. Her brooding rancor spent itself on Jennifer. "What she said was true," she admitted at the end of her flare-up, "and I've let you in for that too."

"What matter? I fade out. It's rather funny, you know." He described the drive with cheerful exaggeration and Sara forced a smile.

"Listen!" he cried. "Hear the barking? It's the chorus from the dog show over there. Most of them are Pinscher-Schnauzers and belong to Jack Finley." He told her about the meeting with this sporting family, and she broke into laughter so contagious that it helped a lot.

"The Finleys," she said, "are friends of auntie's. They live in the last of the old fortified manor houses of England. It is damp, for it has a moat all round it. They wouldn't drain the moat for a kingdom. It is gloomy, for the windows are high and narrow. They wouldn't cut a new one for the world. It was new furnished in the first George's time, then shut up for a century; so it's a perfect period house. If they needed a new table they wouldn't buy one; not they; it would upset perfection. Auntie's told me all about them. A doggy lot, but jolly and straight. I'm sorry we couldn't tell them. You must rest under poor old Tybo's record."

"Oh, if that's your only reason ——"

"Reason enough, and they're auntie's friends and ought to know. I'll write."

"No. Let Lord Llanthony do that."

"Of course. Only three days now, and it will come much better from him."

"What's he like?"

Sara smiled. "He has described himself: 'Obese, arbitrary, but able.'"

"Fat, with a sense of humor?"

Sara nodded: "A man's humor; hard, cynical now, because of Tybo—an awful disappointment of course; an only son, remember. Lovely to me, and thinks he is to auntie; but she knows she comes second. You can't do what he has done unless business is first. He plunges ahead, trampling, paying toll to her with handfuls of diamonds and trunkfuls of black-fox skins and laces and clothes. She has everything and more; and she would give the lot for one hour of perfect understanding and true sympathy. She thinks he blames her for Tybo. Perhaps he does, but he doesn't say. Auntie is strong, resolute. She has never said it, but I know her life is empty."

She looked up with a twisted smile. "I am utterly frank," she said with gentle appeal. "I must be. It's the only fair thing to you." But he knew and she knew that her intimate confidence had come naturally. They had pulled each other from the slough of despond and were advancing fast toward complete understanding.

"And Tybo? Do you know where he is? Does his father?"

"Uncle knows; he must, he sends an allowance."

"Then," cried the young man confidently, "our troubles are over! Lord Llanthony arrives; cables for Tybo; Tybo comes."

Sara clasped her hands. "Oh, splendid. But you? Two weeks more, at least; more likely, three."

"That's nothing. Lord Llanthony will be here, and if he wants it my way he'll back me up. Lady Llanthony will know, I suppose, when there's a change of Tybos. What matter? She will have Tybo. That's all that counts."

Sara jumped up. "I want to howl for joy," she cried, "and you don't want that! Let's walk." She was off like a steam engine, but he caught her arm.

"Not that way," he said. "Let's go round by the Louvre." He had strong reason for avoiding a certain cigar store in the Rue de Rivoli. "It's a wow, this scheme," he explained, "and the only trouble is the next three days; until your uncle comes."

Sara shot one of those thrilling glances to which he objected so much. "It's surely a wow, Mr. Drew," she assented.

"A break—a bad break," he criticized, laughing. "I'm Tybo—Tybo all the time. You must get the habit right now. You must act cousin, think cousin, never hesitate, never excite suspicion. You must talk Tybo to me. You mustn't say, 'he did that, he lived there.' You must say, 'do you remember when you were about seven years old how you sneaked in the pantry and ate two pounds of icing off a big cake.' Get the habit. Just friendly and careless and rude. Then no waiter will be suspicious, and hotel managers will talk right to inquisitive policemen."

Sara was prompt at the new game. "Tybo," she said, smiling, "you're uncle's guest, of course. How about it? Can you manage until he comes?"

"Oodles, Sara."

"In dollars or francs?"

"In my letter of credit."

"Ah, ah, Tybo! I thought so; and that letter; what name are you going to sign?"

Crestfallen, he answered that it couldn't matter if he signed his own name at a bank; but Sara vigorously opposed this. It was buying trouble, she thought, to have two names in Paris. His common sense forced agreement. In the end Sara had possession of his pocketbook, containing every scrap of paper which identified him as Stanton Drew. He had a few dollars, and he thought he could make these do until Lord Llanthony arrived. Sara disagreed, but respected his dislike to have money dealings with her. They taxied to the hospital, found all well, and sent the usual afternoon wireless to Lord Llanthony on the steamship headed for France.

"I shall meet him at Cherbourg," Sara announced. "He looks on me as a little girl and doesn't pay any attention to what I say. If I wired him that I must see him before he sees auntie, and I missed him at the station, he would go straight to her."

"And hear of Tybo ——"

"Of course that mustn't be."

That night Sara carried the boy off to dinner. "We'll get out of the way of everybody," she said. "Last year I was at the

(Continued on Page 171)

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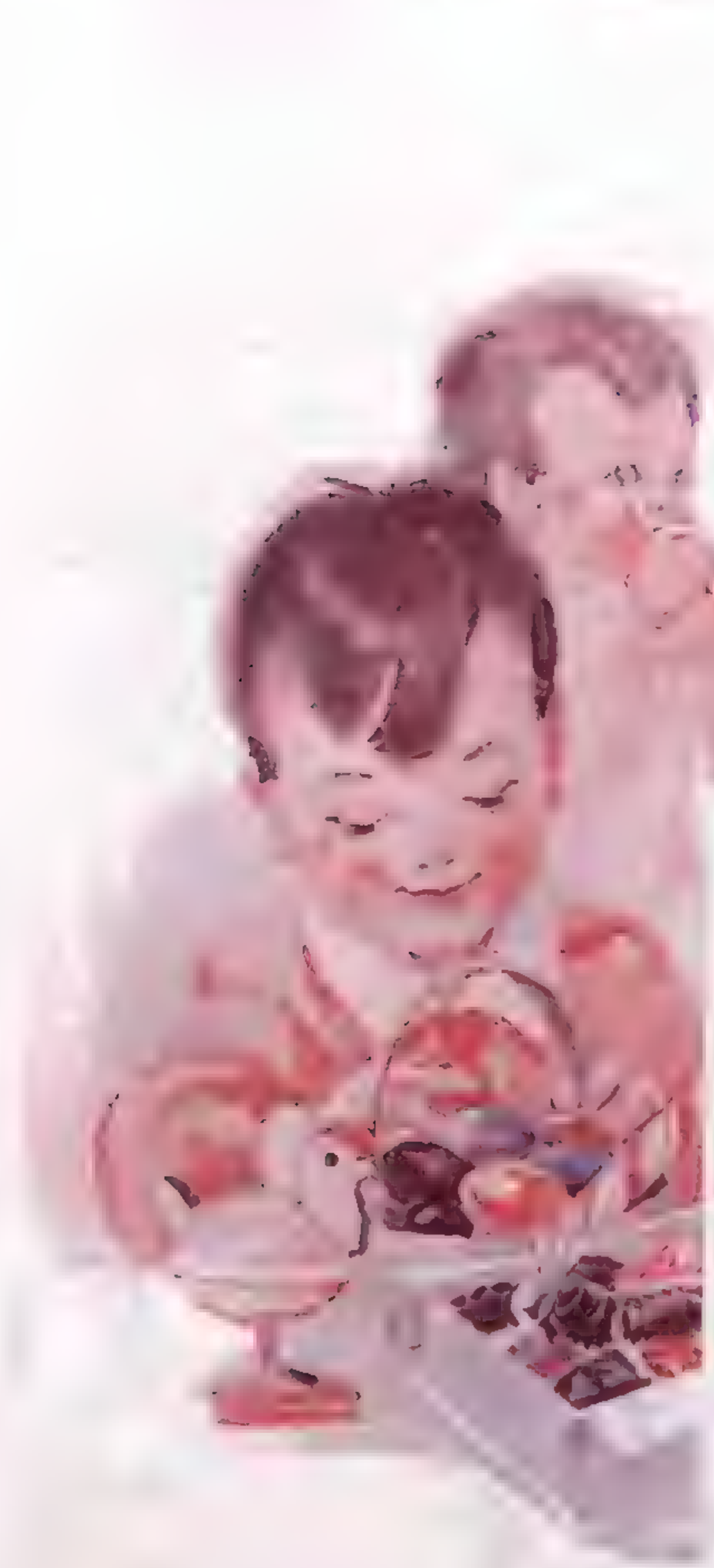

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Everybody enjoys the Easter candy custom, but remember there are 51 other Sundays in the year when the family can take pleasure in this wholesome treat.

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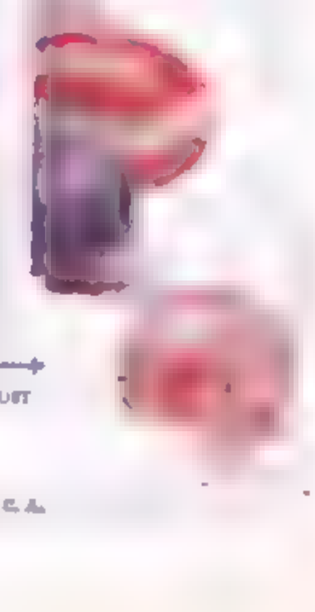
The Sunday candy custom can be enjoyed in the satisfaction of knowing that candy is not only delicious but nourishing.



National Confectioners' Association and Allied Industries

Educational Department, 1627 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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Luxembourg, and when lunchtime came I went out of the lovely gardens, across the Boulevard St.-Michel and there, under the shadow of the Sorbonne, I found the Café d'Harcourt. I had read how Guy d'Harcourt had founded a college in Paris in 1280 and how it was so successful that the great Louis, centuries afterward, stole its name overnight. I felt sorry for the poor Bishop d'Harcourt. I was glad somebody remembered his name, and I meant to drop a tear for him in my plate. But the lunch was too good."

"Tears, after six hundred and fifty years; a little salt, don't you think?"

At their destination they threaded their way through a cheerful crowd, laughing, sipping, taking up most of the sidewalk in the jolly Paris way, through the thronged café inside, blue with smoke, past the musicians on the stairs, and they entered the restaurant to the sound of La Madelon, sung by a dozen young officers in uniform, who were apparently waiting for their soup.

"It is hoped," said the polite maître d'hôtel, "that mademoiselle will pardon the tohu-bohu. They have passed their examinations at St.-Cyr today and three are ordered to Morocco."

"Nobody minds," Sara said. "If a telephone message comes for Miss Desmond it's from my hotel for me."

"*Très bien, mademoiselle.*"

She took her seat humming "*La Madelon pour nous—n'est pas sévère.*"

At the next table to them sat an elderly gentleman gayly beating time to the music and humming, an amiable old lady drinking soup with gusto, and a younger couple vainly endeavoring to overtalk the band. When silence fell Sara was astonished to catch the name of Ellis Evans, and she listened as the younger woman described to her husband the dark man with the burning eyes and mimicked the French of Jennifer.

"Would you believe it," Sara said; "these people live somewhere near here and are talking of their new customers, the Evanses."

"Now what do you think of that?" He looked incredulously at the gay quartet. "They don't do any business," he declared. "They're not serious enough."

But Jennifer had seen them at work and would never believe that they could play; so come contrasting opinions.

"Talk to me about my childhood," Tybo reminded her. "Say, I hope there are hounds on the estate."

"There is no estate. Uncle never bought one."

"Gee; and the things I told Jennie."

"He would not buy a place until Tybo had a son. I can see why, now."

"Oh, me too; no dark tabernacle and burned-out candle for his brother's son. I say, what burning hate. As you said, it must have hit Lord Llanthony hard—a son like Tybo."

Sara nodded. "They don't talk about it any more. They've buried it. It's there all the time, in auntie's heart. You see now what you mean to her; that all that she cared for in life has come back to her. Oh, I was mad ——"

"Stop! We've been through all that."

Sara nodded. "I have an idea that uncle went west about Tybo. He was coming to Europe with us and suddenly changed his mind. He will spend money like water to get Tybo here."

Sara's brilliant eyes glowed. An ending in sight, planned for, feasible; an ending to an imposture which separated her from all the throbbing life about her, which forced her to constant wariness, which every hour wounded her frank, proud spirit; an ending to an intimacy made tolerable only by the clean honesty and simple candor of this young man, but no more than tolerable. She felt suddenly elated. She made her companion roar with laughter as she told him stories of his boyhood. The two pushed away thought of the somber side of this narrative, but neither forgot that this was a rehearsal for his part at the hospital. Lady Llanthony could listen now, soon would talk; her son must take his share of any conversation.

They went straight back to the hotel, not daring to be too long out of touch. Callers had been there—Paris residents, friends of Lady Llanthony.

"Lucky," Sara said; "they have seen Tybo. They would know him."

"Tell them."

"Not if I can help it. They are a smart lot and love gossip."

"I am sorry," he said, "that I did not go to another hotel under my own name."

"Impossible. A night summons—me waking the porter at some strange hotel at two in the morning and dragging you away. An hour lost, a policeman watching perhaps. Oh, no, you did just right."

Sara's words were proved just, for Tybo was waked in the night by the porter; mademoiselle awaited him below. He dressed hastily and went downstairs. A telephone message, Sara said, a heart attack, perhaps not serious, but safer that they were there. They drove in silence, to find all danger over. The boy's presence had its usual extraordinary influence over the patient; after a time Lady Llanthony slept peacefully.

It was two o'clock in the morning when they crossed the moonlit spaces of Salpêtrière, but nothing could soften the frown of those stern walls. The pair skirted the dense shadows as though avoiding an abyss, and hardly spoke until they had passed beneath the grim arch of the great gates. Silence and Paris in silver were around and in front of them.

V

EXCEPT for the shift which goes to work in limited localities when the clock strikes midnight, Paris is an early city. In certain noisy little spots native laborers of both sexes work till dawn with a passionate eagerness to draw forth, by ruse, cajolery or force, the pocketbook of the foreigner. Music, dancing and bright lights encourage the intense toil, which must be remunerative, for none ever heard of a strike at Montmartre. Neither the echo of the music nor the gleam of the lights ever reaches the solemn and stately structures on the isles of the Seine. Sara and Tybo had Notre-Dame to themselves. The flying buttresses of the apse were as ladders of silver leading to crocheted pinnacles, to moon-mad gargoyles and to the ethereal spire, which Sara compared to a golden compass needle pointing the way to the zenith.

Two thousand years of history were crowded into that heart of France, which began to pulse before Julius Cæsar came. Absorbed, silent, they walked by the side of the river, looking across at that great medieval hospital—the Hôtel Dieu—at the Préfecture de Police, nerve center of Paris order; at the towers of the Conciergerie, somber prison of evil memory; at the law courts; at the spire of that shut-in Gothic jewel casket, the Holy Chapel, built by Saint Louis to hold the relics which he thought sacred; a picture seldom seen by visitors under conditions so novel and so interesting. An unnoted cloudlet, a spot of rain; Tybo caught the arm of Sara and rushed her across the quay, but the apparent shelter was no more than a street—The-Cat-Who-Fishes, the oldest perhaps; almost the narrowest in Paris.

Elbows touched walls as they scudded along to find themselves at last in a deep doorway opposite the side of the Church of St. Séverin.

Sara chuckled. "Just in time," she said. "It won't last long. What luck. We're in the oldest part of Paris, untouched, unspoiled."

"But is it safe?"

"I think so, from all but ghosts."

"It's stopped. Come."

She gave a delighted little shiver. "Oh, wait a minute. The moonlight on the old church—look! And the ghosts—the ghosts! Look!"

He stared as two figures appeared in the Rue St. Jacques: one in a high bell-crowned hat, a swallowtail coat, tight trousers strapped beneath his shoes; the other, in a wide hoop skirt with a belted waist like a wasp, and a poke bonnet. The girl, ballooning gracefully along, spoke.

"American ghosts," whispered Sara, chuckling.

"Held up," was what the girl said, and she laughed.

She sank, sank, into the middle of her flounced skirt, till the eager watchers doubted that she could recover; but she rose without effort from this profound and graceful curtsy. Her companion at the same time had removed his remarkable hat and bowed with all the cumbrous dignity of a bygone day. The object of this double greeting of splendor came now in sight; an *agent de police*, who joyously exaggerated his official salute. In response to his courteous words the two looked at each other blankly and shook their heads. The young man addressed the policeman, in slow, clear English, speaking as a teacher might to an infant class. A torrent of French aided by pantomime came in answer; a further futile address as to a child.

"They don't speak French," Tybo murmured, "go help them."

"Sh-h-h"—this fiercely whispered in his ear. "He wants their identity cards."

"Oh!" Tybo made himself as flat as he could against the door. A long and explosive colloquy followed, extremely polite, however, on both sides, and finally the sergeant gave it up. "*Vous irez faire un petit tour au dépôt*," he said as he caught the youth by the arm.

"Arrested, Sir Harry," the girl cried in a voice of anguish. It was only a fierce clutch on Tybo's arm that kept him from rushing to a rescue by force; at the same time the girl was clinging hard to the policeman, pleading in childish frenzy, ignoring his friendly voice, his reassuring smile. She was so unbridled in her foolish terror that the policeman began to get annoyed.

"Sir Harry—Sir Harry," wailed the girl, "show him who we are; show him your card!"

"The idiot," murmured Sara; "that's all he wants."

That was all; friendship was immediately restored; a cursory glance at the documents, a further exchange of elaborate ceremonial—then the rain began again and the young people scurried to the same shelter that held an ambushed pair.

"Hush," murmured Sara; "we have no cards."

Not a word; but the intruders, with one thought, touched shoulders as though on dress parade. Tybo crouched behind skirts that would have hid three of him, and Sara's head slid down until sheltered by broad, padded shoulders. The agent, unsuspecting, passed by with an amused salute.

"La, la," sighed the girl in a languishing voice, "I was vastly alarmed, Sir Harry. I think—I fear I am going to faint."

Her bonneted head drooped; Tybo's arms clasped her wasp waist. "The danger is over," he murmured with manly encouragement. Sara tittered.

"None of your vapors, miss," admonished he of the bell-crowned hat. He stepped out, turned, ceremoniously saluted Sara and extended a high-held hand.

Sara advanced with him into the moonlight. The girl in the poke bonnet began softly to whistle. The pair in the grimy street solemnly danced stately steps of the minuet, Sara's short skirts ludicrously impairing dignity.

The band—meaning the girl who whistled—capped enthusiastic hands; Tybo looked on dazed; the long projecting gargoyles on the church grinned hideously in the moonlight. A footstep—the four sprang to shelter, but the intruder who emerged from the shadows was only a homeless wanderer.

Bell-top hat gave him money; crinoline gave him talk—voluble, nasal, odd-sounding French. The weary tramp actually laughed as he passed on. Sara chuckled. She knew now that this pair of madcaps had such perfect command of French that they knew its argot and that the scene with the policeman had been a spontaneous improvised comedy solely for their own amusement.

"*Un petit tour au dépôt*; what is that?" she asked.

"Slang for jugged," laughed bell-top. "An hour in the anteroom of the prison while they look you up. It's nothing. They are dreadful polite."

"But how do they look you up, and where, and why?" asked the vitally interested Tybo.

"Your home, your apartment, your hotel; there's a round-up tonight: '*un rafle*,' the professors call it, but the slang is '*rifle*.' They have a little way of dropping suddenly down on a ward and raking it over. This is the Fifth Arrondissement. Every den in it, every cheap lodging house, every suspicious place, has probably been visited; and everyone walking is asked for his papers."

"Do they stop taxis?" Sara asked.

"No, but neither do you," the girl answered. "You can't get a free one unless you cross to the right bank, and you'd be stopped at least twice—you don't want to be stopped?"

The four had been examining one another in the moonlight, and when Sara said "Inconvenient" these two masqueraders, without exchanging a glance, were moved by a simultaneous impulse. The young man with a grave polite "Pardon," swiftly removed Tybo's hat and replaced it with the bell-top. The girl's poke bonnet promptly extinguished Sara's red head. They linked arms with the unresisting captives and emerged four abreast into the Rue St. Jacques.

The two in fancy dress asked no information, showed no curiosity, gave no names, volunteered no explanations; they seemed to suggest that these trifles did not matter. They started singing, simultaneously, the same gay song; one of those of Béranger that made the grisettes of Paris pounce on him and twine him in rose garlands at the Closerie de Lilas—the subject of a well-known picture. That song was a passport; the next *agent de police* whom they met beat time with his baton and let them go by with a smiling salute. The scheme did not work as they paused for an instant in front of the Panthéon and looked at the forest of moon-gilt pillars surmounted by the great dome. Their *cartes d'identité* were courteously demanded. They had come away from the Bal Gavarni to see the Panthéon in the moonlight, the youth gayly explained. They had shown the cards twice. His clothes had no proper pockets; there they were; *monsieur l'agent* could feel them; but to get them out it would, alas, be necessary to disrobe.

The papers were there; two of them at any rate, where the ingenious youth had stuffed them, down beneath the high belt of his skin-tight trousers. The ruse succeeded, the policeman laughed and let them pass. Perspiration ran down the cheeks of that one who wore the bell-crowned hat above the Cincinnati clothes, but the others went on as though the incident meant nothing. Though it was clear that these two madcaps had some plan, Tybo had fear that it led to a ludicrous end. What and where was this Bal Gavarni, of which he had already heard from his newfound friend with the same frat pin? He nerved himself for sudden introduction into some wild merriment where his absurd mixture of dress must meet hilarious reception.

He admired the gallant spirit of Sara, who accepted this heaven-sent help without question and apparently without care, she knew some of their songs and she joined in with apparent irresponsible gayety. He believed her manner was assumed, that she was meeting the mood of these helpful revelers. He felt that he must contribute his share; in a sudden pause he gathered his forces and let out his college yell. As

(Continued on Page 173)

APRIL—when the sap begins to stir—youth and the bright ball—a grinning caddy who knows one cannot concentrate when there's a Little Jordan Sport Salon waiting near the ninth tee. ~ ~ ~

The Sport Salon
A veritable cameo of clean cut lines and compelling charm by

JORDAN

(Continued from Page 171)

the Rue St. Jacques had narrowed greatly, it rang through the canyon, echoing and re-echoing against the silent shuttered houses, and trailing off as spits of thunder after a storm. A genial slap on the shoulder from the young man, a tightened pressure on the arm from the girl, a general sense of increased amity—these were his rewards. He felt that he had proved his right to be one of what was now a mad quartet. They twisted round corners, entered a gloomy archway, passed through a door invisibly opened—these *concierges*, don't they ever sleep?—and climbed wide, circling stairs suddenly lighted by unseen methods. A large key, produced by the girl after fumbling in an immense pocket in her balloon skirt, admitted them to a small hall. They passed into a large studio and living room, beautifully furnished, in perfect order. Sara laughed as she glanced about. She was intensely relieved to find that these lunatics had some standards. She had guessed aright at the first sight of them; most of their moments were sane.

"There's my room," said the girl to Sara, pointing. "Go to bed if you're tired." She glanced at Sara's unringed wedding finger, then at Tybo. "Have a nap there if you like." She nodded toward a huge sofa. "We must get back to the ball."

"Drinks, eats, in the sideboard and in the kitchen," the young host said. "Help yourselves. Make yourselves at home. Don't think of going too early. Workmen's cars are crowded and there are no taxis till nine or so. We'll be back by then."

They waved their hands and rushed away. Sara and Tybo looked at each other. "Heaven sent them," said Sara, laughing.

"Strange angels, but efficient; twins of course."

Sara nodded. "Clever; St. Severin by moonlight." She was standing before an easel. "That's why they left the ball—to get the right light on the old church. How lucky for us." She glanced at a large portfolio lying on a table. "Frank from Peter," she read. "That doesn't help us much. It's a girl's writing. I suppose she's Peter. . . . Here's your Gavarni ball." Together they glanced over the long series of colored prints by this observant and skillful artist depicting student life in the 1840's—that period when eccentricity of dress and conduct attained its height. Some scenes were laid in the Closerie de Lilas. "I've got it now," Sara explained. "The Bal Bullier is the modern successor to the Little Farm of the Lilacs, and once in a while there's a big gala there."

She went over and examined a rough charcoal drawing pinned carelessly to a hanging tapestry which was beautifully worked, with colors chastened by age.

"This proves it," she said, chuckling.

"Proves what?"

"That Peter is genuine clear through, that she has no self-consciousness."

"They were acting up a little," Tybo asserted.

"Oh, sure; this is a gala night, remember. Another night, they might perhaps ask who we were. Rather sweet, don't you think, trusting us with all this?"

"They sized you up all right, Sara. They're a pair of weasels."

"You don't look exactly like a thief yourself," Sara retorted.

"What proves what?" he asked.

"This caricature. Oh, it's her, all right; but how many girls would leave it about? She is thin; look at those bones. Her nose is—well, not Grecian—look at that insignificant knob. Her mouth is on the large side—see those fangs. Every fault is exaggerated, yet her kindness and jolly air are there."

"Most attractive, for all your criticisms."

"Criticisms? Praise. An artist did that."

"Got 'em," he cried, glancing at envelopes on the chimney piece. "He's Francis Archer; she's Frances. . . . Hungry?"

Sara shook her head. "I'm for a nap," she said. She came back from the bedroom with a pillow and a rug. "Just in case you get chilly. Now you won't have to wrap yourself in that gorgeous cloth of gold." She laughed and disappeared.

Tybo looked at the soft, inviting sofa piled high with cushions and sternly resolved not to be discovered disheveled and heavy-eyed by bright, returning revelers. He sat down in a stiff ceremonial chair which once might have graced a throne room, and set himself to serious reflection on the evil luck that each day widened the circle which knew him as Lord Pontlottyn. Never, he decided, had a con man, hiding behind an alias for crooked reasons, had so many acquaintances thrust on him. Everything he did pushed him into somebody else's business. And now, of course, the wrong man would be arrested for that murder. He couldn't stand for that. He'd got to look into that business, all right. There were limits ——

He woke to a furtive sound. Dawn had passed, and enough light filtered through closed shutters to outline a figure bending over a desk across the room. Was that stealthy opening of a drawer the act of his host, considerate of a sleeper? He saw the outline of an oddly shaped cap, of a short coat; saw its pocket stuffed with something from the drawer; saw a rough beard as the man turned. He closed his eyes, heard catlike steps pause by his side, heard them go on. He leaped up, caught two wrists, pressed his knee in the intruder's back; the man had to go down—down on his face. Tybo, very powerful in the arms, held these wrists in a grasp of iron. He had read of these agile Paris burglars, of their accepted principle that dead men tell no tales. His prisoner uttered no sound, offered no struggle; dared not indeed; a wriggle might mean one or two broken wrists.

Tybo, kneeling, thought of calling Sara, that she might recover the loot and the man then be freed. He did not like the thought of her hands in the burglar's pocket, nor of disturbing and probably greatly alarming her. It was abhorrent that the man should escape, but that must be arranged. The Archers must be told why Tybo Evans dared not face publicity. An escaped murderer, a freed burglar; decidedly, this living under an assumed name was a danger to society.

The door opened; voices; the revelers had returned; the youth in the bell-top hat and the billowing girl. One glance—the young man bounded across and flung open a shutter; the twins then stood shoulder to shoulder examining with a calm curiosity the captor and his prey.

"Frisk him," Tybo commanded sharply. "My hands are weakening. He's cleaned out your desk."

"Don't loose him," Archer said as he sat down deliberately on the floor.

"Don't hurt him," said this odd girl; her voice oozed sympathy. It nettled Tybo.

"Look for a knife or a pistol," he ordered curtly. "Oh, get a move on!"

"You forget my trousers," the young man pleaded. "I can't bend." He drew a pile of paper money from the burglar's pocket—thousand-franc notes, Tybo saw. He flung his head back, naturally elated, and glanced at the girl.

"Poor fellow," she murmured softly. "He looks so emaciated."

"Emaciated," echoed the indignant Tybo. "He's fat; he's soft."

"Probably almost a moron," said the girl with a sigh of sympathy. "He's never had a chance. He doesn't know any better."

"Oh, all right!" Tybo cried rudely. "When we know he can't knife us or shoot us as he strolls away, we'll let him go." It was what he wanted, but he was profoundly disgusted with this sentimentality. He looked up, frowning. The girl's face was buried in her hands and her shoulders were shaking. He muttered a word of impatience.

Young Archer uttered a sharp command in French. "I'm telling him to turn over and throw his hands above his head. Let go, please. If he doesn't do what he's told, he knows I'll stamp on his face. Help me up, Peter."

Tybo grinned; there was nothing maudlin about the young man anyhow. The silent, bearded man obeyed orders. He lay with closed eyes while Tybo carefully felt for weapons.

"What a wicked, horrible face," the girl said, bending over. "Oh, well, he's not for the abattoir, luckily."

"The abattoir?" echoed the staring Tybo, pausing in his operations.

"Oh, that's his language for the death cell. The bishop will give him about ten years at college."

This thieves' argot jarred on Tybo—and he was disconcerted by the sudden irresponsible change of attitude. "He's not armed," he said, rising. A touch of his toe told the burglar that he might rise.

The latter scrambled to his feet, solemnly produced two dollar bills and handed one to each of the twins. "You win," he said in English.

"Thank you," they murmured politely, without a smile.

"Now for the breakfast," Archer said, heading for the kitchen. The girl slipped away. Tybo, mad clear through at the complete sell, wanted to hit somebody hard; but he had enough self-control not to add to the joy of the plotters. "You took a great risk," he said to the burglar. "I might have shot you."

The bearded stranger came over and peered into his face. "I thought I knew the voice," he cried with a high elation. He extended a hand. "Put it there, Lord Pontlottyn."

Tybo, petrified, could only stare. The other chuckled, took off the weird student's cap of the 40's, unhooked the bushy beard of that day, and stood revealed as Mr. Sam Tibbetts of Ann Harbor.

"The name fits, I see," said Tibbetts with a grin. "There's no mystery about it. I met an Englishman—one of these peerists, they call them—that knows all about heraldry and coats of arms and genealogies. I was telling him about you ——"

"And why am I worth discussing?" asked the annoyed young man.

"H'm!" That was all.

"But why?" Tybo persisted.

"You've got feathers down to your spurs, old boy, and you scream like an eagle; and then you say it's the lion roaring." He laughed. "Of course there's a reason. You told me—a good reason; but if a fella sees a lion with feathers, why, naturally, he talks about it, doesn't he?"

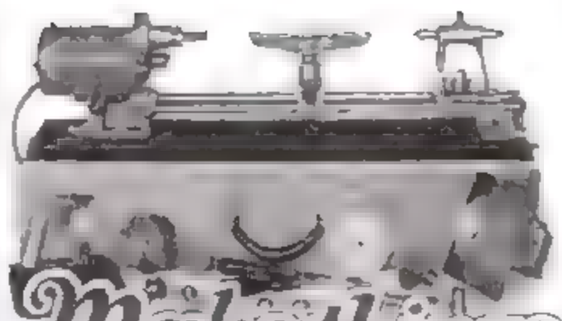
"I suppose he does," admitted the feathered lion.

"Very well then. I mention Tybo Evans. Up go the ears of Mr. Peerist. 'Fauncy,' he says, 'there can't be two Evans families with that first name.' Then he explains that Lord Llanthony has only one son—Tybo Evans, Lord Pontlottyn—and says that you are the lord, or belong to some younger branch. Well, I have a shot at it—a shot's coming to me after the way you threw me—and it hit the mark."

"I hate the title."

He received an approving pat on the shoulder. "You've got the devil's own grip," said Tibbetts, rubbing his wrists. "Archer told me of strangers in the studio, and when we came, I backed myself to get away with the money." He glanced at the caricature. "Pretty good," he said, eying it with critical approval. "I did it." He went over to the desk which he had pretended to rob, and searched out a paper. "But this is better. How's that from memory? Just one sight of her; but perhaps you don't remember that flaming girl in your hotel—the girl with the untamed face, with the gorgeous halo of red hair. . . . Yes, all right, I'm coming." He ran to the kitchen in answer to a summons, leaving Tybo glowering at the brilliant sketch of Sara.

The smell of coffee and the sound of sizzling pleasantly accompanied the young host, who came with news that the bathroom was ready. They examined each other with the courteous scrutiny that one might expect from two discharged lunatics who meet for the first time outside the



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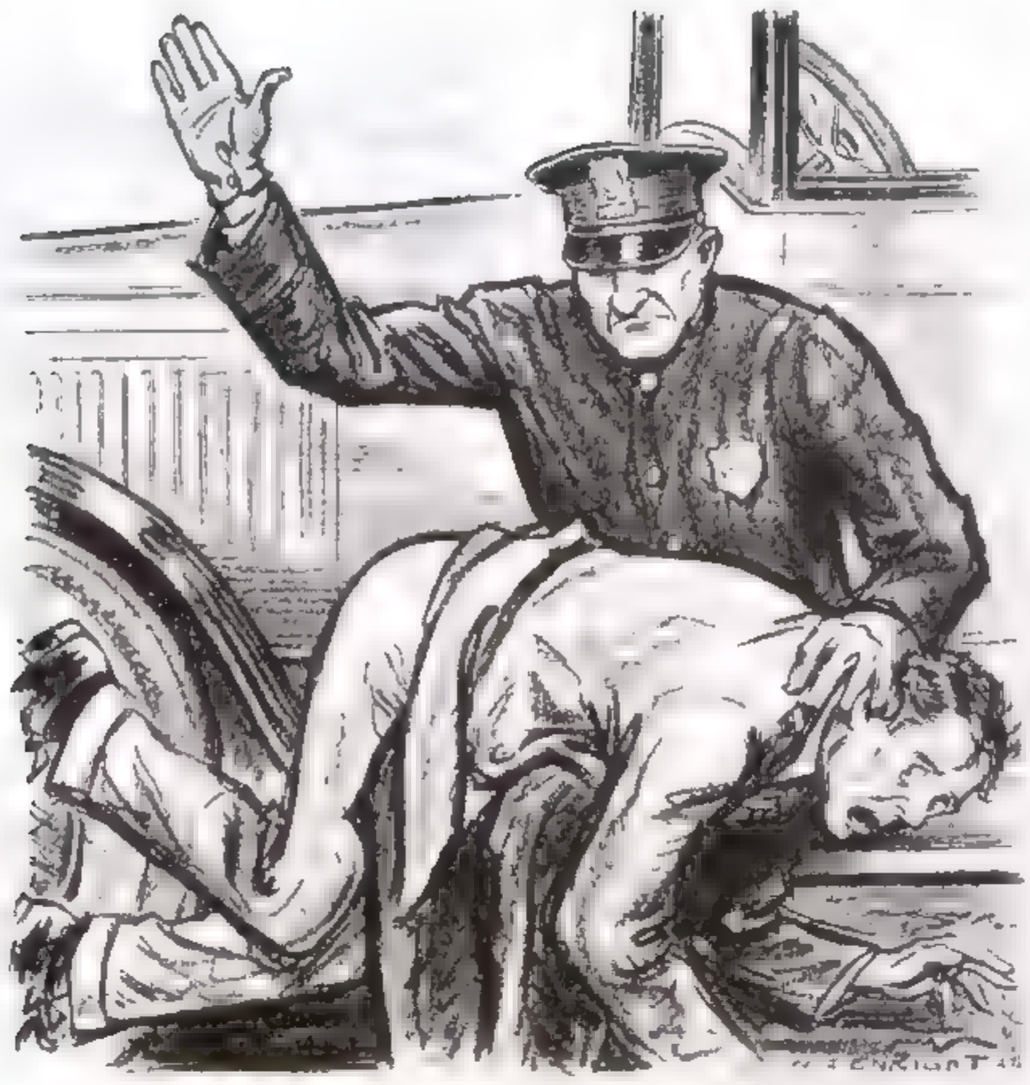

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asylum. Tybo saw a slender youth, preternaturally solemn except for the impish brown eyes, which gave the rest of the face away. He felt a slight constraint, an almost imperceptible change in Archer's manner. As he shaved and washed his face he thought this a natural reaction after the mad night; breakfast would correct all that.

It did not. When Sara came radiant from the bath, dressed in borrowed clothes, Tibbetts was frankly angry. He had reason; a friend, certainly new made, but wearing the same frat pin, had tacitly denied acquaintance with Sara, had not explained that she was a cousin. Tibbetts knew why. These English had friends whom they never took to their homes, with whom they dined at clubs or restaurants, but who were not good enough to meet their women. That might do with Englishmen, but not with Americans. It cut deep. He was no more than coldly civil to Tybo, whom he thought to annoy by attentions to Sara; but a stronger motive led that way—he made no secret of his admiration. His sketch and his calling allowed superlatives. A painter may comment on a complexion, on hair, on eyes, with professional directness. Sara was frankly pleased. She loved the sketch. Secretly she contrasted it with the caricature; flattery, indeed, that a stranger, from memory, had drawn her without one pleasantly malicious line, one exaggerated stroke. Perhaps some sittings could be arranged, she said.

"Fine!" Tybo cried. "If you can paint like you draw, Tibbetts, it will be a wonder."

"I'm glad Your Lordship approves," blurted out the sore painter. Sara looked up surprised, but it was clear that the others had heard. Tybo looked reproach.

"You can't travel incog in the Latin Quarter," Tibbetts said aggressively.

"Shut up, Tibby," Miss Archer ordered. "We are glad to welcome Mr. Evans under no name—we did last night—or under any name he likes." Stilted courtesy—from Miss Peter Archer; worse than rudeness.

"That's so," gravely confirmed her brother.

Tybo looked at the twins who were trying so hard to be polite, to hide vague antagonism. He felt a pang as he realized for the first time the mysterious tie of nationality. The camaraderie, the bubbling cordiality gone, chilled by the cool breeze of another flag; not meant, not intentional, just vanished in obedience to a human instinct. It was as though he had won open arms under false pretenses. These pretenses exploded, arms had closed against him without volition or intention. The incident had a meaning for Tybo that he never forgot. He warmly liked these bright-hearted twins and their weird way of doing things, and they couldn't be intimate and cheery and irresponsible because they believed that he was not of their country.

They all ate like wolves, notwithstanding the slight coolness, and they laughed over the happenings of the night; but intimacy could not be regained. Sam Tibbetts left, openly cross with Sara because she would not fix a time for a sitting, frankly hostile toward Tybo; but his departure did not help matters. Sara, silent, thoughtful, eyed her twin hosts and came to a sudden decision. She told them the whole story. It won them instantly, of course; a masquerade after their own hearts. They did not forget to sympathize with the grave reason, but sympathy could not stifle their prankish dispositions. They teased the American lord with merciless good humor. Tybo did not care. Camaraderie, intimacy, were restored. Suddenly the twins became serious, as though at the ring of a bell.

"What can we do to help?" they asked with one voice.

"Tibbetts is across me," Tybo said. "Is it safe to tell him?"

"No," this decisively in accord.

"He blurts out everything," said Frank.

"He can't keep a secret," the twin confirmed.

"You're mighty kind," said Tybo, "but you've done a lot already and I don't think there's anything more."

But Peter took Sara away. Putting hands on hips and squaring up in front of Sara, she delivered herself thus: "That's a nice kid, but you're rammed tight in his pocket. That hurts. Devilish luck might bring you two face to face with some fella that knows the real Tybo. You're in Dutch then." The solemn-eyed imp tilted up and down on toes and heels and with explosive earnestness issued an ultimatum: "This cannot go on."

Sara, touched, amused, said that it must go on till her uncle came.

"It shall not." Peter cocked her head on one side and half closed her eyes. "Get it straight: No friend of mine is going to be found at a hotel with a boy she pretends is her cousin."

"Forget that," Sara flung up her chin. "I must."

"If you're found out you won't be allowed to," Peter retorted with a dark scowl. "You're a good sport, but you've got to be protected from yourself. Oh, you smile, do you?" Peter became melodramatic. "Your good name is in danger," she hissed.

Sara laughed outright; so did Peter.

"Well, old dear," cried the latter, "which shall come here to stay with us—you or him?"

Restrained Sara flung her arms round the other's neck. "You dear," she murmured.

"Cut it," Peter said, disengaging herself. "I wish it was you, but he couldn't take a night telephone call, could he? All right; him, then. Come. We'll tell the hefty lad he's got to lie low here." She chuckled. "Sam Tibbetts boxes," she remarked irrelevantly, "and now he's let a British nobleman get him in a strangle hold. That wound to his pride will bleed."

They found an empty room. A note explained; the two had gone to buy an outfit. "My Lord honors our poor dwelling," wrote the brother. Peter snickered. "You just wait till you see the coat Frank buys him." To puzzled Sara she explained: "Don't you see? They've decided just as we did. It's often that way with Frank and me; we never think, but we jump to the same conclusions. Milord is not going back to the hotel, you see; no unnecessary risks."

Two servants appeared from somewhere. Light-hearted Sara, with intense amusement, watched the effective young housekeeper direct their movements. It took brains and training to keep a large and luxurious apartment like this in order. The girl seemed to have neither, as she darted about, but a miraculous cleanliness resulted in a very short time; even the bottoms of the Du Barry vases were dusted.

"There's New England blood in me on my mother's side," called out Peter, as she tested corners with a finger. "When you go, I'll go with you if you'll give me lunch." Grateful Sara, leaving a hotel at midnight, thus had support in returning the next day at noon. "I'll borrow your room when you go to Cherbourg," Peter sang out.

Sara thought this extraordinarily thoughtful. She had explained that she must meet her uncle at his landing port, that though in her last wireless she had said that he must see her before going to the hospital, he regarded her still as an irresponsible child and would forget the request. If she should miss him at the Paris station and he should go straight to the hospital he would hear of a son. He would blurt out a denial, of course, even to his wife; almost any man would. The way was now clear. This shrewd girl in her room at night to receive possible messages would immediately rush off to her brother's and get Tybo. It is not surprising that Sara felt that kind of gayety that a nurse off duty ought to encourage. The sick room is pressed to the back of the brain.

"He'll certainly buy a new suit," Peter announced, bubbling laughter.

"Why should he?"

"Oh, Frank will see to that. He won't look ridiculous, but we'll make him think he does. Frank will never lose that chance." So, exactly as Sara had discovered, did

(Continued on Page 177)

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—Best [illegible] the other [illegible] *Jackson,*

In nin[illegible] ner Eigh[illegible] weather [illegible] My fami[illegible] and our [illegible] —*C [illegible]*

The Gar[illegible] money [illegible]

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Have driven my car over 14,000 miles and my only expense was $3.75 for adjusting brakes. Cost of operation, not including depreciation, is 3 1/16¢ a mile, including insurance and garage, washing and greasing.—*J. L. N., Portland, Ore.*

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I've mad[illegible] Gardner [illegible] oth[illegible]

[illegible] *H., Los*

[illegible] almost nothing and [illegible] an any car I have owned. [illegible]-climbing, it can't be beat.— [illegible]*., Springfield, Ill.*

• • •

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We are so satisfied with our Gardner that we would not trade it for any car. It is certainly everything you represent it to be and more.—*H. L., Providence, R. I.*

• • •

I have been driving cars for the past 18 years and have had everything from Fords up. All these years I have been striving to get a car that would fill the bill from the standpoint of economy, power, speed, durability, ease of handling and comfortable riding. I have found some of these qualities in the cars I have owned, but there was always something lacking. I have now driven my Gardner over 13,000 miles and can honestly say it has all the good qualities mentioned above.—*W. O. H., Pasadena, Cal.*

I have driven nearly all the better grade automobiles sold in this territory, and I will say the Gardner Eight-in-line is the greatest automobile I have ever driven. Have just returned from a 2,000-mile trip through the Appalachian Mountains. Made the entire trip in high gear, and did it very easily—without any strain whatever on the motor. —*F. W. F., Fort Wayne, Ind.*

• • •

It is a beautiful car, runs better than any I have ever driven and has far surpassed my highest expectations.—*M. S., New York City.*

• • •

I have been driving since 1911 and I have never had such comfort, joy and complete satisfaction in a car as I have found in my Gardner Eight-in-line.—*C. O. H. K., Princeton, N. J.*

• • •

I have received wonderful service. One must own a Gardner to appreciate its superiority.—*C. P., Duquesne, Pa.*

• • •

Has speed and power—and sticks to the ground. Felt fresh after driving 500 miles *E. F. F., Trout, Wis.*

• • •

Made the trip up Mount Rainier and took the grades and difficult curves up to 5,800 feet with ease and with only a couple of degrees increase in engine heat. While other cars were having trouble with their ignition and radiators boiling, and were parked on the turnouts to cool off, the Gardner never missed a stroke.—*E. R. [illegible] Seattle, Wash.*

• • •

The car has [illegible]

[illegible] a car that I [illegible] with. I tried to sell [illegible] or ten different cars, but I always go back to the Gardner Eight-in-line—*that* was the car I wanted. I am just as well satisfied at the present time—probably more so.—*C.J.B., Cambridge, Mass.*

• • •

My wife says it is the easiest handling car she has ever driven. We have driven it over 17,000 miles with hardly any trouble, even on long trips.—*T. E. H., Granite City, Ill.*

• • •

I am highly pleased with the performance of my Gardner, and, for smart appearance, I must say it is in a class by itself.—*A. H. B., Melrose, Mass.*

• • •

My Gardner Eight-in-line has been a revelation to me. It looks like a thoroughbred and its performance is in every way fully up to its appearance. The easiness of control, the quiet, smooth, powerful pull of the motor and the quick "getaway" make it a decided pleasure. I do not see how it could be beat and, for my part, I do not know of *any* car I would rather have.—*W. E. W., Cleveland, Ohio.*

• • •

Very brilliant performance, both as to motor and riding comfort . . . the most economical car I have ever driven.—*F. G. H., Richmond, Va.*

• • •

Before buying my Gardner, I looked at about 15 other makes and, being a mechanic myself, made comparisons. Saw the Gardner last and bought it half an hour after I had a ride in it. The refinement and lines built into the Gardner make it a car any man can be proud of.—*C. R. S., Bay Village, Ohio.*

• • •

The Gardner is the only car my wife can handle.—*W. R., Melrose Park, Ill.*

• • •

I don't believe there is a car built that could perform better.—*W. H. B., San Antonio, Tex.*

The Country's Going Eight-in-line

Good News travels fast

There must be something out of the ordinary about a motor car that, in less than three years, has won the esteem of experienced car owners from coast to coast as has the Gardner *Eight-in-line.* And there is!

European art, culture and good taste gave birth to its cosmopolitan smartness . . . Old World sumptuousness molded into a fine piece of mechanism by Gardner . . . noted for 50 years for its integrity and fine vehicle building. Such is America's first European-type *Eight-in-line*—the Gardner. Sparkling! Thrilling! Individuality at its best!

Series 80 (122" wheelbase) $1,395 to $1,795
Series 90 (130" wheelbase) $1,695 to $2,495

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., Inc.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A
Builders of Eights-in-line Exclusively

The New
GARDNER
EIGHT·IN·LINE

Sturdy body
< < < < *stands up*
Every drop distilled
< < *absolute purity*
No cylinder stock
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SUNOCO

THE DISTILLED MOTOR OIL

An unexcelled lubricant *for* passenger cars, trucks *and* buses

Sun Oil Company
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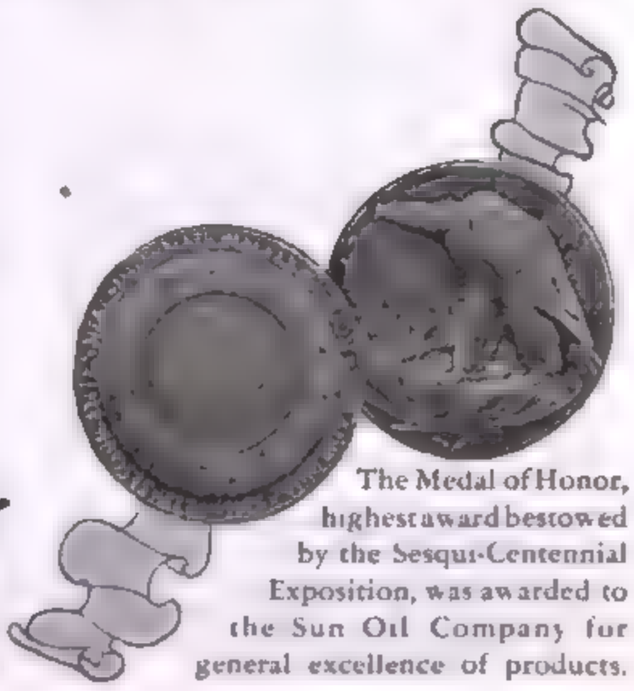


The Medal of Honor, highest award bestowed by the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, was awarded to the Sun Oil Company for general excellence of products.

(Continued from Page 174)

these twins think alike, that she accepted the new clothes as a fact.

When the two boys appeared Peter let out a whoop, grabbed hands, and the three danced round the embarrassed Tybo, singing Hail to the Chief. There was only one thing to comment on—the cut-in waist. They made the most of that. Ah, *la belle ceinture!* Oh, the svelte figure! The beautiful Frenchman!

Tybo manfully accepted all this cheery nonsense as though he liked it.

When admiration was exhausted Sara suggested that these delightful friends might have something to do for themselves. She was told that the day after a Gavarni ball was always a holiday, and that Peter was at her service; so the two girls left together for the hotel.

"Now," said Frank Archer, "let's find out about this murder. We'll haunt the law courts." They walked up the Boulevard St.-Michel engaged in a hot discussion. The morning papers had contained a full report of the political murder and had stated that the assassin was known and must soon be caught. If he had since been apprehended, the two were agreed that the evidence of Tybo would be superfluous and need not be offered. But how, if the wrong man had been arrested? In such most improbable contingency Tybo was firm in his resolve immediately to speak up.

Weeks must pass, Frank Archer contended, before trial and conviction; the right man might be found in the meantime. If not, Lord Llanthony would have arrived. Tybo's papers would be in order and he would have strong support; better still, his muddle would be straightened out and he could come forward in his real name. The boy was inflexible; he would leave no man one hour under a false charge of murder. That there had been a conspiracy of several to compass the death, the papers had stated; that the wrong man charged might have been one of the conspirators made no difference; there were limits; he had reached his when he had not volunteered a description of the man. Lots of people had been around; it had happened in a flash; perhaps none but him had seen the deed or would know the man. His silence perhaps had permitted an escape.

"You're a mule for stubbornness," Frank Archer said as they crossed the Pont St.-Michel and went up the Boulevard that traverses the Isle de la Cité; "but luckily we're talking in the air."

He planted Tybo on a sidewalk chair in front of a café that faced the great iron gates of the Palais de Justice. "A *citron pressé*," he ordered. "Now I'll reconnoiter; a man without a *carte d'identité* should not thrust his head in the lion's mouth."

The garçon brought the lemonade and Tybo sat and sipped, interested that no one about spoke French. A family came, tired and hot from exploring the Conciergerie. They tried in vain to order lemonade. "Pardon," Tybo said; "*citron pressé*." The father muttered a stiff thanks and the family turned their shoulders.

"It's always like that," said a friendly voice in Tybo's ear. "We Americans abroad are a lot of rabbits. We see a crook in everybody. At home a man trusts his judgment. Here, if a fella gets lonely and wants to hear his own voice, the other fella runs."

This began a friendly talk. It developed that this engaging young man was in Europe on a most extraordinary errand. Almoner of a great fortune left by an eccentric uncle of French extraction, he was seeking worthy objects of benefaction, anywhere, but colleges, educational institutions chiefly. Tybo, interested, ultimately mentioned his alma mater. The suggestion was favorably received, the name noted. The end was a mutual display of confidence. Tybo walked alone around the block with the young man's fat pocketbook. In turn, he surrendered his, comfortably lined, for Frank Archer had financed him; the young man did not return.

Archer came with the report that the assassin had not been captured. "So far, so good. Now for *déjeuner*. I'm starving." He led the way to a restaurant in the Place St.-Michel. As they ate, the confidence man appeared.

"Give me a dollar, Frank," he said, grinning as he flung down Tybo's pocketbook.

Archer roared with laughter as he slapped Tybo on the shoulder. "Good sport!" He turned to his friend. "Bill," he cried, "I thought you hadn't turned up! He didn't peep."

Tybo, duly introduced to Mr. Bill Wallace, said, "Just to show your confidence, Mr. Wallace, let's see your wallet." He opened this and extracted the note which he had inserted when walking round the block. He read it aloud! "Archer has won."

"When you work up another sell," he told the two conspirators, "don't do it in a tailor's shop when a man is trying on. The looking-glasses see round corners."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAIN STREET AT THE METROPOLITAN

(Continued from Page 27)

It takes me about three weeks to learn a new rôle. At the same time I am usually working up a concert program and, of course, rehearsing. More than anything in my work, I love new rôles. By the end of the 1926–27 season I shall have sung in eight operas—Gilda in Rigoletto; Lucia in Lucia di Lammermoor; the Nightingale in Le Rossignol; Queen of the Night in Magic Flute; the Doll in Tales of Hoffman; Philine in Mignon; Princess in Coq d'Or and Rosina in Barber of Seville. I have no favorite rôle because I like them all so much.

My ambition was first definitely aroused when I was fourteen, I think; although when I was only ten, a Welshman, John R. Jones, had taken me into his choir and begun to give me vocal lessons. I also played the violin in those days, and my mother used to say it would be nice if Florence and I should some day go into high-class vaudeville, Florence to play the piano and I the violin, with mamma to chaperon us on the road.

Florence and I never talked much about the idea, but we might possibly have done it if things hadn't taken another turn. In fact, we had an appointment with a vaudeville agent and had to cancel it when we decided to go to New York. Both Florence and I always wanted to do something.

Looking back, I could hardly say just when people began to predict a singing future for me.

I was in church and Sunday-school choirs from the time I was five, and at fourteen I began to be asked to sing at public dinners and the like for pay, so that I sometimes earned as much as twenty-five dollars in an evening. This money I put away as the foundation of a study fund. I always was possessed with the idea of going to Italy some day.

Farewell to Kansas City

With all my wishing, though, I never counted much on it. I guess the Talleys are naturally a cautious family. None of us ever seems to look much farther ahead than the day and what it brings forth. We all have the feeling that what happens happens for the best, and so we never have worried much about the future. That is why we weren't overly excited about Mrs. Powell of the Star arranging for me to sing for Galli-Curci when she came to Kansas City in May, 1922. I was thrilled at the idea of seeing Galli-Curci and speaking to her, but not in the least bothered about singing before her.

I sang in Madame Galli-Curci's suite at the Muehlebach Hotel. I shall always remember how she looked, sitting way back on a deep overstuffed divan, dressed in a beautiful fluffy yellow chiffon afternoon gown and black velvet pumps trimmed in brilliants. She has lovely glossy hair and sparkling bright eyes. Florence played the accompaniment and I sang Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre, by Handel, and Knowest Thou the Land, from Mignon. My hair was down my back and I wore my best dress at that time—a henna-colored ratine trimmed with white collar, cuffs and belt.

When I finished singing, Galli-Curci said, "This child must go to Chicago or New York and study under a good teacher."

She said other kindly things, both to mamma and me, and we went home very happy.

It was in October of the same year that Madame Schumann-Heink came to town. I met her and she said she wanted to hear me sing. She was coming back in about two weeks to dedicate Masonic Hall, so she promised she would arrange to hear me then.

She had me up to her rooms at the Baltimore Hotel and was just as kind as Galli-Curci had been. She sat near by in a chair while I sang The Wren and Knowest Thou the Land, and when I had finished she patted my shoulder and cried a little. She, too, insisted that I ought to get away from Kansas City and study. After her visit the Star and some other friends began to plan a benefit concert for me.

At that stage things were happening so fast that even the unemotional Talleys once in a while forgot to eat breakfast because of their interest in the morning papers. These carried front-page stories about the people who were buying seats for the concert at prices of from one to a hundred dollars, and when the night of October seventeenth came—a date I am not likely ever to forget—we all got a genuine thrill out of finding Ivanhoe Auditorium packed to the doors, with standees, and everybody electric with excitement over my first really grown-up appearance.

Perhaps it was natural that I shouldn't feel any fear or stage fright that night. These were my home folks brought there by loving desire to help a little girl toward the attainment of her ambition. I sang the things I knew and loved best, and they seemed to like them too.

When the receipts were counted up they amounted to ten thousand dollars. I was surprised at the amount, and rather awed. It seemed like all the money in the world. I thought it would buy anything.

The very next month we came to New York. There were Mrs. Powell, mamma, papa, Florence and two friends, John T. Harding and J. A. Harzfeld, both of whom had been especially kind to us. New York is a wonderful experience the first time you come to it. Though we have always lived in Kansas City since I have been old enough to remember anything, I was really born at Nevada, Missouri, and before that, the family lived in Kansas. So you see we really are small-town people and I had never dreamed of anything like New York.

The tall buildings, the rush and noise of the Elevated railroads and Subways were exciting enough, goodness knows, but not to be compared for thrills with what immediately happened to us. The Star had evidently telegraphed of our coming, and right away our hotel was besieged by reporters and photographers. For the first few days we scarcely had time to eat or sleep, so busy were we with interviews and picture taking.

"Look this way," "Turn your head toward me," "Now smile for a close-up." I heard these directions so often that I am sure I was often grinning and posturing in my sleep just like the disappearing Cheshire cat in Alice in Wonderland

Then, to cap it all, came the news that an audition at the Metropolitan had been arranged. Strangely enough, I wasn't frightened. But by this time I was quite bewildered. So much had happened in such a short time that my head was like a merry-go-round. I had a wistful longing for the old quiet life at home. I didn't dream how long it would be before I should have it again.

The audition was really not so terrifying. It was held in the great empty Metropolitan Opera House, with Mr. Gatti-Casazza, director, Mr. Otto Kahn and others there to hear. I stood on the great stage and sang to the rim of faces I could see dimly out in front The Kiss, by Arditi, The Wren, by Benedict and Knowest Thou the Land.

Again I was surprised at the friendliness of people who had always been just big names to me. Mr. Kahn shook hands with us and talked most cordially. When I had finished singing he told mamma, papa and me that in three years the Metropolitan would be issuing salary checks to me. We appreciated his kindness, but never took seriously what he said. We hardly discussed it among ourselves, because we thought he was just being polite.

At that time I can honestly say that I never expected some day to sing in earnest at the Metropolitan. Perhaps other people had their hearts set on it for me, but none of my own family really believed it would happen or counted on it. Lots of people have auditions and nothing comes of it.

All the same, we felt I was a pretty lucky sixteen-year-old, what with so many people taking an interest and ten thousand dollars to spend on my voice. So at once mamma set about my education. The publicity stopped like an electric bulb suddenly burned out. Mamma, Florence and I found an apartment and settled down to real work. There had been some talk before this of sending me to New York alone and putting me in charge of a good family. Of course, mamma wouldn't hear to this for a minute. I don't suppose she would have slept nights if I had been so far away all alone.

The Opera Via the Box Office

She brought Florence on because she felt we would need help in carrying out our plans. Mamma went back and forth with me to my lessons and Florence took care of the house and did the marketing while we were gone. Then we all helped with the rest of the work. Perhaps it will be of interest to know how we lived during those first eighteen months. We had a three-room apartment in a section convenient for my lessons. We never spent a cent unnecessarily. We took advantage of sales in grocery and dry-goods stores. Rain or shine, hot or cold, we rode in the Subway; or if it was not too far we walked. We went to the opera occasionally in order that I might see the operas and hear the great artists.

During all this time we had absolutely no communication with the Metropolitan. It was as if the audition had never been, so far as we were concerned. For anything we knew to the contrary, they might have forgotten us entirely. That sometimes happens.

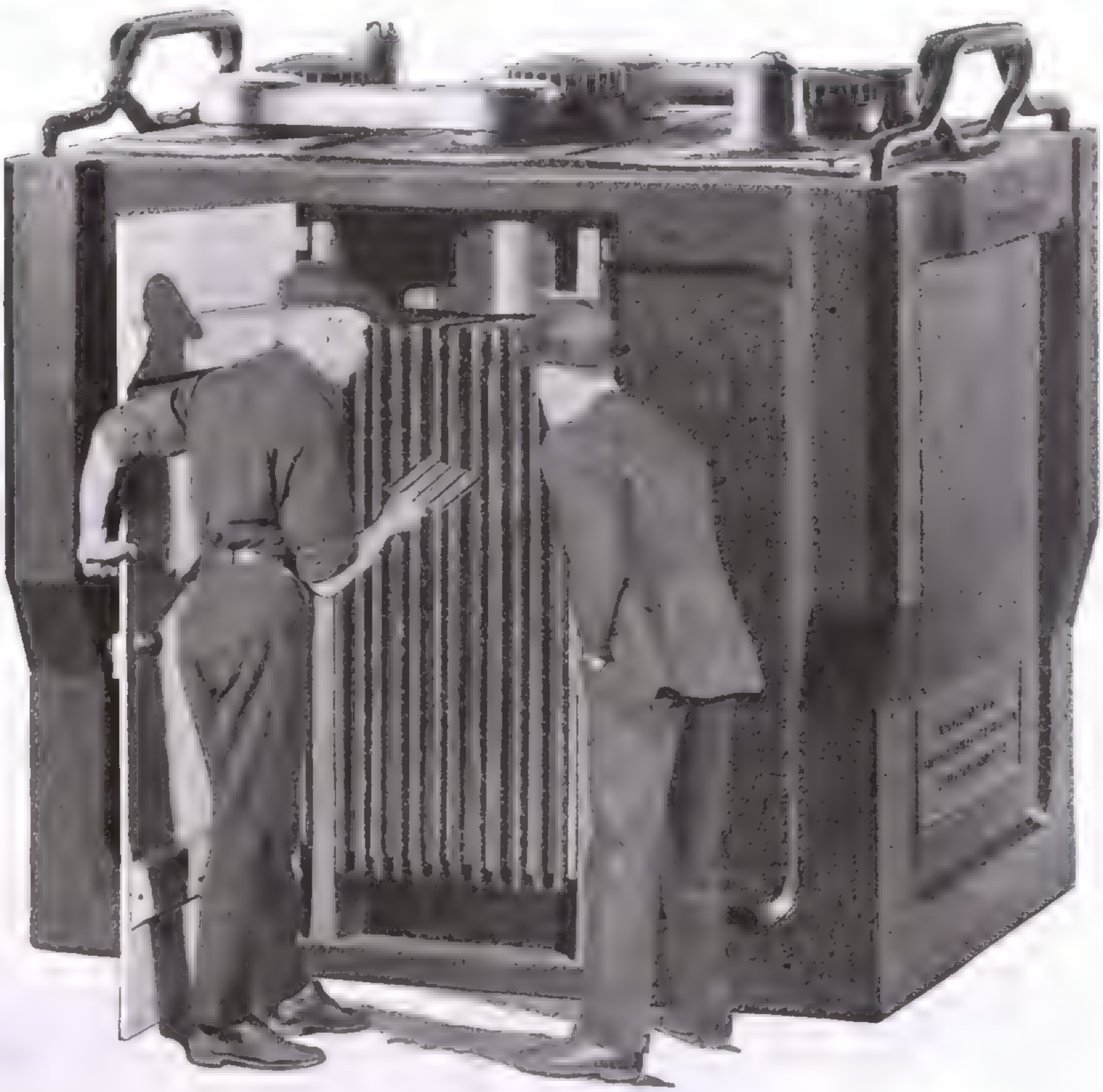
The only person around the opera house who seemed to know us was a boy in the box office. I suppose he had seen my pictures and recognized me from them.

Anyway when we would step up to the window to buy our tickets he would sometimes say to me, "Never mind, you'll be singing here one of these days, won't you?"

I thought he meant to tease me and used to get almost mad, but mamma always said

Continued on Page 181

If you could SEE



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Focused Heat will cook your meals *in* Double-Quick Time

This quicker cooking means a cooler kitchen— and fewer kitchen hours

COOK with *focused heat.* Save hours—and use them to do whatever you will.

Because of its famous *focused heat*, the wickless Florence Oil Range does your cooking more quickly than you ever thought cooking could be done on an oil range.

The Florence burner makes such cooking speed possible. This short, wickless burner is close up to the cooking—just 2½ inches below. But that's not all. Florence burners force air *inside* the flame, giving a quick and most intense clean heat. They focus the gas flame direct to the bottom of the cooking. All the heat goes into the cooking. None escapes to overheat the kitchen. The result is quicker meals at less cost and a kitchen always comfortable.

FLORENCE BURNER with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is focused on the cooking vessel. There is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from oil with heated air. Assures complete combustion and intense heat.

Capacious built-in oven— single giant burner

The Florence built-in oven is the latest development in oil range construction. Mantel and oven form one unit, which is permanently attached to the stove, making a modern, luxurious range that insures perfect results in top-stove and oven cookery.

No other oven embodies the special features that have made the Florence famous. The baker's arch at the top prevents heat pockets. The patented heat spreader at the bottom insures an even distribution of heat and guards against baking failures. There is a temperature dial in the door. The new single giant burner heats the oven—efficiently and more economically than the *two* burners formerly used. One burner is easier to control than two. And it leaves three burners free for top-stove cookery.

Full grid top—a special feature

The new Florence has a heavy grid top. This roomy top permits the use of several sets of utensils at once. Every inch of space is available—for boiling or frying over the red-hot flame, for simmering over the cast iron lids, or for warming at the back of the stove. Cooking vessels may be moved about freely without danger of spilling.

New Built-In Oven Model

Here is the beautiful new Florence Oil Range with the built-in oven. This stove is the latest development in oil range construction. It has new and striking improvements which make it the outstanding model of all oil ranges. Mantel and oven form one unit, which is permanently attached to the range. The single giant burner heats the oven efficiently and leaves three burners free for top-stove cookery. The deep, roomy grid top gives more cooking surface and permits cooking vessels to be moved about without spilling. Note the wide warming shelf at the top, the two convenient shelves at the bottom. There are cast iron lids for simmering, so designed that boiled-over liquids cannot interfere with the flame. This range comes in four-burner size only. See it at your dealer's. Standard Florence Models come in 2-, 3-, and 4-burner sizes with removable oven.

A beautiful stove

The Florence is good to look at, easy to operate, easy to care for. Its shining black and gray enamel and its symmetrical proportions make it a welcome decorative addition to any kitchen. Its sturdy frame will give years of faithful service.

Lights as easily as a gas range. No wicks to trim.

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E. W. French, [illegible]
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FLORENCE Oil Range

The stove with *Focused Heat*

(Continued from Page 177)

he was only being pleasant. Then we would both laugh at the good joke.

I worked hard at my French, Italian and music, but was so well taken care of by mamma and Florence that I throve on it. Indeed, it seemed more like fun than work. I am sure I must be a very fortunate person in that respect. It must be dreadful to have to plug at something you don't like. I even liked harmony and musical history—the dry bones of music, but exceedingly necessary for a stout structure.

After about eighteen months I felt that I should like to go to Italy for study. In spite of the fact that mamma had never stinted me for a moment when anything was required for my music, we still had part of the ten thousand dollars left. However, there was not enough for study in Europe, so we realized we would have to obtain additional funds. The simplest method seemed to be to give a concert, and we thought the best place to give it was back home, where they would be interested in whether I had improved or not.

Accordingly it was decided to give two concerts in Kansas City and two more were arranged in Kansas college towns—Lindsborg and Emporia. These concerts were to be at popular prices—in other words, not benefits.

Just when we were almost ready to leave for Kansas City another extraordinary thing happened. Fate has played such a strange part in our lives. This time it took the guise of a message from Mr. William Guard, publicity director of the Metropolitan. He said he hoped I would come in to see him soon and explained that he had got my address from a friend of ours whom he knew. It was just chance that he had seen this friend and he wouldn't have found us otherwise, for we had no telephone of our own.

We went to see Mr. Guard and he wanted to hear what I had been doing. Like everybody else, he was kind and encouraging. I told him I was going to sing in Kansas City and then go abroad for study.

"Before you go to Kansas City," he said, "be sure to come in and sing for us. We want to hear you again."

I thought that was nice of him, and mamma and I wondered if they would think I had improved much since the last time. We truly never dreamed that anything important would come of it. We just looked upon it as friendly interest.

Newspaper Statistics

It was therefore a great surprise when, after I had sung for Mr. Gatti, Mr. Guard and others, the Metropolitan offered me a contract for the next year. Well, then we did have a problem. I was only seventeen and felt elated at the offer. At the same time we thought I was far too young to accept any such proposal, and also I had my heart set on Italy. The end of it was that I decided not to accept.

We went back home and I gave my four concerts. The proceeds of these came to thirteen thousand dollars, which we calculated would be more than enough for the year of study abroad.

Right here I want to say that this thirteen thousand and the ten thousand dollars from the first Kansas City concert are the only sums of money ever raised for my musical education. So many stories have been told of the fabulous amounts supposed to have been collected in Kansas City that I should like to make this quite clear.

The latest report I have heard is that Kansas City spent a hundred thousand dollars to put me into the Metropolitan. I suppose this rumor arose from the figures of the newspaper statistician who estimated that the home folks who came on to New York in a special train for my debut spent about fifty thousand dollars for traveling, living and amusement expenses. If you add this amount to the twenty-three thousand dollars which was raised by concerts in Kansas City and the two Kansas towns, you will see that the exaggeration is only some twenty-five thousand dollars, except that, of course, the fifty thousand dollars wasn't really spent on me.

I love my friends and am appreciative of all they have done for me, but I do dislike distorted statements that make me seem extravagant.

In Italy I held no communication with the Metropolitan. Then by another queer twist of chance, in June, 1925, we met Mr. Gatti in a street in Milan. He said he would like to hear me sing. He arranged an audition on July second, and on July fourth I signed my contract. That was a real Fourth for us, even though we were way over in Italy.

Mr. Gatti bound me to secrecy, and so when we sailed back to this country we were not able to say a word about what had happened. This was embarrassing, for we went to Kansas City on a visit and everybody's first question was about the Metropolitan. Had I sung for the directors recently? Did I think I was likely to sing soon?

We had to evade these well-meant queries as well as we could, and our air of concealing something made people believe the worst. Pretty soon our friends were assiduously avoiding any mention of my prospects. They went about looking quite downcast in contrast to mamma, Florence and me, who were as chipper as possible.

A Nineteen-Year-Old Gilda

Finally a report went the rounds that my voice had been ruined in Italy, and the newspapers got hold of it. This was very bad, for the only way we could have denied that falsehood effectively would have been to tell the truth about the contract. However, we got through the waiting time somehow, and finally the announcement was made that I was really to sing at the Metropolitan.

The debut was February seventeenth and I sang Gilda in Rigoletto. I was just a little past nineteen, and to our surprise, the papers made a great deal of my first appearance. Again reporters and photographers, all friendly and sympathetic, camped on our doorstep.

You may well believe that I was now working harder than I had ever worked before in my life. I knew that rôle backward, forward and sideways before I had finished, and truly wasn't the least bit worried for fear I might not get through all right. By that I mean that I was not afraid I would be frightened and fail to sing at least as well as I could. What those who heard would think of it was something else again. My job, I felt, was just to do my best and leave the rest. I have never known stage fright, probably because I've sung ever since I could talk.

A good many people probably will think I am posing when I say that I am never nervous or upset when I sing in public, and especially when I insist that I wasn't in the least so on the night of my Metropolitan first appearance. Yet that is the absolute truth.

For two days before the great night I rested as much as I could and in general prepared myself for what I was to do. I saw no one on the final day—in fact, I never do when I am going to sing, although, on the other hand, I do not go around speechless or whispering. That seems to me silly and overcautious.

Mamma and I went to the theater at fifteen minutes of seven that night. She sat with me while I was being dressed in the long blue velvet gown of Gilda, with its laced bodice and puffed sleeves. When it was time for me to go out to sing she wished me luck and then sat down again and picked up the book of poems she had been reading—by Tennyson, I think they were.

She wasn't any more nervous than I was, because, of course, she had been to every rehearsal where I had done Gilda and had heard me sing the rôle several hundred times at home besides; so she knew exactly

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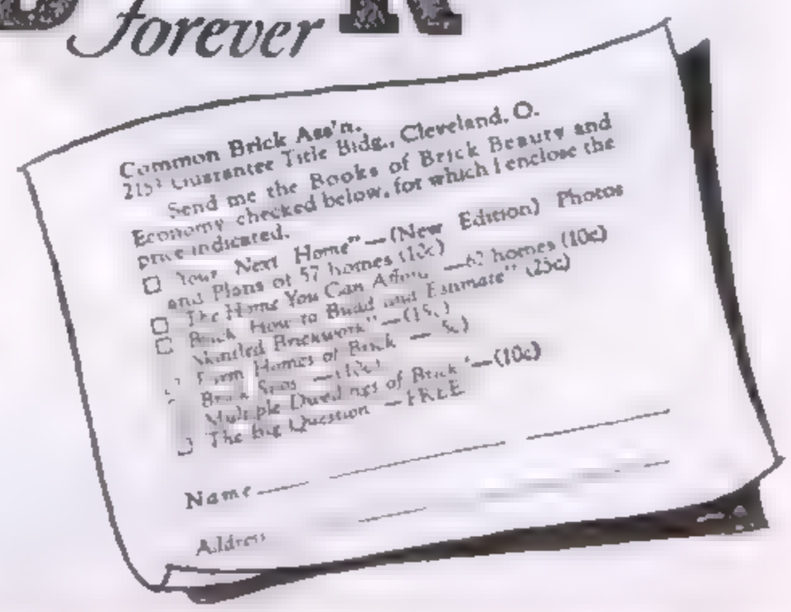
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how I would do it. When she had been sitting reading for a few minutes, one of the call boys tapped on the door and said, "Mr. Gatti wants to know if Mrs. Talley won't come out in the wings and hear Marion sing her first opera in the Metropolitan."

Mamma looked up from her book, keeping her finger on the line where she had left off and said, "N-no, I don't believe so," then went back to reading In Memoriam, or whatever it was.

We have laughed lots of times about that, although we didn't think anything of it then. I am afraid people thought we were awfully stupid to take such wonderful happenings so calmly. It wasn't that we didn't value them, but we just can't seem to get so excited as other people.

The audience that night was huge and enthusiastic—a marvelous audience for a beginner to have. A good many of those out front, I guess, were greatly relieved to have my debut over. Some of them told me afterward that they were bruising their fingers on the arms of their chairs and getting heart palpitation.

I know Mr. Gatti and Mr. De Luca were glad to have it over too. Mr. De Luca, with whom I had the most singing to do, was trembling, he was so frightened for me. And in the midst of all this, Florence and papa—he had come on from Kansas City with the special train—were sitting quite unaffected by the general to-do.

After the opera there was a great reception and, it seemed to me, dozens of photographers, all apparently genuinely glad that I had managed not to forget. Everybody was so kind that I went round in a sort of daze. Mr. Otto Kahn, for one, stayed for the entire reception, and when the photographers asked him he good-naturedly posed with me.

The Orchids in the Milk Bottle

We didn't get home until three o'clock, and when we turned on the lights in the living room, Tino, Lady and Jock, our three canary birds, burst into song. Yet, happy as we were, we all went straight away to sleep. We had had the greatest day of our lives, but were tired.

The next morning the telephone began to ring before any of us were up. The first caller was a newspaper girl, who came in before I had had breakfast or even combed my hair. Worse than that, after the wonderful evening, I had waked up with Klieg eyes, a swollen and inflamed condition that had come from the Klieg lights used by photographers. I could hardly see, and mamma combed my hair while the reporter interviewed us all. The house was filled with flowers of the day before. Like most families, we had few vases. In fact, we had then and have now only two. Since debuts come but once in a lifetime, it would have seemed foolish to buy a lot of vases just to use that time, so we had pressed into service almost every cup and bottle in the house.

In the confusion a most beautiful bouquet of rare orchids had been thrust into a milk bottle. The reporter didn't make any comment to us, but in her story she told all about the orchids in the milk bottle. This mortified mamma almost to death. She got more excited about it than she had about my debut. She was afraid everybody would think we didn't know what orchids were or how to take care of them. We pacified her and laughed at her, but I don't know that I blame her much for feeling that way. People get the strangest sort of ideas about anybody who is in the public eye at all.

Hard Work and Determination

Many interesting letters come to me from girls all over the world—girls as young or younger than I am who want to know what they must do to succeed. I wish I could tell them, but I realize that my own small success comes mainly through circumstances for which I can claim no credit. However, I know that hard work and the determination to make the most of every opportunity will help.

I do not believe a musical education is so expensive as people usually think. If you know how to buy economically, and if you haven't extravagant tastes, it can be done with a reasonably small amount of money in either New York or Chicago.

Many ask if it is worth it. I am still too young to tell. I only know that I am happy, though not satisfied, and probably never shall be that, because I want to be so much more accomplished than I am. To that end I gladly give up everything for work. Not everybody, maybe, would be willing to do that.

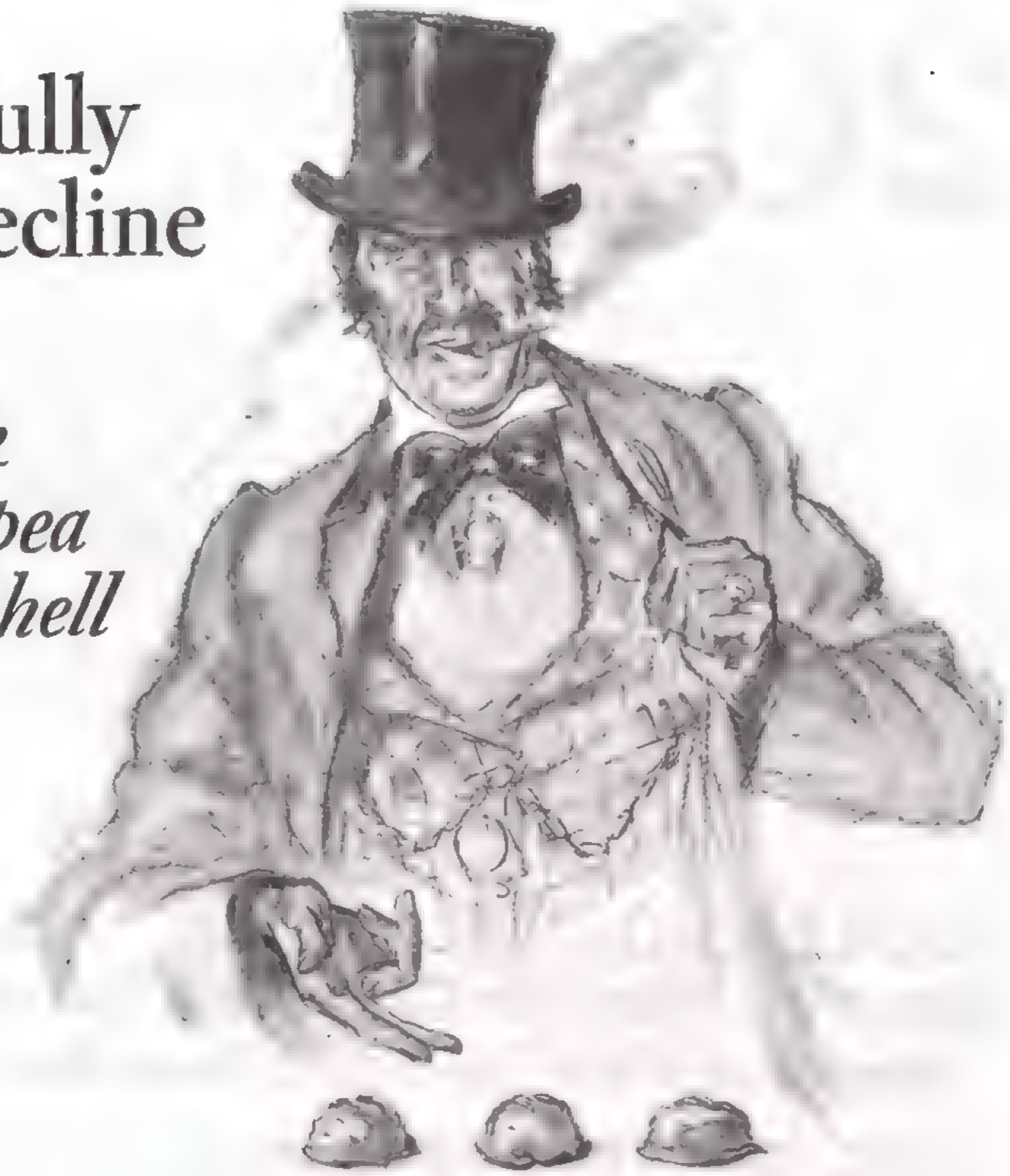
I am happy because I love to sing. Then, too, a little taste of fame is fun. I love to feel the friendly, pleased response of an audience. I like the kindly interest of people. I am looking forward to buying some day a nice farm where we can have a front and back yard and chickens.

Altogether I wish for many Miss Americas that they may know the happiness of being heroines of fairy tales just like mine, and I know that many will.

On the Indian Detour Near Santa Fé, New Mexico, Where Centuries Ago There Was a Center of Dense Population

How scornfully you would decline to try —

to pick the little pea under the shell



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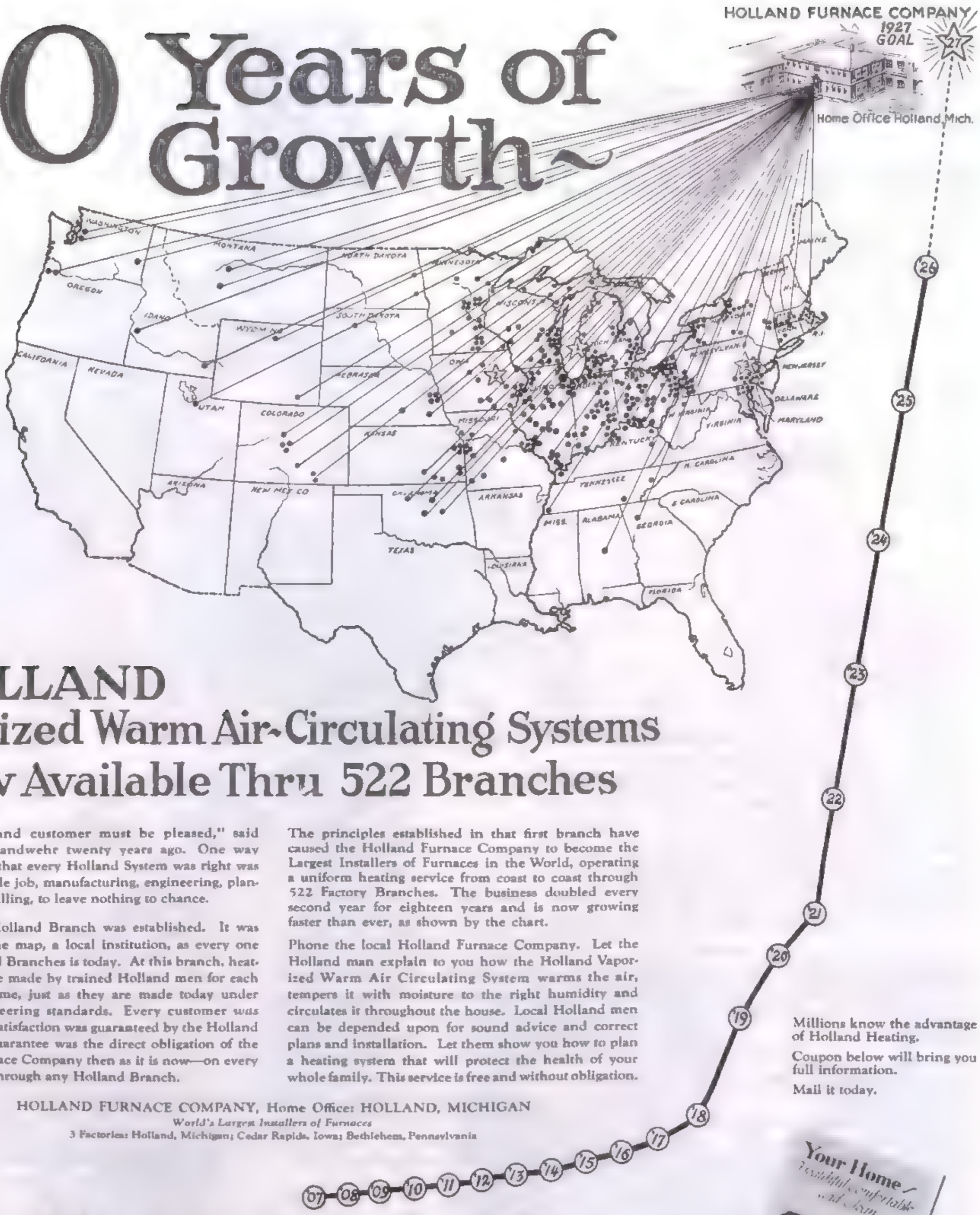

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INSIDE INFORMATION

(Continued from Page 17)

when everybody tried to talk about the tariff. Think, my dear, of devoting an entire evening to talking about the tariff. *(She emits a cascade of girlish laughter.)* Half the people at the dinner didn't know the difference between a tariff and nothing at all. Wasn't it priceless? Now we have everything to talk about, haven't we? China and Russia and Nicaragua and bootleggers and styles and Alice Longworth and Coolidge and everything. I tell Artemus that there's just one thing that I will not talk about, and that's the Dawes Plan. It's like that awful police strike up in Boston that Coolidge did or didn't have anything to do with, whichever it was. Nobody ever seems to know whether he did or not, and I wish somebody'd ask Coolidge about it sometime so as to get the matter settled, though goodness knows I don't care whether he did or not. Well, that's the way I am about the Dawes Plan. *(She takes a deep breath and loses the floor.)*

MRS. YELLING: Well, I've always wanted to ask about the Dawes Plan, and something always comes up so that I don't have time to. I wish somebody'd explain just what it is. (MAJOR FOZZICK *and* MR. BLUTT *clear their throats and look nervously at each other.)*

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: My understanding of the Dawes Plan ——

MR. BLUTT: Of course you know that Dawes had nothing whatever to do with the Dawes Plan.

MRS. MOODLE: I had understood that it was the work of Sir Josiah Stump.

MISS BRINK: Sir Josiah Stamp, not Stump, dear. Secretary Mugger says ——

MRS. MOODLE: Stump, I think, dear.

MR. BLUTT: That's all a great mistake. Sir Josiah Stamp was nothing but a crazy theorist. The man that wrote the Dawes Plan was Owen Young. Do you know Henry Bigginson, of the Consolidated Trust, out in San Francisco?

MAJOR FOZZICK: Is he the Bigginson that married one of the Van Sizzick girls?

MR. BLUTT: I don't know. President of the Consolidated Trust, he is. A fine man. White hair and very good-looking. Likes to shoot ducks.

MAJOR FOZZICK *(very slowly and thoughtfully):* I—don't—think—I—do. Bigginson? Bigginson? No; the name is familiar, but I don't seem to be able to place him. Is he a short fat man?

MR. BLUTT: No; he's tall and slender. A delightful chap. You'd like him.

MAJOR FOZZICK: Sounds very attractive. I'd like to meet him.

MR. BLUTT: Well, if you go to San Francisco, just go right in and call on him and say that I sent you. He'll be delighted to see you. Well, Bigginson is thoroughly familiar with European matters, because his son-in-law is connected with the embassy in Vienna. He told me in so many words that Stamp didn't have anything to do with the plan.

MRS. MOODLE: Well, the person who told me that Sir Josiah Stamp wrote the plan certainly was in a position to know what he was talking about. If I told you who it was, you'd recognize at once how authoritative it is. *(The* HON. JERMYN GRILSE *opens his mouth several times, preparatory to speaking, like a startled goldfish, but eventually gives it up as a bad job.)*

MR. BLUTT: I don't care how authoritative it is. If Henry Bigginson says a thing is so, then you can bet that it is so. He's a fine man, Henry is. He collects pistols. He's got more pistols, almost, than anybody else in the world. He must have eighteen or nineteen hundred pistols. I've known him to pay as much as fifteen hundred dollars for a pistol that was very finely made or had been used by a great man, or somebody, like the man that shot Garfield.

MISS BRINK: What Garfield was that, Mr. Blutt?

MR. BLUTT: Why, President Garfield, of course.

MISS BRINK: Well, I was just wondering. Was he shot or was it a bomb?

MR. BLUTT: Oh, he was shot, Miss Brink.

MAJOR FOZZICK: I think Miss Brink is right, Mr. Blutt.

MR. BLUTT: Really? It is possible, of course. By Jove, I believe it was a bomb! *(The gathering sinks into a contemplative silence, from which it is aroused by the cheering prattle of the hostess.)*

MRS. SAPPER: Another thing that I adore about Washington is the way that you're in the center of things when you're here. I often say to Artemus that it's the heart of the nation, sort of. Don't I, Artemus?

MR. SAPPER: You certainly do, Emma.

MRS. SAPPER: That's just what it is—the heart. In other places you can feel the heart beat, as you might say, but the actual beating is done in Washington, if you know what I mean. Here we know everything that's going on, sometimes before it happens. Out in Milwaukee or Indianapolis, or Western cities like that, the people don't know what has happened until long after it has happened, and even then they don't know very much. I heard a priceless story at the hairdresser's last week about a letter carrier who was shot in a place like that because the people out there didn't know the war was over and thought he was a Confederate soldier. Don't you love that? Artemus says it has whiskers on it, but I think it's priceless, just the same. I told Artemus just the other day that to live anywhere else after living in Washington would be just like nothing at all. Didn't I, Artemus?

MR. SAPPER: You certainly did, Emma.

MRS. SAPPER: I certainly did. And just look at what happened. Today, for instance, I was having my hair done down at the hairdresser's and Mrs. Jiffen came in to have a permanent and said that her sister's nephew was going to China on a secret mission for the State Department. Where else would you come in contact with a thing like that except in Washington?

MISS BRINK: What was his name?

MRS. SAPPER *(in complete bewilderment):* Whose name?

MISS BRINK: Why, the name of the nephew who is going to China for the State Department.

MRS. SAPPER: Oh, I don't know, dear. I think it was Cabot, or Casey, or something like that. Anyway, it was one of those regular State Department names with a sort of proud sound, if you know what I mean.

MRS. YELLING: It wasn't Hammerfelder, was it?

MRS. SAPPER: No, it was more like Ryerson or Kaulbach.

MISS BRINK *(reflectively):* I used to know a man named Gunsaulus in the State Department.

MRS. SAPPER *(doubtfully):* No, it wasn't that. I am perfectly terrible on names. I can remember a face for years, but names escape me. I suppose it's advancing years. *(She laughs merrily, and is joined politely by her guests.* MR. SAPPER, *however, toys silently and gloomily with a pallid fragment of canned asparagus.)*

MISS BRINK: You know, I think State Department men are awfully funny. So strange, sort of. I met one the other day who talked like an Englishman, and he only graduated from the Des Moines High School six or seven years ago.

MRS. YELLING: Yes, and they're so secret and important. You'd think they were getting ready to blow up Russia or something, instead of spending their time taking letters out of files and putting them back in again.

MAJOR FOZZICK: The trouble with most of the State Department men is that they don't know anything, and they have to act wise and mysterious so that people won't suspect them of it.

MR. BLUTT: I've wondered about that English accent myself. You never find anybody over in the Treasury Department breaking out with an English accent. It's only in the State Department that they get that way.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: Do you think, old chap, that possibly the Treasury Department might be improved if it altered its accent, what?

MRS. SAPPER: That's priceless! I love that!

MRS. YELLING: Speaking of blowing up Russia, what is happening over there? It seems only yesterday that Borah was making such a noise about recognizing Russia. What made him stop making all that noise?

MRS. MOODLE: I was told by somebody who is closely in touch with our foreign policy that Borah doesn't say anything about recognizing Russia because the topic doesn't have any advertising value. The newspapers don't care any more about the United States recognizing Russia than they would about somebody recognizing the Statue of Liberty, or something. When they get interested in Russia again, Borah will be interested too. That's the way I understand it.

MAJOR FOZZICK: Of course, I wouldn't want to be quoted on this, but I have it on the very best authority that Russia has been sounding out our State Department to find out whether we would recognize Russia provided Russia recognized our claims.

MRS. YELLING *(vaguely):* Oh, really? I didn't know about the claims.

MAJOR FOZZICK: Oh, yes, that's the crux of the whole matter.

MRS. YELLING: Really! Well, what are the claims?

MAJOR FOZZICK *(hurriedly):* They're claims for money—money that is owed to us, you know. But, of course our State Department must be very careful on account of the possibility of a great military alliance between Russia, Germany and Japan.

MRS. YELLING: Horrors! Do you think there's any possibility that my Albert will have to go to war?

MAJOR FOZZICK: How old is he?

MRS. YELLING: He'll be eleven next October.

MISS BRINK: Secretary Mugger told me a terribly interesting thing recently ——

MRS. MOODLE: I think that the idea of an alliance between Russia, Germany and Japan has been pretty much discredited in recent years. I have a number of friends who are thoroughly familiar with the Far Eastern situation, and they say that the only alliance to be feared is a Chinese-Russian alliance.

MRS. YELLING: What is the significance of that, dear? How would it affect my Albert?

MRS. MOODLE: I wouldn't worry about that, dear. You could have him learn to speak Russian and Chinese, and then you could be sure that when war came he would be put in charge of mules or typewriter supplies in this country.

MRS. SAPPER: Don't you love that? I think it's priceless!

MAJOR FOZZICK: You may be quite sure that there is nothing whatever in the story of a Chinese-Russian alliance—or, properly speaking, of a Sino-Russian alliance. In the light of history, which so frequently causes opponents in one war to become allies in the next war, we might expect a Sino-Japanese alliance; but I greatly doubt that any alliance of this sort may be expected. I am extremely close to a number of influential people who would inform me instantly if anything of that nature were in the wind.

MRS. MOODLE *(fretfully):* Well, haven't I been informing you?

MAJOR FOZZICK: Of course, dear lady; but I am somewhat skeptical of your sources of information.

MRS. MOODLE: Well, I got my information from somebody very, very prominent, but I promised not to tell. Confidentially, though, it was ex-Governor Alexander D. Killick, of Nebraskegon, who has traveled all over Europe and had an interview with Mussolini and everything.

MAJOR FOZZICK: My dear lady, you can't rely on anything Killick says. He wants to be our next ambassador to Bessarabia, and he has delusions of grandeur; and besides that, he doesn't know anything and never did know anything. Furthermore, there's no trick in interviewing Mussolini nowadays; the big job is to go to Rome and escape from it without being dragged in to interview Mussolini. I must still insist that your story of a Sino-Russian alliance sounds somewhat far-fetched to me.

MRS. SAPPER: Isn't it wonderful to be able to get such an insight into everything that's going on everywhere? I'm thrilled to death!

MISS BRINK: I don't see why they don't say Chinese when they mean Chinese, instead of saying Sino. It just doesn't make sense to me. And it makes things ever so much harder for papa and the other poor senators when they have to talk about foreign relations. It's bad enough when they have to try to pronounce one foreign word, but when they have two foreign words for the same thing, most senators are beaten before they start. I often try to teach papa how to pronounce *chargé d'affaires* or *fait accompli*, or some of these words that senators are all the time trying to use; but like all senators, he just won't pronounce anything right. Sometimes he slips and pronounces something right, and then he gets frightened to death and hurries back and mispronounces it. All senators are like that. I suppose they're afraid that somebody from home will hear them and think they're undemocratic if they pronounce any foreign word properly.

MRS. SAPPER: My dear, I quite agree with you. I get perfectly furious when people refer to George Bernard Shaw's ideas and theories as Shavian ideas and theories. It was years before I knew what they were talking about when they talked about Shavian things. I thought it had something to do with men's toilet articles. Don't you love that? It seems to me that this world is hard enough to live in, anyway, without making it so much harder with their old Shavians and Sinos and so on. I never did understand what was going on in China, and I suppose I never will. I wish someone would come along sometime and explain the whole business to me in a few words.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: Well, really, you know, the whole thing is quite simple, you know. Quite! Now—ah—what part of it would you like to know about?

MRS. SAPPER: Oh, any part at all. I imagine they all look about alike.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: Oh, quite! The thing to do, I fancy, would be to start with General Chang Kai-shek, the chap who commands the Cantonese Nationalist Armies, and Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the chap they call the war lord of Manchuria. Chang Tso-lin, you see, regarded the armies of Chang Kai-shek as rebels, whereas Chang Kai-shek didn't. Chang Kai-shek therefore started north with the idea of wresting the provinces of Northern China from the control of Chang Tso-lin and the other war lords, and Chang Tso-lin was unable to stop him. About this time the powers began to realize that he was not really a rebel.

MISS BRINK: Who wasn't?

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: Chang Kai-shek.

MRS. YELLING: Why wasn't he?

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: But he wasn't, don't you know! He just wasn't. Possibly I should go back ten or twenty years, what? It would clear things up a little better if I did, eh?

(Continued on Page 188)

LONG Wash

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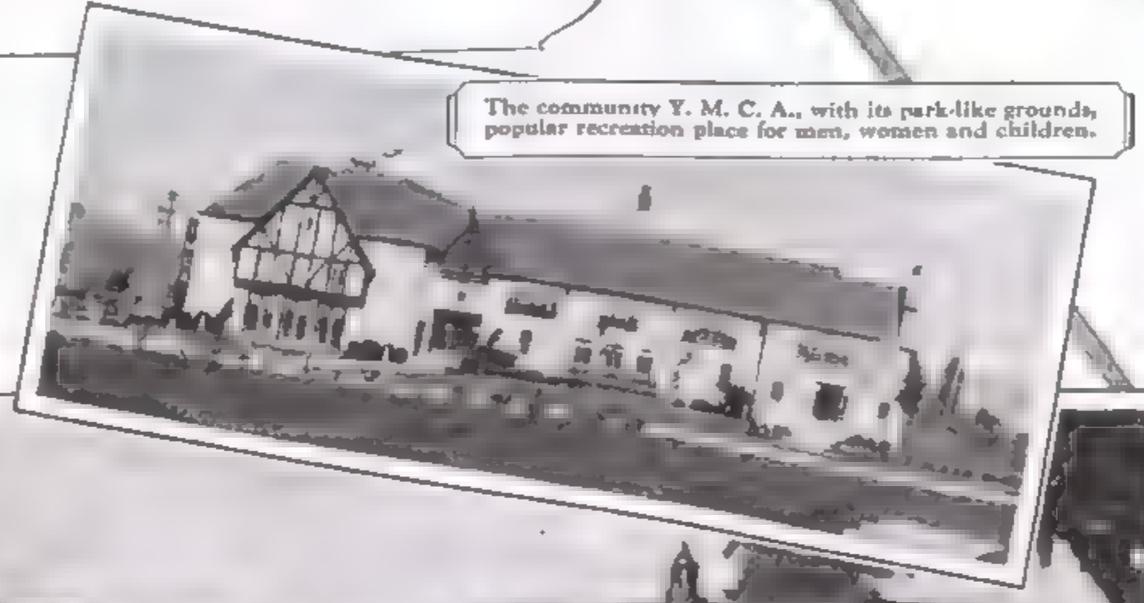

The community Y. M. C. A., with its park-like grounds, popular recreation place for men, women and children.

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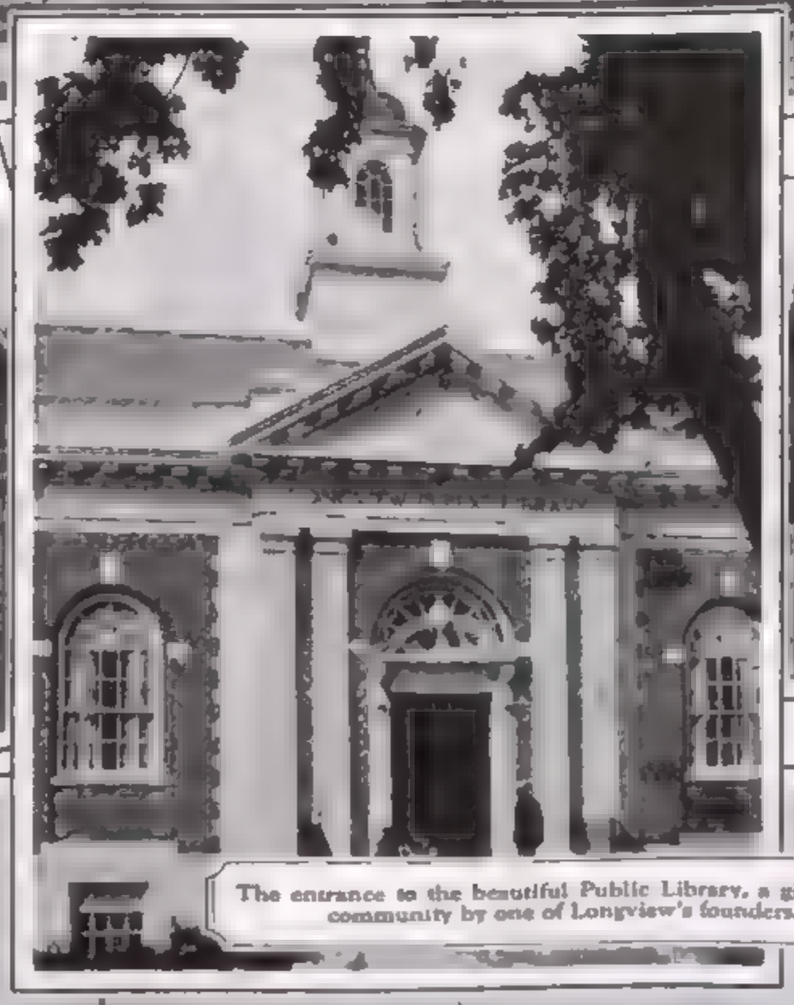

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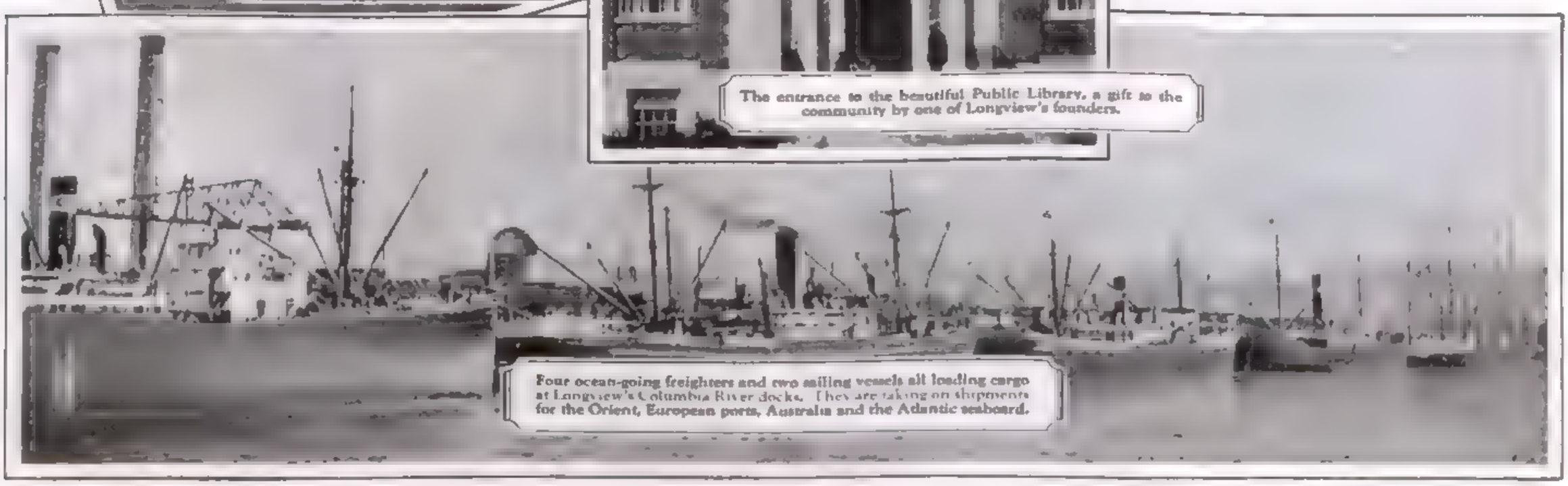

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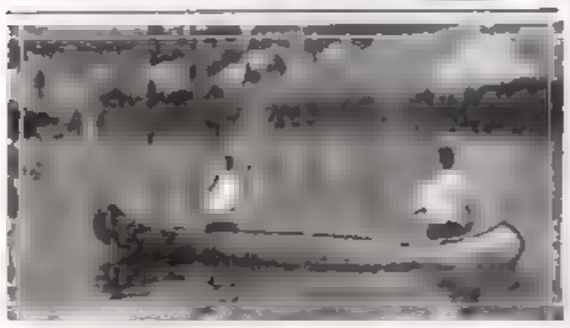

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DUBAN Awnings

(Continued from Page 185)

CHORUS of GUESTS: No, no, no! *(The* BUTLER *may be observed behind the serving screen, adding his voice to the general outcry.)*

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: There is one thing that should be understood, and that is that although Chang Kai-shek and Chang Tso-lin and the other war lords must be regarded as individuals when they are opposed to one another, they must be regarded as an entity when they are opposed to foreign nations. Do I make myself clear?

MISS BRINK: I knew a lovely little Chinaman who was coxswain of a Yale crew some years ago. Does anybody remember his name? It seems to me that it was something like Chang Kai-shek or Chang Tso-lin. I don't know, though; maybe I'm thinking of Ching Ling-foo. They all sound a great deal alike, I think.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE *(raising his voice in order to shut out* MISS BRINK*)*: In addition to this warfare between Chang Kai-shek and Chang Tso-lin, there were antiforeign outbreaks at Hankow and Kew-Kiang and Fu-chau; and into the matter enters the unfavorable report of the extraterritoriality commission, and the question raised by China's abrogation of the Sino-Belgian Commercial Treaty of 1865. The Sino-Belgian Treaty was one of the products of the first and second periods of Western aggression against China, and ——

[A series of gauze curtains falls slowly, gradually obscuring the stage and deadening the voice of the HON. JERMYN GRILSE. *After remaining down for one minute to indicate the lapse of a quarter of an hour, they rise again, disclosing the* HON. JERMYN GRILSE *still talking.* MR. SAPPER *has fallen asleep, but awakens when the* BUTLER *unobtrusively drops a salad fork on his head.*

HON. JERMYN GRILSE *(continuing with unimpaired vigor)*: If China should refuse to submit the case to the World Court, would it have compulsory jurisdiction *ipso facto*, or would it not? Probably not; and modern thought will doubtless condemn all the unequal treaties by which China was forced to grant unilaterally consular jurisdiction, tariff control and most-favored-nation treatment.

MRS. SAPPER: I think that's perfectly thrilling. I just adore Chinese things. I bought a beautiful piece of jade once at Atlantic City for eight dollars, and a jeweler that I took it to last year said that it was worth a hundred and fifty. It's sweet of you, Mr. Grilse, to make everything so clear to us. It makes me want to go to China and be captured by bandits and undergo hardships and everything. I suppose mandarin coats are very cheap over there, now that everybody is a bandit or a marshal or something, and wears genuine pants.

HON. JERMYN GRILSE: I really couldn't say, but I rather fancy they are.

MRS. YELLING: Well, all I hope is that they all kill each other off over there and down in Mexico before my Albert gets dragged into any war. I'm just frightened to death of Mexico. Somebody is always getting killed down there and nobody ever does anything about it, and the first thing that anybody knows they'll get to thinking they can kill anybody they want to and somebody'll have to fight. I think it's perfectly terrible. I don't see why they don't get a new Senate that wouldn't want to arbitrate everything that ought to be fought over and fight over everything that ought to be arbitrated.

MISS BRINK: I think that is very unfair, Mrs. Yelling. Just look at the way that Senator Reed fights over everything. He'd be willing to investigate anything, from the reason that the ocean gets rough down to how senators can stay fat in Washington on ten thousand dollars a year. He doesn't want to arbitrate much of anything.

MRS. SAPPER: Are you talking about that sweet Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, dear?

MISS BRINK: No, dear; I'm talking about Jim Reed, of Missouri. A lovely character, too, dear; very hard-boiled and always growling about something in a perfectly fascinating manner.

MRS. SAPPER: Do you think that Reed is sincere?

MRS. MOODLE: I think he is lovely. He has the sweetest white hair! Do you think he can ever be President, Major Fozzick?

MAJOR FOZZICK: I will tell you a very interesting thing about that, in the strictest confidence. This must not be repeated, under any circumstances. As you all know, Coolidge is becoming very unpopular everywhere in the country.

MRS. MOODLE: That isn't my understanding, major. Some of the best informed people have told me that Coolidge is as popular all over the country as he ever was.

MAJOR FOZZICK *(tolerantly)*: Well, we won't quarrel about that, dear lady. My understanding is that he is becoming more and more unpopular, and that the Democrats have a better chance to elect a President next year than they have had in a long time. Of course, if McAdoo and Smith get to fighting the way they did last time, the whole Democratic Party will be ruined again and nobody will get anything out of it.

MISS BRINK: I don't see what's the matter with that man McAdoo. Doesn't he know that nobody wants him around the convention? I just hate to see his picture in the paper even!

MRS. YELLING: Oh, I don't know, dear. He has rather a clean-cut face. What I don't like about him is the way he grins when he has his picture taken in cowboy clothes.

MAJOR FOZZICK: Well, as I was saying, everything will be ruined if they get to fighting again. There is a large group of international gamblers in Chicago that has made a practice of doping race horses and prize fighters before big sporting events, and this group realizes that it has a wonderful opportunity to make a lot of money on the next presidential election. Consequently it has arranged to dope both McAdoo and Smith before the next Democratic convention. This will make it possible to nominate Reed before the others know what has happened, and so the gamblers will make a killing

MRS. SAPPER: How perfectly thrilling! That's what I mean about living in Washington. You could live in South Bend or Albuquerque all your life and never hear a word about anything like that. Oh, and that reminds me. This is confidential, of course. I was having a few little things done at my hairdresser's today and she told me that Senator Riddish is up at Mrs. Hoick's house every day. She said that her cousin works in a broker's office and told her that Mrs. Hoick bought five hundred shares of Breakfast Food Common two days before the Senate investigating committee announced its finding on the Breakfast Food Trust. You know, Riddish was on that committee.

MISS BRINK: Secretary Mugger told me a new one on Coolidge the other day. He said that Coolidge had been to church alone and when he came back Mrs. Coolidge asked him ——

MRS. SAPPER: Oh, that's the one about being against it, isn't it? Didn't you love it? I think it was priceless. Let's have our coffee in the other room, shall we? *(She rises, and her guests animatedly follow her example.* MISS BRINK *may be observed frothing at the corners of the mouth with rage. They troop toward the door, R, and exit.)*

MR. BLUTT *(as he goes out)*: A most interesting dinner! So instructive! Major Fozzick was never shell-shocked, was he?

MR. SAPPER *(bringing up the rear of the procession)*: No; he has always lived in Washington. That's the way they get. *(He goes out.)*

[The BUTLER *draws the curtain between the dining room and the living room, and as he does so,* MAJOR FOZZICK'S *voice is heard in the distance, saying,* "The only trouble with him is that he doesn't know anything."

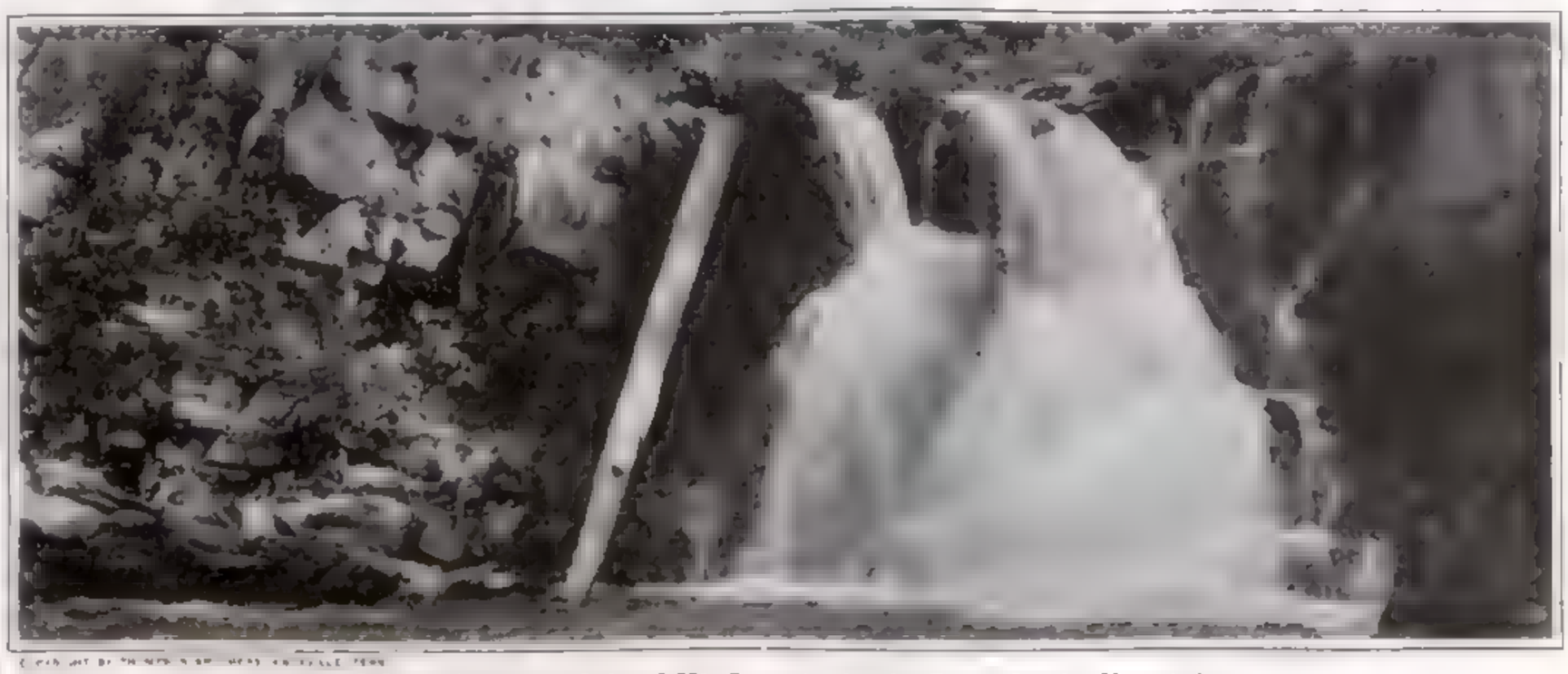
The BUTLER *crosses to pantry door, L, and shouts through it.*

BUTLER: Hey, Mike. *(The* COOK *enters in a white cap and apron, drops into a chair at the disordered table and helps himself to a cigar and a piece of cake.) (Angrily)*: Did you hear what those poor fish said about Reed having a chance against Coolidge? Why, say, I got it straight from headquarters that Coolidge will be elected by a greater majority than he had last time. On the level, I need a soda mint every time I hear those guys talk.

COOK *(licking his fingers reflectively)*: Don't bet too much dough on it, Ed. I got some good friends in the know. You'd be surprised if I told you where this comes from, but it was confidential. The dope is Lowden, Ed. Coolidge hasn't got a chance.

BUTLER *(hopelessly)*: I'm going to get a job in Seattle.

CURTAIN



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HOTHOUSE

(Continued from Page 21)

The hundred-gallon permit with which Honeytone was armed carried the day in spite of a wave of suspicion aroused by the nature of the transaction, and within the hour the Universal Aroma Company's stock of raw material was safely housed in its newly rented factory. When the last five-gallon can of alcohol had been unloaded from the touring car, Honeytone breathed his relief in a deep sigh: "Whuf! Dat's dat. Dis manual labor is mighty tryin' on de constitution."

"Trouble wid you, Honeytone, is you don't git enuff exercise."

"Wid a brain like Ise got, I don't need exercise. You work all night an' makes a measly thousan' dollars shootin' craps. Figger out how much us makes wid dis bizness."

"How much does you aim to charge fo' dis Aroma at retail?"

"Aims to 'naugurate a slidin' scale, dependin' on how much de boy craves his cosmetic. Oveh at de Hothouse Club de prices is doubled afteh nine o'clock."

"Thought you said de dues 'cluded de Aroma."

"In de strick sense of de word, so it does. Smellin' de Aroma th'ough de nose costs a dollar, but does enny member crave to fumigate his stummick wid internal applications, de liquid Aroma costs him two bits a throw. At dat rate us cleans up close to five thousan' dollars on de fust dividend. Figger dat out, Wilecat, an' den you sees de power of mind oveh matter."

"I says it is."

"An' recolleck, boy, dis 'ficial permit calls fo' de same amount ev'y week."

"Looks like a gol' mine to me, Honeytone, 'less somethin' goes wrong."

"Nuthin' ain't gwine to go wrong. Us is steppin' high on de road whut leads to de end of de rainbow. Come along now an' us circulates round an' spreads de news 'bout de grand openin' of de Hothouse Club t'night. Got to turn out de Junipers an' de Vi'lets fo' de grand rally."

Beginning at the Feenix Barber Shop, Honeytone sowed his first handful of propaganda seed, which, sprouting in the fertile soil of exaggeration, gave promise of a premature harvest. Before he had visited his fifth center of brunet population the news was there ahead of him. The promoter learned that the stampede toward the Hothouse was timed two hours ahead of the scheduled opening. "Festivities starts at six o'clock," an innocent bystander informed him.

"Thought de openin' hour was eight o'clock," Honeytone returned.

"Newcomer, mebby dey opens somethin' at eight o'clock, but de main eleet of de colored world is gwine to be dere long before dat."

Quietly, to the Wildcat, Honeytone remarked the futility of trying to delay the event: "All us kin do is start de ball rollin' when de folks gits dere, Wilecat."

"De sooner de quicker," the Wildcat agreed. "Looks like it's gwine to be a mighty busy time. We'd betteh git over dere an' he'p Demmy 'range dat Hothouse fo' de grand rush."

"Looks like dat's de best us kin do. De tidal wave is rollin' our way."

"Sho is, Honeytone. Leave us hope de gold wateh stays deep."

"Leave us hope it don't git too deep," Honeytone countered, climbing into the ponderous touring car. "Us kain't git no mo' of dat industrious alcohol on de permit till nex' week. De way folks is talkin', mebby dey won't be mo' dan a few whiffs of Aroma fo' each charter member. Hate to have dis fust grand openin' die on my hands 'fore closin' time come."

"Mebby us kin dwindle it along wid some rough-an'-ready volunteer cab'ret."

"Middlin' good scheme, boy. Does de Aroma fade too sudden, us instigates some volunteer vod-vil wid prizes like de white folks does. Prizes fo' de best dances, prize fo' de best song bird, an' things like dat. Soon's we git to de Hothouse I he'ps Demmy. You betteh go 'long to de warehouse whah us parked de Aroma an' dat Sho Fire pump an' git de tanks filled up ready fo' action. You knows how dey works—take de plug out an' fill it up is all dey is to it, jus' like fillin' a gasoline tank on a auto'beel, 'ceptin' de Sho Fire tank holds fifty gallons of Aroma. An' don't fergit to fill de gas tank on dat Sho Fire. Pump ain't no good 'less de engine runs it."

"I fixes ev'ything, Honeytone."

"Soon's you git it rigged up," Honeytone advised, getting out of the firm's touring car in front of the Hothouse, "git along back here. Us finishes de plans fo' de big night. You betteh fetch three dozen mo' glasses wid you."

"I brings 'em, Honeytone. Tell Demmy Ise bringin' him some moral support on my return trip."

At five o'clock, following the heroic labor of the Supreme Rake and his two associates, the Hothouse was ready for the first harvest. In the kitchen, anticipating a preliminary demand for food before the festivities of the evening began, a coal range radiated billowing waves of heat. On a table in a corner of the kitchen stood a dishpan loaded with Hamburger steak. "'Less it's po'k chops, dey ain't nuthin' quite so gratifyin' as loose meat," the Wildcat commented as he began the construction of a trio of Hamburger sandwiches. "Raw or cooked, it sho soothes de human stummick."

"'Specially when floated down de neck on a good slug of Aroma," Demmy added, helping himself to a generous sample of the liquid which he was mixing at the sink.

"Ain't it de truth! How you mixin' dat Aroma, Demmy?"

"Same like Honeytone said—fifty-fifty. Soon's you gits dat sandwich absorbed, Wilecat, you betteh go out an' start de pump goin'. Us ain't got but five gallons mixed, an' f'm de looks of things de grand rush gwine to need mo' dan dat."

When the Wildcat's sandwich had disappeared he walked out of the Hothouse to where the Sure Fire, trailing the big touring car, was parked at the curb. He started the pump and returned to the interior of the Hothouse, dragging behind him a length of half-inch hose which led to the Aroma reservoir. Arriving at the kitchen—"Heah you is, Nozzle. Whah at does you crave yo' cloud-burst?"

"Squirt me five gallons in dis wash boiler. I mixes up anotheh ten gallons of refreshment fo' de Vi'lets an' de Junipers, an' den, fur as I kin see, us is ready fo' de ruckus." Turning to the promoter of the enterprise—"Is dey ennythin' else us is got to do befo' de grand openin' begins to commence, Honeytone?"

"Soopreem Nozzle, dey ain't nuthin' further dat I kin see. You an' de worthy esteemed Cloud-burst is done noble. Dem jazz-band boys ought to git heah in de nex' few minutes. Hand me a goblet of dat Aroma an' den set down an' rest yo' bones."

With Honeytone, the Wildcat gulped an invigorating draft of Demmy's concoction. "Whuf! Dat Aroma is mighty hard to despise. Dat's de most 'vigoratin' cosmetic I evah see. Ol' Rake, Ise mighty glad you come promotin' round wid yo' projeck. How much cash harvest did you say us is gwine to reap outen dis bizness?"

Without stopping for conditional clauses—"De proficks is easy gwine to run a thousan' dollars a week. Reach dis empty oveh to de Soopreem Nozzle. I hates to git up."

"You means a thousand fo' me an' a thousand fo' you an' a thousand fo' li'l' ol' Nozzle?"

"Dat's whut I means, Cloud-burst. Mebby it doubles dat amount when de family trade gits goin'."

"Ol' Soopreem Rake, heah's hopin'! Whuf! Wid a thousan' dollars comin' in ev'y week, dey ain't no reason why I kain't give way to de still small voice in my bosom whut keeps askin' an' askin' fo' things an' whut I is denied fo' lo dese many years."

"Whut yo' still small voice crave de most?"

"Fust off I gits me six pairs of yaller shoes, each one mo' yaller dan de otheha. Den I gits me some good substantial socks, sort of bull-blood color, heavy-like, so de feet don't fade away whilst you walks an' leave yo' toes nekkid. I gits me two suits of clothes fo' ev'y day in de week. Brown suits an' green suits an' cinnamon-colored suits, stripe' suits, check' suits wid visible checks. Gits me some shirts widout no funeral color. Gits me some neckties an' gold collah buttons. Gits me a box of seegars an' a dozen cans of sardeen fishes. Gits me a auto'beel wid a boy to drive it an' half a dozen plug hats so when one blows off in a wind storm I don't need to run it down. Gits Lily a velvet suit. Gits me a mighty fine house to live in, wid two front do's so does I come home late an' my wife is waitin' at de front do' I don't have to go round de back. Aims to git me a wife. Ain't no place like home. Raises me some chillun. Sends 'em to school an' dey grows up able to take care of dey pappy, so all I does is set in de garden an' ponder how noble Lady Luck is booned me. Oveh an' above dat, quick as I wears my teeth out eatin' rich rations, I gits me some made outen fust-class gold. . . . Whut you gwine git, li'l ol' Nozzle, when de money comes rollin' in?"

"You means me?" Demmy opened his eyes and blinked heavily. "Come on in de front room away f'm de heat of dis stove whilst I tells you whut I does wid my income."

Following Demmy's lead, the Supreme Cloud-burst and the promoter of the enterprise retreated from the torrid zone, stopping only long enough to indulge in a stirrup cup of the last batch of Aroma. Demmy trailed his two companions, carrying with him a two-gallon bucket filled to the rim with Aroma.

Leaving the kitchen, "Soopreem Cloud-burst, whut 'bout yo' mascot goat?" he inquired.

"Lily be all right in de kitchen. Goat likes heat. Th'ow Lily dat wrappin' papeh de loose meat come in. Ain't nuthin' dat mascot relishes mo' dan butcher papeh flavored wid meat."

When the trio were seated at ease with the two-gallon bucket of Aroma in the center of the triangle—"Go ahead, Demmy, wid yo' revelation of de pussonal future you craves." The Wildcat settled down in his chair and draped his ears into a listening position.

Demmy's eyes rolled east and west, and when the heavy lids had settled over them—"Fust of all, 'stead of gittin' me a wife like de Soopreem Cloud-burst aims to, de fust luxury I indulges in is a divo'ce f'm one Ise got. Wid dat settled so I ain't skeered to go no place, I buys me a railroad ticket down to my ol' home in de South. When I gits to de town whah I was raised I tells de folks howdy, an' all dey says is, 'Pore li'l' Demmy, heah he is back ag'in.' Den I tells all dem boyhood friends my pussonal opinion of dem an' my sunny Southe'n home. Tells it to 'em f'm a airplane so I kin git a good start when dey finds out my real sentiments. Tells de airplane boy, 'Keep a-goin' crost de ocean.' Does he say which ocean, I tells him, 'Neveh min', boy, wid dem questiums—enny ocean suits me jest so long as it's a ocean.' I 'rives in some strange land an' de police folks says, 'Who is you?' I tells 'em Ise de Prince f'm Africa. When dey says how is you, prince, I tells 'em middlin' healthy but mighty dry, an' whah is all de wild wimmin? Soon's dey takes me to de leadin' rest'runt I begins to make up fo' de fun Ise lost durin' de last ten years. Kain't say jest zackly whut I buys, but if money kin buy it, I gits me six of each. . . . Dip me dis glass in dat Aroma, Wilecat; you's de closest."

Turning to Honeytone, "Whut you gwine to do wid de gross income, ol' Soopreem Rake?" the Wildcat asked when he had supplied Demmy's demand for refreshment.

Honeytone, by this time soggy with Aroma, yawned mightily and put his face through a series of contortions as a preliminary to speech. "Friends an' fellow men," he began in an oratorical tone, "I is proud of de opportunity you accords me dis evenin' to prognosticate my pussonal c'reer as augumented by de wealth dat threatens me at de presump time. Endowed wid de advantages dat shall accrue f'm de golden flood, fust off I organizes de colored body politic into a free group of voters whose minds is sot on de one esteemed ambition of drapin' de halls of Congress in de capital of dis great an' glorious nation wid de humble tribute of my fragile form, clothed with a Prince Albert coat an' authority to ack as dey represen'tive. F'm den on, governed by discretion an' wid my c'reer modified by de dicktates of equity, I strives to obtain fo' my constituents de standin' of equality to which Nature an' Nature's god entitles ev'ybody.

"Short hours an' high wages fo' ev'y voter is my motto. An' lastly, when de proud ambitions of my secret heart has been 'complished, an' when I is swep triumfump down de mileage of my return journey to whah my friends await me, safe in my inside pocket would be a mighty grand war pension fo' my two friends, Demmy an' de Wilecat, along wid 'pointments f'm de Gov'ment givin' 'em pummanent lifetime jobs travelin' around inspectin' things, such as dinin'-car service, de likker traffic, is hotels feedin' dey guests enuff good vittles, an' how social is de genteel colored folks in all de big cities of dis great land. Along wid de papers goes a gold badge set wid diamonds an' a saah, an' ev'y time you come to a big town to inspeck ennythin' a military band meets you at de depot wid ——"

"Whut dat?" The Wildcat's nose wrinkled in an effort to define a strange odor which had assailed it. "Whut dat smell?"

Demmy sniffed, and then, quickly—"Smells like goat hair. Mebby dat mascot is et some matches."

"Goat ain't fur-lined wid hair on de inside, Demmy. Smells mo' like my coat."

A thunderous knock sounded on the front door of the Hothouse. "Dat's de fust delegation of Junipers an' Vi'lets. Soopreems, see whut dat smell is whilst I welcomes de 'nitial customers."

While Demmy and the Wildcat continued in the direction of the kitchen, sniffing along the route to maintain contact with the intangible trail, Honeytone turned and entered the hallway of the Hothouse.

At the far end of the hallway the first heavy knocking on the panels of the door had given place to a thunderous alarm. "Ise comin', Junipers. Jest a minnit, Vi'lets an' Junipers, an' I lets you in!"

The front door of the Hothouse was equipped with a spring lock, and as a moral support for the lock, above it and below, two good old-fashioned bolts were set. While Honeytone's fumbling fingers, tingling to the tips as a result of the potent samples of Aroma which he had engulfed, labored with the stubborn mechanism on the door frame, the reverberating alarm from without was suddenly increased by a wild yell from the far end of the hall, where, striving for first place in a galloping race, the Wildcat, the Supreme Nozzle and the mascot Lily clattered toward him.

"Lemme out of heah!" The Wildcat's voice rang above the maudlin chorus. "Come along, Demmy!"

"Ise comin', Wilecat! Bust right th'ough dat Honeytone when you gits to him. My tail feathers is scorched."

(Continued on Page 195)

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For unpleasant breath gargle the mouth with a little Astringosol in water.

It Does More

Why is Astringosol so much more discouraging to unpleasant breath than ordinary Mouth Washes? Because Astringosol is concentrated. Because it can be used stronger. Because its range of strength is greater. Because it stops unpleasant breath odors from BOBBING UP AGAIN after a little while.

Why is Astringosol more than a Mouth Wash? Because it is more than an antiseptic. Because it cleanses the throat and stimulates its tissues to resist colds or tonsilitis. Because if used in full strength on your moist tooth brush it actually KILLS normal mouth bacteria. Because dentists use it in full strength to destroy the most dreaded of all mouth bacteria. It can be used for the prevention of Pyorrhea also.

It Tastes Better

Astringosol tastes agreeably, not medicinally—it reminds you of a favorite fountain drink. Add a few drops to a little water and notice the pleasant, milky opalescence—the result of CONCENTRATION. That will fix unpleasant breath for a long time. Your mouth will feel a delightful tingle afterward. Use in such dilution as suits your taste.

For bad breath night and morning.

As a safeguard against colds spray the throat twice daily.

It Costs Less

Where you POUR out an ordinary Mouth Wash you DROP out Astringosol—it comes in a special dropper bottle. Where you use thirty drops of Astringosol you need twenty to thirty times as much of an ordinary Mouth Wash. And as Astringosol goes much further, it actually costs less.

To Bathing, and Cleaning the teeth, now add the Third Great Health Habit —ASTRINGOSOL your mouth each night and morning.

FREDERICK STEARNS & COMPANY
Established 1855

WINDSOR Canada · DETROIT U. S. A. · SYDNEY Australia

Use Astringosol twice a day—

Visit your dentist twice a year.

For a free three day sample of Astringosol write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 22, Frederick Stearns & Company, Detroit, Mich.

Name

Address

City

Produced by the makers of ZYMOLE TOOTH PASTE

ASTRINGOSOL

STEARNS CONCENTRATED ANTISEPTIC

DOES MORE · COSTS LESS · TASTES BETTER

Liquid Granite

floor varnish

Years prove it wears

THIS painting by one of America's leading artists gives an intimate glimpse into a famous ancestral home of the Old South where Liquid Granite Floor Varnish has been used for generations.

Time has worked many changes but it has not dimmed the beauty of a floor that has been danced on, worked on and played on for nearly 70 years.

The floor has been the legacy of mother to daughter through succeeding generations—just as the secret of making Liquid Granite has been a priceless heritage from father to son.

The Liquid Granite you buy and use today is made by descendants of varnish makers brought to this country by Thomas and Joseph Berry before this floor was finished. To them it is a tradition and trust—an honor and a distinction.

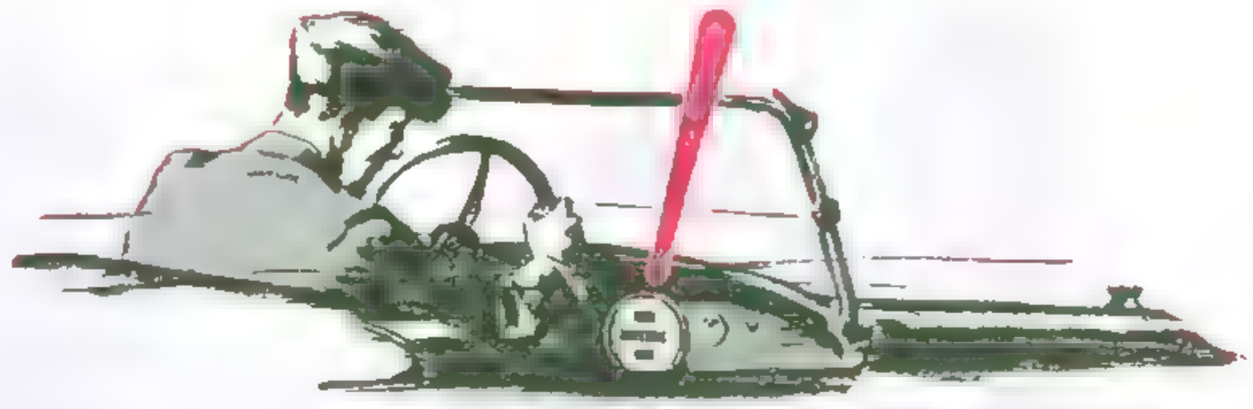
Here is the kind of varnish you need on your floors. Years prove it wears. Buy it from a Berry dealer near you.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Detroit, Mich. *Walkerville, Ont.*

Liquid Granite

London, S. E. 15, Hatcham Road at Old Kent Road; Paris, 54 Rue de Paris Charenton; Berlin, W 9, Potsdamerstrasse 13; Turin, 10 Via Arcivescovado



Your Speedometer talks

about sealing the power in your car's cylinders

FOR your engine you want good oil, to be sure . . . *But* you *also* want correct lubrication . . . the exact oil to fit the *degree of wear* in your engine. Your automobile is different from others, even cars of the same make. The difference is in the *wear,* resulting from the number of miles it has been driven. This difference is right in your cylinders . . . right in that space between the pistons and cylinder walls.

When a car is new the space is at minimum and calls for a lighter oil—*but,* as you reach 2,000 and 12,000 miles on your speedometer the space gradually wears larger. As the space increases, the grade of oil must be increased. It must have at all times exactly the right body to fit this space and seal the piston, to give you maximum *compression* and *power,* with minimum friction, carbon, and gasoline seepage into the oil in your crankcase. That is the basis of the Sinclair Law of Lubrication . . . the sound simple basis on which Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is made and sold . . . in suitable grades for all degrees of wear.

Tell the Authorized Sinclair Dealer your speedometer reading—he will give you correct lubrication that seals the power in your engine—that gives you greater security and economy of operation—that gives you more mileage from your gasoline—that gives you less dilution and sludge, less carbon trouble, less wear and lower repair bills. You will be delighted with the increased pleasure and satisfaction in driving, as well as the reduction of operating noises—because Opaline not only seals the piston but cushions the bearings and moving parts in the engine.

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC.

Also Makers of Sinclair Gasoline and H-C Gasoline

New York	Detroit	Chicago	Omaha
Atlanta	Kansas City	Houston	Boston

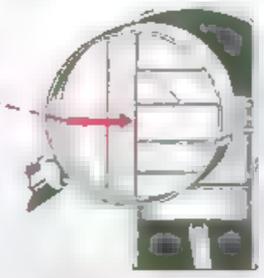


Fig. 1—indicating approximate piston fit in large percentage of new engines.

Fig. 2—indicating approximate space worn by piston after 1,000 to 2,000 miles.

Fig. [illegible] approximate space worn by piston after 10,000 to 12,000 miles.

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Seals Power at Every Degree of Wear

Stop where you see this sign

tell the dealer your mileage 0 2 5 4 0 he will give you the right grade of OPALINE MOTOR OIL as shown on the *Sinclair Recommendation Index* based on the SINCLAIR LAW *of* LUBRICATION • ⟦ *for every machine of every degree of wear there is a scientific* SINCLAIR OIL *to suit its speed and seal its power* ⟧ • • • This correct method of oil application is exclusive with the Authorized Opaline Dealer • • Ask him for the booklet "*The Sinclair Law of Lubrication*" • • • • • • • • • • • • •

unless new pistons are installed or rings refitted

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(Continued from Page 190

"Out of my way, Lily, 'less you can lead agile!"

"Bla-aa-a!" Lily, galloping nobly in an aura of scorched tail feathers, called for more speed and got it.

The trio hit the tape at the front entrance of the Hothouse an instant after Honeytone opened the door. The Supreme Rake's syllables of welcome prepared for the reception of the advance detachment of Junipers and Violets were lost in a turmoil of language under which the deep rumbling tones of four policemen were alone coherent.

Bam! "Halt where you stand, black boy!" Click! Bracelets. "Thrun 'im in th' wagon, Dinty!" Click! More bracelets. "Take this black-face midgit wid ye."

While the Supreme Cloud-burst and the sawed-off Nozzle were being escorted to a patrol wagon which waited at the curb behind the Sure Fire, Honeytone revised his address of welcome into a single sentence of interrogation: "How come, white folks?"

"Th' revenoo folks'll tell you how come, you bootleggin' baboon. Leave thim firemen git in th' place."

Honeytone Boone, shrinking visibly in his wrinkled Prince Albert coat, turned his head away from his captor in time to see a squad of firemen laden with chemical extinguishers trot around to the back entrance of the Hothouse, where, burning merrily, superheated by blue flames from the ignited Aroma, the kitchen and its refreshing contents blazed about a nucleus of red-hot stove. Spluttering in the furious heat, the end of the hose leading from the Sure Fire dribbled its last contribution to the conflagration and melted away into the flaming linoleum on the kitchen floor.

On the curb, after Honeytone, the Wildcat, Demmy and their mascot goat had been loaded into the patrol wagon, a hundred assembled Junipers and Violets witnessed their departure.

"Sounded too good to be true," a leading Juniper observed.

"Sho did, honey," his companion Violet returned. "M-m-m-m! Smell dat deelicious aroma. Us is missed somethin'."

In the bull pen of the jail, awaiting the next blow from Lady Luck's clenched fist, the Supreme Nozzle asked a question: "Wilecat, how come you s'pose dat fire started?"

"Didn't you see dat goat still eatin' on dat hose f'm de Sho Fire when us bust in de kitchen? Fire started when de Aroma hit de red-hot stove."

Withered under a tirade of scorn with which the Wildcat and Demmy had showered him, Honeytone Boone saw his first opening for recrimination: "Dere you is, varmints. Dat shows you whut comes of luggin' a mascot goat around to bring you luck. If it hadn't of been fo' dat scoundrel Lily us would be countin' de money."

Quick to defend the forlorn mascot—"Nemmine, Honeytone, dis time nex' week you'll be countin' de time you got to serve in de gov'ment jail. Dat ought to suit you—allus claimin' dat time is money."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36

the water. The decision to go to bed dirty. The fourteen blankets. Their failure to keep you warm. The cramp in the foot from their weight. The two hours' sleep.

The breakfast call at 7:30. The foot of snow on the skating pond. The six-hours' shoveling snow to clear it off. The aching back. The two-minute skate with borrowed skates. The sudden thaw and rainstorm. The Sunday-night work that you ought to be doing at the office. The story to the host about it. The eighteen-mile, two-hour trip to the city on the "express." The purchase of a Sunday paper at the first news stand. The read in bed. The twelve-hour sleep. The morning at the office. The hitherto unrealized beauty of your stenographer. The entire satisfaction with your job. —*Parke Cummings.*

Vox Popular

I CAN bear it when they say
"Kiddie" and "Alrighty";
Smile with fortitude when they
Burble "Nightie nightie."
If "Say, lissen" lacks the touch
Of the purely Attic,
Who am I to cavil? Such
Is speech democratic.

Now, to "ADDress" I'm averse.
"INquiry" is baneful.
While "I thank you" is so terse
It is somehow painful.
"RADDiator," too, 's a word
Singularly charmless.
Though I must admit I've heard
Nothing half so harmless.

Lingual abortiveness
Frequently is silly.
Still, despite it's sportiveness,
It affects me illy.
I may later learn to quote
What just now appalls so;
Meanwhile, this one gets my goat—
"AthAletic"—also.
—*Elizabeth Clarke.*

My Waitress

THE waitress of the restaurant
Is dressed extremely well,
With chiffon hose and satin pumps,
A diamond, a marcel.

She gets a better wage than I,
She has a better time;
Why should I have to tip her
A dime?

Her wrist watch cost much more than mine.
What if it's rather louder?
She uses better rouge, a fine
And more expensive powder.
I'm of the shabbily genteel.
Oh, patience is sublime,
But—should I have to tip her
A dime?

She danced where I did just late yestere'en.
She seemed extremely jolly.
Her escort had a limousine,
Mine took me on the trolley.
She gets a better wage than I,
She has a better time.
I think she ought to tip me
A dime. —*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Long-Distance Love Song

MY DARLING, I've adored you,
Since first by telephoto
Your face was seen upon my screen—
My heart leaped in my throat. Oh,
I was floored completely
By love's league-long collision.
My little pal electrical,
You are some television!

(CHORUS)

Come telephone to me, my own.
Space makes the heart grow fonder.
What do we care if you are there
And I am way out yonder?
Your voice I hear, you seem so near,
I whisper low, "Is this you?"
You laugh by cinematograph
And then—I telekiss you.
Oh, lady-o of radio,
Love's telesong we'll sing.
So telephone to me, my own,
And I'll give you a ring.

At word of your dear toll call,
My heartbeats are erratic.
I vow my love by waves above,
All undismayed by static.
Soon I'll telinform you
Too long we've teletarried.
And since we've tuned in long and spooned,
Why, we'll be telemarried.

CHORUS

Come telephone to me, my own. . . . etc.

With far but sweet communing
The ether surely must hum.
The music of your face, my love,
I'll hear by daily custom.
Our telephone-exchange home
Will never hear a scoff, dear,
Nor be a source of a divorce,
Unless they cut us off, dear.

(CHORUS)

Come telephone to me, my own. . . . etc.
—*Fairfax Downey.*

A Song of Sex Pens

SING a song of sex pens,
Dipped into the mire,
Writing furiously away,
For anybody's hire.

When the mess is finished—
As movie, tale or play—
Isn't it a dainty dish
They serve to you today?

The Old Home Town

(One of These Here, Now, Geographical Ballads)

YOU can sing of dear old Kansas,
Tennessee or Michigan,
Or your California bungalow in a valley;
You can warble of the Wabash, or the face
you love to scan
On a little girl who lives in Tin Pan
Alley;
But my heart is full of longing for a little
Jersey town
Where a lovely little lady is my dearie;
She'll be waiting at the station when my train
is slowing down
At a little Jersey suburb on the Erie.

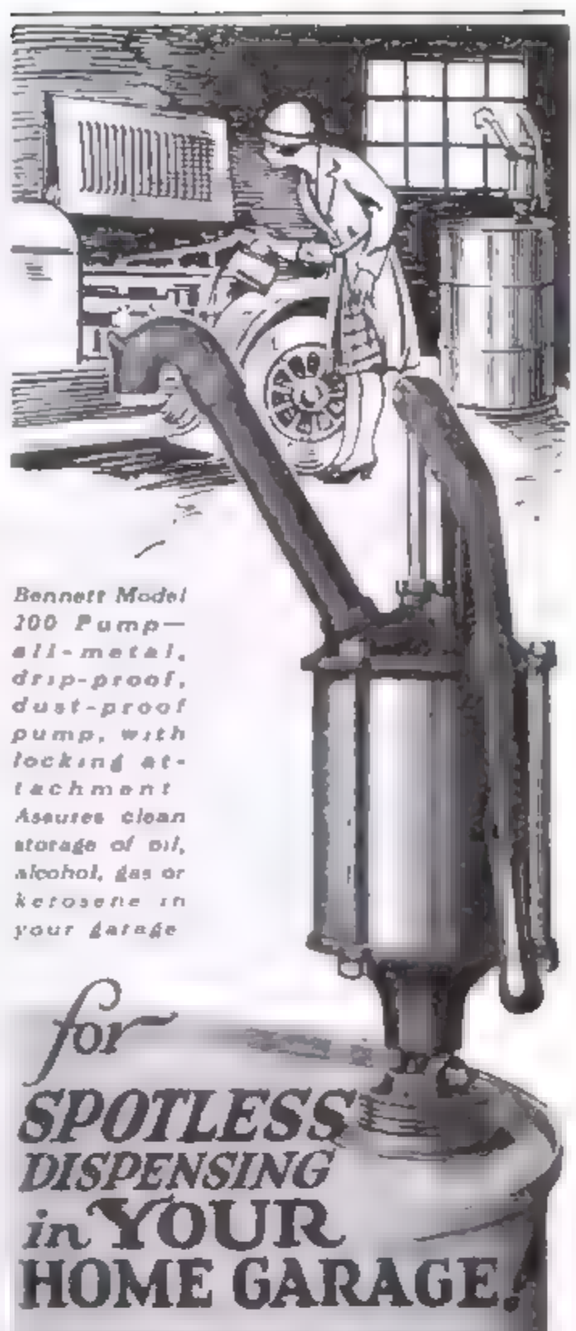
(CHORUS)

In Hohokus, in Hohokus,
That's a very pleasant locus—
Which is Latin for "location" I be-
lieve—
We'll live simply in Hohokus,
Far from restaurants that soak us,
And from night clubs where the prices
make you grieve;
In Hohokus, in Hohokus
Life is free of hocus-pocus,
And my sweetheart has a love light in her
eyes,
With no city smoke to choke us
We will settle in Hohokus
In Hohokus underneath New Jersey skies.

I can hear the church bells ringing in that
pretty little place;
They are ringing for my wedding with that
maiden
As she stands there in the garden with no
rouge upon her face.
And her lips are like the roses honey-
laden;
I have made a little payment on a cozy little
home—
It is cheaper than the rent that I am pay-
ing.
On the five-fifteen each evening, as she meets
me in the gloam.
To my little wife these words I will be
saying:

(CHORUS)

In Hohokus, in Hohokus,
If our payments haven't broke us
We will own our little home in twenty
years.
Let the city people joke us,
We'll be happy in Hohokus
Where the skeeters hum sweet love songs in
our ears.
In Hohokus, in Hohokus
Golden dreams of bliss will cloak us,
We'll be snug, contented, genial and
wise;
Till old age shall come and croak us
We'll be sweethearts in Hohokus,
In Hohokus underneath New Jersey skies!
—*Berton Braley.*



Bennett Model 200 Pump—all-metal, drip-proof, dust-proof pump, with locking attachment Assures clean storage of oil, alcohol, gas or kerosene in your garage

for SPOTLESS DISPENSING in YOUR HOME GARAGE!

THROUGHOUT America thousands of motorists are relying upon Bennett Model 200 Pump for home garage use.

This pump is made in the same strong, accurate manner as the big Bennett Pumps in use at public oil stations everywhere. It is all metal, dust-proof, leak proof, drip-proof You can lock it. It fits various sized drum openings; handles oil, gas and kerosene. Your drum stands on end—Model 200 on top, at your elbow, ready for instant action. It assures a clean floor, clean hands and clean clothes. It prevents waste.

Oil marketers from Coast to Coast recommend Bennett Model 200 Pump for home-garage use, and can supply you.

$3.80 is all you pay for Model 200 because it is made in vast quantities by the leading specialist in oil and grease equipment. Own one—or two—or three.

The Bennett name on any product is always your assurance of utmost quality in oil and grease dispensing equipment.

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Bennett Pumps Corp.
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St. Address or R. F. D. _____

City _____ State _____

Push a warm Bottle IN and a Cold one Appears- Right Out of an Ice Cold Bath

See how Quick and Clean-taste how Live and Snappy, this Invention Serves Bottled Drinks

Carbonated Bottled Drinks, ever so delicious and wholesome, are coldest, livest, tastiest and most refreshing when served from the Liquid Bottle Cooler.

By the simple process of taking a warm bottle from reserve in the upper racks, and pushing it into a cold tube of corresponding flavor, the drink you call for emerges like magic in the opposite hand—clean, sparkling, cold as ice water!

Instantaneous service! Sanitary service! Every time, the flavor you want, without waiting for the dealer to hunt among unassorted bottles. He can't run short of your favorite, for the only way to get a cold bottle OUT is to push a warm one IN.

Thus the eight cooling tubes are kept filled automatically. And when any flavor gets low in the racks above, the dealer sees it in time to re-order.

Liquid Bottle Coolers display the colorful drinks. Their action is fascinating to watch. The clean, cold bottle creates a healthy thirst. And the cold, live, bubbling beverage is both thirst-quenching and trade-creating.

Already 25,000 Liquid Bottle Coolers are in use throughout America and hundreds of new ones are going into service weekly.

It's another way that the Liquid Carbonic Corporation is quenching the thirst of the nation, although we make no drinks ourselves.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The World's Largest Makers of Carbonic Gas, Bottlers' Machinery, Extracts and Flavors, and Soda Fountains

31 BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTING POINTS

Park wherever you see this sign, or see the Liquid Bottle Cooler itself, and go in for your favorite Bottled Drink served at its livest and best.

Dealers should write for our Free Book—"Liquid Profits"—containing full description, astonishing sales records, and [illegible] Address Dept. 4 S

LOOKING BACK WITH PERSHING
TEN YEARS AFTER

(Continued from Page 11

revolver one day. He took a very deliberate aim and hit the knot which was the target.

"Imagine the tree trunk was a man who meant to get you," I suggested.

Then he shot quick, and so quick that a two-gun man, real or movie, would not have got the draw on him. The bullet hit about two inches above the knot. It would have stopped the other fellow.

The Dato Pershing that the Moros had known was both the cool, deliberate Pershing and the Pershing who could shoot quick. Far from home, in the Philippines, he had been given full authority to pacify those unconquered Mohammedan fanatics. Now he had full authority again far from home.

"He looks physically fit," said one of the officers on the Baltic. "Of course, he'll not finish the war. He'll be the drillmaster, as McClellan was. Public opinion will grow restive at the delay and some other man will take his place."

When I mentioned this to the general, he said: "I'm not looking that far ahead. I hope that I shall make my foundations so sound that they will have the approval of my successor."

His remarks on some subjects in 1917 make further comment by him in 1927 quite superfluous.

Anyone who had been close to European events in 1914, '15, '16 knew that he would have to deal not only with the Germans. We had Allies. I had already heard British and French officers say, in human and inevitable outbursts of temper, "I hope if we ever have to fight another war, we'll do it without Allies."

I knew I should hear it in turn from American officers, though not from Pershing. He was always too busy with present facts to indulge in wishes.

A Diplomat in Olive Drab

Not all the war propaganda was through the press or from the rostrum or by the whispered word. The most insidious and influential, because of the ruling minds it affected, was that of personal ingratiation by high officials, courts and courtiers and the Old World aristocracy, when all classes were in eager harmony doing their bit in response to the instinct of war self-preservation, which is the first law, held as a pistol to the head. How many of our legates and distinguished Americans, even those with the reputation at home of being hard-boiled, I have seen anæsthetized by the gracious and subtle induction of the social art which conceals art! Unless it was that of Woodrow Wilson at the Peace Conference, John J. Pershing, aside from his military rank, had the most difficult part as a diplomatist of any American ever sent abroad.

The tanned simple American general who had come from guarding a frontier against bandits and guerrillas should be easy game. It was not in the Allied conception that if we ever had an army in Europe it should act as an integral American army. Pershing would be the flattered nominal head, fed out of hand. The Allied commanders would command for him; our battalions would be absorbed into their armies as replacements of their dwindling man power.

However, the tanned American had been quite a little about the world. Considering the prospect, his birthplace had been fortunate. He had warm impulses, but he could discipline them as he disciplined his soldiers. He is friendly by nature; but just when it looks as if he would take the bait, there is a change in his eyes which indicates that he has had a radiogram from his native state of Missouri.

The Facts He Had to Face

"A stubborn man, your Pershing," said Georges Clemenceau. Georges ought to know a stubborn man when he meets one. He is stubborn himself, and every minute stubborn for France. It was fortunate for him, as we shall see, that Pershing was stubborn and from Missouri. For if he, instead of Pershing, had had his way, the two great gingerers-up of Allied war spirit, Clemenceau and Lloyd George, might not have been the premiers of victory. The ginger they used was "America is in!" and "Hold fast! An American army is coming!" There was rivalry among Allied statesmen for the credit of having brought us in, and the credit of stirring our fighting spirit and organizing our effort.

Soon after his arrival in Paris it was learned that the simple American general did not care much for social amenities. Even gala performances of the opera in his honor did not appeal to him as helping him in the day's work in his offices in the Rue Constantine. People who saw how small and cramped those offices were said, "Is this all that colossal rich America is doing?" But the offices were large enough for the moment, while the general and his officers studied the Allied situation after nearly three years of war with Germany.

"Did you find it worse than you anticipated?" I asked the general.

"I tried to have no preconceptions," he said; and that, too, was characteristic. "I would keep an open mind until I was on the spot and had talked with the Allied generals, seen the Front and had all the facts before me."

And the facts that he faced! It is well to remember them. I would make them more emphatic and more gloomy than he in his soldier language.

"The German battle lines were everywhere on Allied soil," he said. "Practically all the German offensives except Verdun had been crowned with success. Germany had withstood every Allied attack since the Marne. Expectations from Italy's entry into the war, and later from Rumania's entry, had been disappointing. The Rumanian Army had suffered severe defeat. The Russian revolution made the collapse of the Russian Government inevitable. So the Ally with the greatest man power was passing out of the war just as America was coming in.

"The French offensive, early in '17, under Nivelle, on which such high hopes had been based, had resulted in heavy French casualties and failure in its main objective, with consequent serious injury to the morale of the French Army and civil population. Although the Allies had 20 per cent of numerical superiority on the Western Front, any further offensive in 1917 except in local attacks was out of the question.

"We had retrieved the financial straits of the Allies by our credits, but they were pressed for supplies. The British civil population was on severe rations. In five months ending June 30, 1917, German submarines had destroyed 3,250,000 tons of Allied shipping.

"When our naval force began coöperation with the British, German submarines were being built faster than they were being destroyed. We had to build destroyers and submarine chasers to limit depredations and shipping must be increased before an American army could be transported and supplied.

"Assured that they had to retain only enough troops on the Western Front to hold the line, the Germans, foreseeing the elimination of Russia, could turn to assist Austria against the Italian Army, whose morale was low. The French had already lost more than 1,000,000 dead. In view of the exhaustion of French man power and the colossal strain upon Britain, it was not extravagant for the German staff to look forward, after the elimination of Russia and breaking the spirit of Italy, to a concentration on the Western Front in 1918 that would terminate the war."

While the Allies stalled on the western Front in 1917, they must prepare to withstand a terrific German attack in 1918, and having withstood it, then attain later the strength for a great counter offensive.

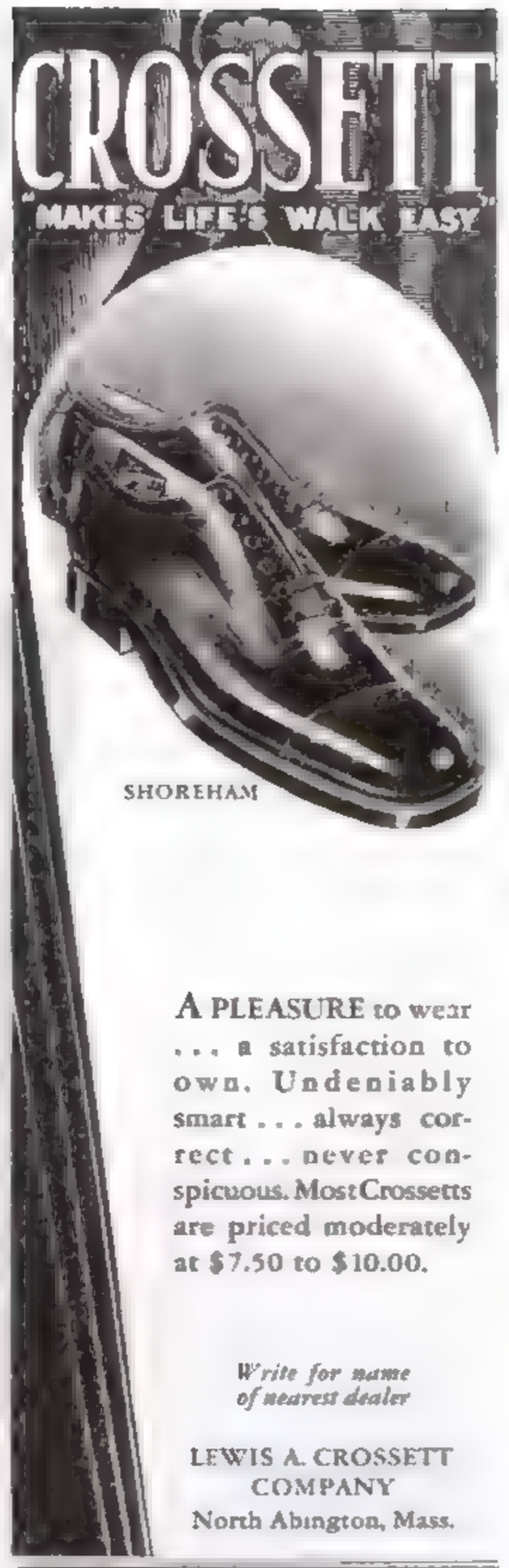
"It was clear that the decision must be made by an American army," said the general.

The Pershing Plan

Upon this was based his plan as the result of his studies. To those at home who thought that our moral, industrial and financial support would turn the tide to victory, the general's dispatch of July 6, '17, to Washington, saying "Plans should contemplate sending over at least a million men by next May" might seem as fantastic as Gen. William T. Sherman's statement, early in the Civil War, that 300,000 men would be required to defeat the South. Sherman was called crazy. But the 300,000 were to be only a start for the North, and 1,000,000 only a start in France.

And it was that plan, worked out in the offices in the Rue Constantine in the early summer of 1917 while our training camps were building at home and recruits being marshaled at home, which was to end the war in 1918. The plan had the daring bigness of vision of the pathfinders, the pioneers, the gold

General Pershing in France



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seekers, the wilderness clearers and the city and railroad builders of a new land.

Where was our Army to operate? How was it to be supplied? These questions must be answered, these provisions made while the Army was in training, in order to make effective use of it when it was trained.

"The British, who had to guard their Channel ports, were committed to operations near their base in Flanders and Northern France," the general said. "French operations on a large scale had been confined to the Front which protected Paris. To the east, the fortified district around Metz, beyond Verdun, protected the most exposed portion of the German line of communications, between Metz and the Briey iron fields, from which Germany obtained the greater part of her ore for munition making. East of Metz, covered by the same defenses, were important coal fields. A deep advance east of Metz, or the capture of the Briey iron region, by threatening the invasion of rich German territory in the Meuse Valley and the Saar Basin, would have a decisive effect by forcing a withdrawal of German troops from Northern France."

This was the military strategy of the plan which was to achieve the foreseen result by our attack in the Meuse-Argonne in 1918.

Conflicting Systems

What of supplies and transport? The British already crowded the Channel ports and the French were fully exploiting the manufacturing center of Paris. So the railroads of Northern France were already overtaxed. A line of American communications which cut across the British and French zones was impracticable. In order to have elbow room, we must turn to the less used ports of Southern France and make our line through Central France. Actually the American Expeditionary Forces were based on the American continent. Uncertain of what shipping we could command, with 3000 miles of ocean to cross in face of the growing submarine menace, we had to move our supplies 400 miles across France, whose railroad system was war-worn and short of rolling stock.

But the general never once let down in his attitude during those eighteen months that these difficulties were quite readily surmountable. Will is a mighty factor in winning wars. Those pioneer officers, railroad men, engineers, business men, new to their uniforms, who went to the South of France in the early summer of 1917, armed with blue prints and with so few workmen and tools, labored against a sea of troubles in a war-exhausted land of different language and methods. They were not contemplating just arrangements that would enable us to hurry over a few divisions, or even the limitation of the general's words when he said in forwarding his project on July eleventh: "It is evident that a force of about one million is the smallest unit which, in modern war, will be a complete, independent and well-balanced fighting organization."

We must be prepared to care for another and still another million, 3,000,000 being the force which Washington was to look forward to equipping, according to that bold dispatch.

Certainly the general had confidence in the resources of his growing country. Washington knew what was expected from it by the man on the spot, and it knew what to expect from him.

"I was not thinking of whether we could win the war in 1918 or 1919," said the general, "but that America alone could supply the striking force that could win it. The price we had to pay and the time required for success would be related to how efficient an army we made and in what manner it was employed against the enemy. The fatal error I would avoid would be sending an untrained force into action. As precedents, we had the misfortune of the insufficiently hardened division of the British New Army which was sent in during the Battle of Loos and that the British New Army did not make its first large offensive until the Battle of the Somme, a little less than two years after the war began.

"We had all the veteran skill and experience of the Allies at our service. Naturally the uninformed European might be unfamiliar with American military traditions. We had had great armies in the Civil War. I had seen great armies in the Russo-Japanese War."

"You found that experience valuable?" I asked.

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Marshal Foch, General Pershing, Mme. Dubail, Marshal Joffre, and General Dubail, the Military Governor of Paris, a Few Days After the Armistice Was Signed

"Immensely," he said. "We had the Leavenworth staff school and the War College, where our officers had been trained in the theory of the command of large bodies of troops, which, as a great nation, we might one day have to put in the field. Those who were assigned to me had time to study every branch of warfare at the Front and to keep abreast with changing tactics so that they would be prepared for direction when the troops were ready. They were of important assistance in making an organization in which all the zeal, courage and energy of our officers from civil life should be coördinated for final effectiveness."

As to the lead the general gave them, I recall his answer, in the early days, when he was reminded that he was slaving too much over detail as he sat up into the small hours of the morning reading reports and revising them, writing and rewriting dispatches and writing orders in person.

"I am doing this now while I have the time," he said, "in order that those under me will know how my mind works when I have not the time."

The commander was going to command; the Pershing stamp was to be on staff heads and division leaders as well as on privates.

A year later he was saying to a major general in the midst of rapid army expansion which was begetting a rage for promotions, "How many colonels must I make to get this job done? I want to make them now so you'll get under way." To a board of experts who came before him with a number of plans, he said: "I appointed you to make and agree on a plan. I'm not doing your work for you. Stay at G. H. Q. until you have a plan. Then I'll go over it. Good morning." This is another reminder to the doughboy that Pershing did not play favorites in the matter of rank. If their memories are good, many high ranking officers will so testify.

"The French and British," the general continued, "strong peoples, with long military traditions, each made an army on the basis of national character. Both staffs thought that their system of training and organization was the right one. Both wanted us to adopt theirs. If they had not, they would have lacked the confidence in their systems which is so important in army morale. To have tried to apply both to the American Army would have resulted in a confusion ruinous to our own morale. The Germans also had a great army. There was something to learn from them as the severest drillmasters the Allied Armies had had in tactical improvement. So our policy was to adapt those features into our organization which were best suited to our traditions and character and to the mission of our Army in France. As the responsibility of turning the tide of victory rested with our Army, the fullest development of the aggressive spirit must be supreme in their training."

But promises of a mighty army in the future were not enough for the French. When the effect of the gingering of morale by Pershing's arrival had worn off, the French wanted the proof of American troops in France that he was not merely leading an ambassadorial retinue of officers. We hurried over our First Division, then composed mostly of recruits. The Parisian public had the further assurance on July Fourth of seeing some elements of the First march through the streets and thrilling to the phrase of "Lafayette, we are here!" which was the inspiration of Colonel Stanton, who said the first thing that came into his mind when he found that he had to make a speech.

"Good raw material! Ah, if we could take them right into the French Army," said French officers of our men. They were no more fit to go into action than the bravest man who ever put on gloves for the first time is against a skilled boxer.

Months of long hard training in Lorraine awaited them. Allied officers were to assist in their training, but in a system that had the purpose of the Pershing plan in mind.

So used had the French become to the tactics of trench warfare that we heard of instances of their allowing Germans to march away in the open at a distance of sixty or seventy yards because they were out of bombing range. The rifle had always been the trusted weapon to Americans from the days of the pioneers against the Indians, through all our wars. It is as hard for us to forget Jackson's sharpshooters at New Orleans as for the French to forget Napoleon's massed artillery.

Our army policy in striving to make our small body of regulars as proficient as possible for their numbers had always stood for such generous target practice that the amount of ammunition used by each man would have been considered far too prodigal in the immense French Standing Army. There is individual confidence for the soldier in being a good rifle shot.

"In our training in France," said the general, "I held fast to the idea that the rifle was still the infantryman's prime weapon, and I considered his ability to shoot accurately vital in an offensive campaign when we should break free of the trenches."

We might have hurried a small force of regulars at once to the Front. But we profited by the experience of the British. Their regular officers were expended in heavy fighting of the first expedition under Sir John French, leaving them short of officers for training. We scattered our regular officers, noncoms and soldiers as drillmasters and commanders through the whole body of our recruits so that when we took the field we should have an immense force of a common standard of efficiency. Only 37 per cent of our regular officers ever reached France.

New Valley Forge

The training camps at home must feed the training grounds of France. Our troops continued to arrive in small lots. By December 31, 1917, only one of our divisions had appeared at the Front. Our pioneer divisions were having their Valley Forge in old Lorraine. They were finding France no paradise in their village billets as they drilled in rain and mud; that the French people, idealized by war propaganda, were human beings like themselves, and worn by war. Letters from home were often two and three months old. Supplies were slow in arriving. Desperate American energy was on its nerves, struggling against perverse conditions along the line of communications, where it seemed that order could never be brought out of the chaos.

Already the Germans were beginning their preparations for their offense of 1918 on the Western Front. The French people were asking if the Americans were always going to remain in camp. Did they think that dollars would win the war? Had they come only for moral effect to cheer the *poilus* from behind the lines? Were they never going to fight? Such speculations, suppressed from publication by the censorship, were the more insidious when whispered from ear to ear.

There was a Valley Forge of tribulations for our commander as well as his officers and men. He had anything now but the aspect of the deliverer who had been vociferously greeted upon his arrival in France. At home, too, they might be becoming impatient for action. We came to know that word "liaison" as a symbol of something more preoccupying than perfect fellowship.

That Pershing was going to see high French authority to fix it was the finality of negotiation in the gossip of headquarters. And he had a way of fixing it; of bringing forth an understanding which surmounted another difficulty and smoothed the way for the next step. His method was to go straight to the top with a straight appeal.

The last job of fixing that I recall was soon after the Armistice. Marshal Foch's headquarters had given an order that no American solders were to be moved on a railroad train without consent from the headquarters of the generalissimo. We had 300,000 men in dugouts and ruined villages

(Continued on Page 203)

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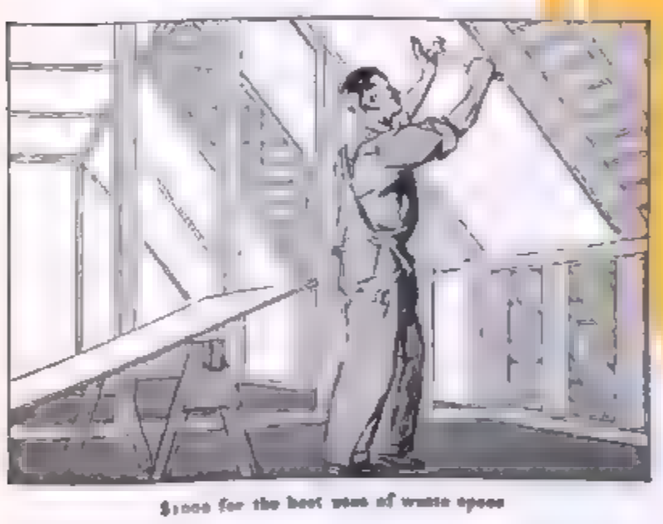

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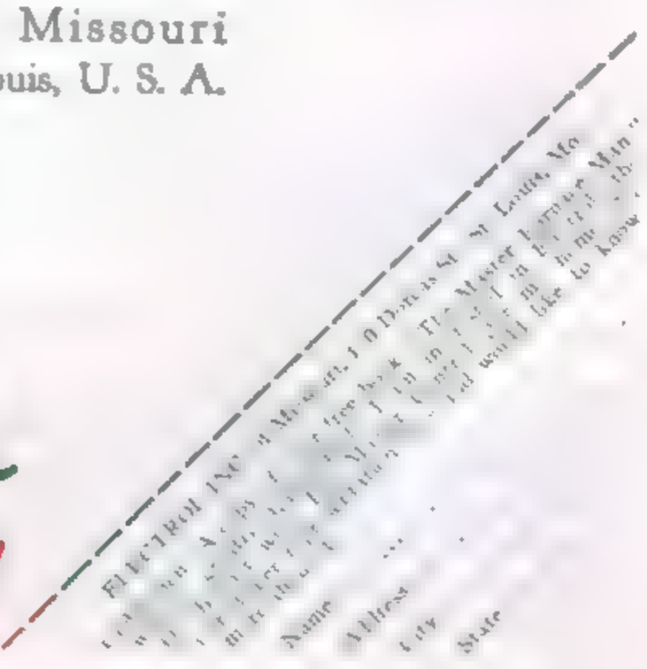

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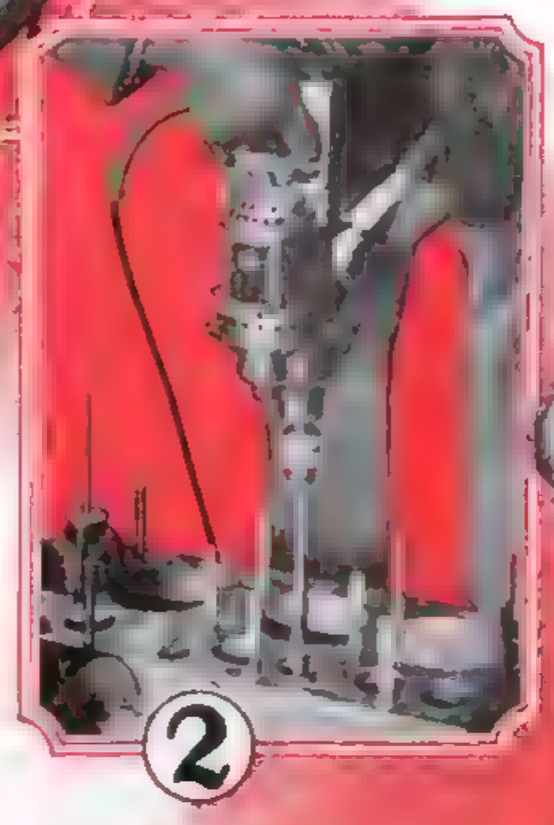


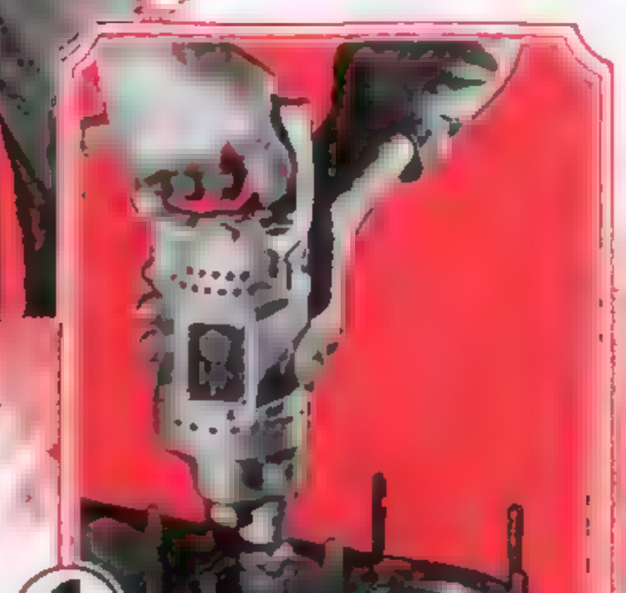
2—CLEANING VALVE GUIDES

The Valve Guide Cleaner is made up of flexible wires and quickly cleans out the guide in which the valve stem slides. Big saving in time and prevents sticking valves.

3—REFACING VALVES

For this step the Black & Decker Electric Valve Refacer is used—a precision grinder which does the work so accurately that no hand grinding is necessary.

When you have had your valves ground in the past, you have perhaps noticed that the mechanic will work sometimes for ten or fifteen minutes on one valve, moving it back and forth by means of a screw driver or brace and bit—removing the valve every once in a while to put new grinding paste on it. *All this is done away with.* Even when the valve is badly pitted, it is only a matter of a couple minutes to put it in the Refacer and grind a perfect seat on it.



PREPARATION FOR STEP No. 4

A Black & Decker Valve Seat Grinding Stone is placed in the Electric Valve Refacer and dressed in the same manner as the valve itself, giving the Valve Seat Stone exactly the same angle as has been given to the valves.

4—REFACING VALVE SEATS

The Valve Seat Grinding Stone is revolved by the Black & Decker high speed Drill and is guided by its precision pilot in the valve guide. It takes but a moment to grind a perfect seat in cylinder block, removing all pits and irregularities and leaving a seat which exactly conforms to the valve.

5—TESTING EACH VALVE

The valve is merely dropped into the seat and the tester placed over it. By means of a bulb, pressure is created in the compression chamber of the tester and indicated on the pressure gauge. If the valve seat is perfect, the hand of the pressure gauge will hold steady, showing that none of the air is escaping past the valve. A dropping of the hand immediately shows up imperfections. This makes it possible for the mechanic to give each individual valve a compression test before assembling the motor, so that when you have this work done by the "Black & Decker Method" you know that your car is delivered to you with every valve absolutely gas-tight.

IT WILL pay you to have your valves ground regularly by the "Black & Decker Method."

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(Continued from Page 198)

in the Argonne and its neighborhood, in winter rains. Having been raked by German fire, were they to be raked by pneumonia and flu? We would move them south to better quarters, and we had those 1500 locomotives and 20,000 freight cars of our own in France. The angry chief of a staff section showed me the boiling letter he had written in the name of the commander in chief in reply to the order.

"J. J. P. will never sign that," I told him.

"No, of course, he will not," was the reply. "I'll write another and tone it down, now I'm getting over my mad a little."

J. J. P. did not even sign the revision. He called for his car and went to see Foch, and the matter was arranged. We moved our men.

In the late autumn of '17, when relations were still young, the insistence of an enterprising, bureaucratic French mayor that American regimental transport which passed through his town should pay the municipal customs fees, customary in France, was only a minor irritation. A big issue was at stake—the American plan of an independent army itself. Personal influence from French quarters to bring Pershing around had failed. He was a hard man to propagandize at times either by the French staff or his own. When he first went to inspect his men in the trenches he could not understand why the fact, after the event, should be published or photographs made of him in the trenches. It was in the course of the day's work. If he had a long head in diplomacy, he was a poor hand at publicity.

Allied propaganda, having failed to reach him in front, might reach him from behind. Pressure was brought to bear on Washington. It was even intimated that a more amenable American leader might better serve the common cause.

The Allied missions in Washington formed cabals of influence. They dwelt on how grave was the crisis. The war might be lost if America were ill advised. America had the man power. Efficient as we were in industry and brave as we were as people, we were untrained in war. The Allies had the trained officers and the experience to lead our men to victory. Under our inexperienced commanders they might be sacrificed in disaster. Who should better understand than Americans, who were such champions of specialism, the value of expert control?

An Independent Army

Why not feed our battalions into the Allied Armies? But war unity, which was the keynote of all propaganda, was confounded by the question of whether the British or the French were to do the absorption. The French thought that the British, who had only a small professional army before the war, should yield to their professional training in the command of large forces; and the British, who had their own views, pleaded the common language and their own experience in making their new army.

As he gave the spur to training and the supply system, the general was fully awake to the apprehensions over the coming Allied drive. I recall his saying at the time, in speaking of the situation at the end of 1917:

"Nothing yet justifies our relinquishment of our firm purpose to form our own Army under our own flag. The Germans have been practicing open warfare and training their most aggressive personnel as shock divisions. We have to make a shock army. Our troops are being trained in open warfare.

"There is no reason for scattering them among the Allies as divisions, much less as replacements, except in a crisis of sheer necessity. Permanent amalgamation would commit our fortunes into the hands of the Allies. The lack of homogeneity would make mixed divisions difficult to maneuver. They would be almost certain to break up in defeat, with consequent mutual recrimination. When the German people know that independent American divisions, corps and armies are in the field, it will be a severe blow to German prestige and morale.

"Our entry into action will be a test affecting both our own and German morale. The aim is that every American soldier shall have the confidence in his training and of the strength back of him that will make him master at the outset. The shock of our first blow will be followed by successive blows."

A cross between the tiger, the bear and the wolf, each a sturdy animal, does not make a thoroughbred. We knew in December, 1917, that the fresh eager Americans would not fight well mixed with the veteran agile war-weary French without having recourse to the mutual recriminations of the British and French troops in battle coöperation.

A Diplomatic Victory

And Plower Pershing, who had done much plowing on his father's farm before he went to West Point, kept on plowing during that hard winter in Lorraine. He refused to yield to the suggestion that his men be trained only for trench warfare as he put his pioneer divisions in the trenches between French divisions in January and February. At last the Americans were in. This cheered French morale. Some Allied statesmen were quick to take the credit that it was the result of their influence.

When the Germans broke their mighty March drive on the British front and crushed Gough's army, there was no hesitation in responding to the call of sheer necessity. Our two pioneer regular divisions were hastened toward the scene of the avalanche, ready to do their part in arresting it if it continued—ready to the last man.

Now unified command ceased to be a dream. It became a reality. Who was to be generalissimo? Pershing favored Foch. According to the agreement signed at Beauvais on April third by Clemenceau, Pétain, Foch, Lloyd George, Haig and Pershing:

"The commander in chief of the British, French and American Armies will exercise to the fullest extent the tactical direction of their armies. Each commander in chief will have the right to appeal to his government if, in his opinion, his army is placed in danger by the instructions received from General Foch."

There might be a difference of opinion as to the interpretation of the word "danger" through the coming months of trial. General Pershing had a way of not bothering Washington with problems which he thought that he ought to solve himself.

Came the Abbeville conference of the Supreme War Council on May first, which held a mighty problem for him. We now had more than 400,000 men in France. Our divisions were scattered, two cut off from their regular lines of communication. Our home training camps were achieving a vast force under arms. To the eyes of Allied staff officers, relishing the prospective power of direction, this mass of cannon fodder had the appeal of piles of gold to a man with an exhausted bank account. If Allied shipping were to be spared to bring our men from the training camps to France, there must be a bargain.

When Pershing had only a few divisions in training he might be humored, but now that many were forthcoming, the issue had become acute. Would he have to give up his conception of an independent American army in face of the united view of the commanders who surrounded him with their authority and prestige? His own conviction had not changed with the prospect of his vision in the Rue Constantine having the substance to bring his plan to the head in achievement. And it was the plan which he considered the one to win the war for the Allies as well as ourselves.

"The spirit of nationalism," said the general, in speaking of his part in such conferences, "which manifested itself at the Peace Conference and subsequently, was not altogether dormant during the war. All the Allies were resolute to win and making great sacrifices to win. Each had to keep up the war spirit of its people. Our advantage was that we shared none of the ingrained racial interests and rivalries. We had no territorial aims in Europe. Our single-mindedness was not embarrassed by the natural pressure of traditions and tendencies."

At such conferences the general always laid his cards on the table. He came to this one with his plan formed. It stood the test of prolonged discussion and was adopted. We were to get the transport. Six of our divisions were to be assigned to the hard-pressed British for training—"But American divisions and corps, when trained and organized, shall be utilized under the American commander in chief in an American group"; and also he "should allot American troops to the French or British for training or train them with American units at his discretion." The principle of an American independent Army had been saved.

"If the war lasts through 1919," said a French staff officer, Lieutenant Colonel Chambrun, to me, "your Pershing will be generalissimo."

Came then the German Marne offensive, with the capture of Château-Thierry and its deep thrust, which endangered Paris. We were now to supply ginger not only to inspirit French morale but hot enough to sting the German.

Heretofore our divisions had served only in trench warfare. Now their aggressive spirit was to be unleashed. On May twenty-eighth our First Division took Cantigny in the area of the first German offensive of 1918; and on June first the Second had come to the rescue of the exhausted French across the Paris-Château-Thierry road, checking the new German offensive toward Paris. This was the only good news on the gloomy occasion when Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando, Premiers of France, Britain and Italy, and Foch and Pershing met in conference at Versailles on June first and second.

The Allies' Appeal

Nearly four years of war; French and British reserves nearly exhausted, all the gains of the French in their offensives lost; all the gains of the British in the Somme region lost; again the streams of refugees; the Germans on the Marne and their guns within range of Amiens! People were fleeing from Paris. Though the censorship held the fact secret, altogether 1,000,000 were to go.

What if America had not been in then? How long could the British have held Amiens? How long before German guns would have been within range of the Channel ports themselves? How long before German troops would have been marching up the Champs-Élysées and a Kaiser would have been again dictating his peace terms at Versailles? What would be the result of the next German offensive? As it was, there was talk that Paris might have to be evacuated.

The hope was in the Americans; a hope not of ending the war in 1918 but holding through 1918 in order that America might be in France with strength enough to turn the tide in 1919. As another reminder to those of short memory who think that we arrived only in time for the victory parades, some quotations from the appeal signed by the three Prime Ministers at Versailles are worth repeating.

"General Foch has presented to us a statement of the utmost gravity, which points out that the numerical superiority of the enemy in France, where 161 Allied divisions now oppose 200 German divisions, is very heavy, and that, as there is no possibility of the British and French increasing the number of their divisions—on the contrary they are put to extreme straits to keep them up—*there is a great danger of the war being lost unless the numerical inferiority of the Allies can be remedied as rapidly as possible by the advent of American troops.* He therefore urges with the utmost insistence that the maximum possible number of infantry and machine gunners, in which respect the shortage of men on the side of the Allies is most marked, should continue to be shipped from America in the months of June and July *to avert the immediate danger of Allied defeat in the present campaign, owing to the Allies' reserves being exhausted before those of the enemy.* In addition to this, and looking to the future, he represents that it is *impossible to foresee ultimate victory in the war unless America is able to provide such an army as will enable the Allies to establish numerical superiority.* He places the total American force required for this at no less than 100 divisions, and urges the continuous raising of fresh American levies, which, in his opinion, should be not less than 300,000 a month, with a view to establishing a total American force of 100 divisions at as early a date as this can possibly be done."

A General From Missouri

Already our home training camps were being drained of infantry and machine gunners who had had a satisfactory period of training. They are the cannon fodder; they do the close fighting and pay the heavy price in casualties. It is interesting to have this statement that after nearly four years' war, France and Britain, with a larger population than Germany, had, including the Americans, only 162 divisions against the 200 of Germany, which had done so much fighting on other fronts as well as on the Western Front.

The 100 large divisions required of us, equal to 200 French divisions, counting adequate personnel for the Service of Supply, represented a total of more than the 3,000,000 which the plan had indicated to Washington a year previously, and a number equal to the total of the British and French Armies as now considered necessary to win the war. The tanned simple American general, the stubborn Pershing, Missouri-born, had not been such a bad prophet after he had looked the situation over in June, 1917.

He had been able to see the forest for all the trees, where others had not. Here it might be well to make a remark for the ears of those who are still of the opinion that it was very presumptuous of our officers to think that they might command a large American army when there were the trained Allied staffs so willing to do it for us. Without mentioning the Dardanelles affair of the British, I cannot forget, as one who had seen the war from the start, that the French, who spent only 20 per cent less on their army than the Germans, went into the war without mobile heavy artillery and sufficient machine guns, their infantry ill shod and in red trousers. The French staff mobilized east of Rheims for the German attack, refusing to believe that the German preparations to come through Belgium were anything but a feint.

Starting off with this vital error, they followed it up by the advance into Lorraine, playing perfectly into the hands of the Germans, who drove them back, penalizing that abortive attempt by heavy losses to the French and slight losses to themselves. It was the wonderful work of the French light artillery and the superb immortal bravery of the French infantry, in fresh war enthusiasm, which retrieved the French staff's mistakes, as the fresh battlefields revealed to any except the extreme tyro's

(Continued on Page 205)

Elliott-Fisher

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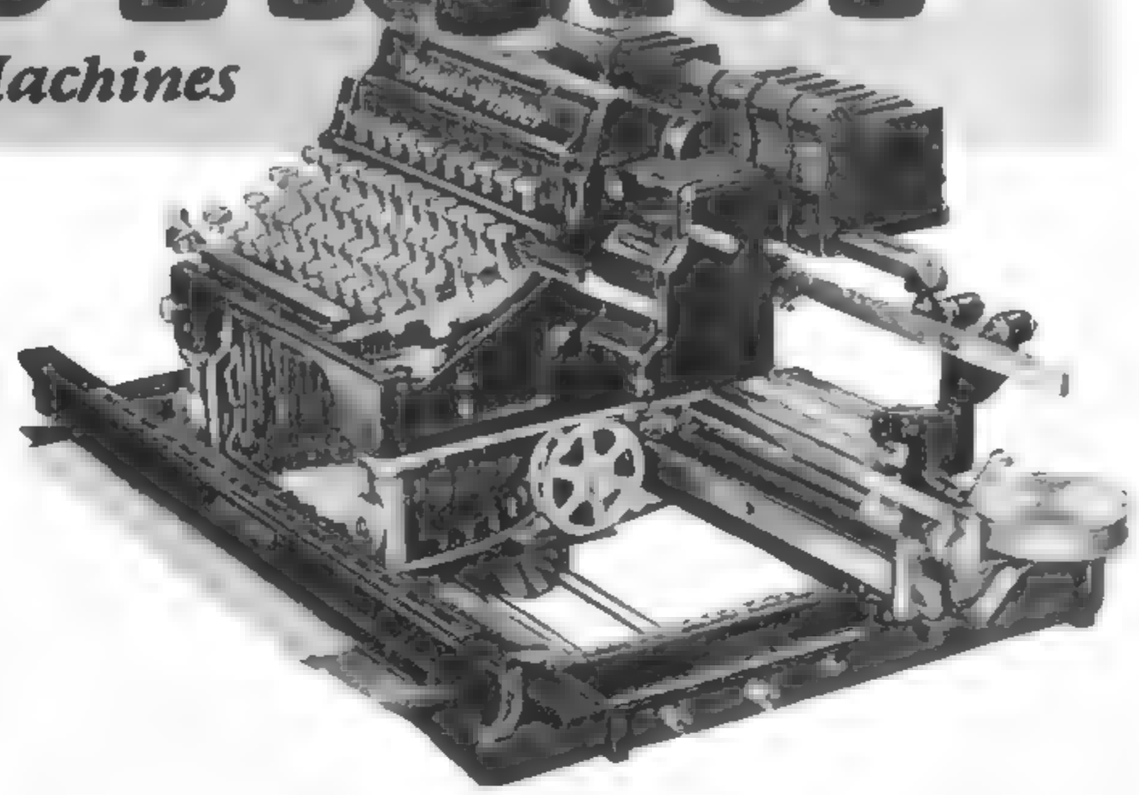

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(Continued from Page 203)

eyes, and saved France from defeat in September, 1914, at a cost in lives far greater than the Germans suffered.

This is not denying the masterful ability of that great tactician, Marshal Foch, who was not then chief of staff, but merely suggesting that heaven-born wisdom did not necessarily repose in the French staff before the war, because it was the French staff. Nor need we dwell on the fact that the French staff hesitated at one time about receiving British army assistance because of its confidence that the French and Russians could easily account for the Germans. I might add, in passing, that one British argument for military participation was to be represented in the Peace Conference that dictated terms to the Germans while "business as usual" continued. Such optimism is lost in the historical mists with that of Americans who thought that we had only to make a gesture when we entered the war and all would be over.

And if the 100 American divisions fought through 1919 as the main offensive army of the Allies, ours would be the mighty casualty list among the Allies in 1919. There might be as many American soldiers dead on French soil as there were British; perhaps as many as there were French. If he had to die for civilization, the average American doughboy was perverse enough to prefer to die under his own flag.

Now it was agreed we were to form our own army in our own sector in the east as soon as we were certain that Paris was safe. This was the string tied to our independence. Meanwhile our divisions must swing westward, for the French wanted us between Paris and the enemy. By the way, General Mangin asked, after the 1918 offensive had begun, that an American regiment be sent to him, if only to march past so that his war-weary men could see that the Americans were there.

And before the Versailles conference on June first and second, as a cartographic warrant of the Foch appeal, was that fresh salient which the German Marne offensive had driven deep into the Allied line clear to the bank of the Marne and so dangerously near to Paris. Now our divisions, pioneer and new, were to earn in action our right to be an independent American army. We were proving that the rifle is still the prime infantry weapon in our merciless shooting in throwing the flank of the second German Marne offensive back after it had gained the south bank of the river.

Prick the Balloon!

Still, there was that deep salient, with its head at Château-Thierry, with its call to military zeal and a military insult until the call was answered. Weren't we to try to close it? Were we to let the Germans widen it, thus pressing closer to Paris?

"Look at that balloon!" I remember the general saying in a burst of indignation as he turned to the map on the wall of his room at headquarters. "Now is the time! Take the initiative away from the enemy! Prick the balloon! Our recently arrived divisions have not yet the training I should like them to have, but they are grounded in the right principles. I know they will fight. I have told Foch that I am ready to put them in. Let us close the salient!"

At Belleau Woods, at Vaux, in the brilliant advance toward Soissons on July eighteenth, then up the Marne wall and up the heights of the Ourcq and of the Vesle, as we crushed in the salient, we were showing that when we began attacking we kept on attacking.

"Altogether we had 300,000 men in that operation, when for the first time," said the general, "our divisions fought elbow to elbow. This gave our troops invaluable battle experience at a period of their training when they were far advanced enough to apply it and to profit by it in the future. We were true to our idea that once we began advancing we should be strong enough to continue to advance. I saw in the faces of our men going forward what I wanted to see—that they meant to be master and were convinced they knew how to be master. I had aimed to fortify their natural spirit against all contingencies. They were not overawed by German prestige."

The population was returning to Paris. "The Americans fight like devils!" "They keep on charging!" "They are fresh!" Such were the messages gingering up all the Allied peoples and armies. Propaganda had a rich grist for the moment; and propaganda is always timely, and its memory so short that it may be said to have no memory at all.

It was no longer Dato Pershing, who had seemed to the impatient so deliberate in insisting upon time to train; it was Dato Pershing, quick on the trigger and shooting so fast that the effect on German morale, already so evident, warranted keeping the jump. On July twenty-fourth the Allied commanders agreed to continue the offensive.

Then began the pressure from the top, from front line to ports and training camps and munition factories at home, which was to know no cessation for four months. To many, looking back, it was a nightmare of human effort which leaves them wondering how they stood it.

With Paris safe and the Château-Thierry salient closed, now we were to make battle as an independent army in our chosen sector in fruition of the plan. With some divisions still occupied in the Marne region, it was a rush for others against time to the east before the fall rains began.

The Best Propaganda

Under the general's command before St.-Mihiel on September eleventh were 430,000 American and 70,000 French troops, our own being supplied by that 400-mile stretch of communications in France from the American base 3000 miles away. That driven Service of Supply, still in the midst of building, was called upon for an effort it had not contemplated so early.

On the morning of the twelfth we broke through the artificial defenses, which were supported by such strong natural defenses that they had never been attacked before, and we swept forward, taking more than our objectives. Mont Sec was ours. The victory was astonishingly complete in every way. We took 16,000 prisoners and much material, with a loss of only about 7000 in killed and wounded. Hadn't the plan called for victory "at the least possible cost"? That St.-Mihiel salient, which covered on that side the sensitive section of the enemy's position, the Mézières-Sedan-Metz railroad, was now broken. Verdun's outer defenses were in Allied hands. The main line of French railroad east was free.

"So the American Army was an accomplished fact," said the general. "The enemy had felt its power. There is no propaganda"—the view of that soldier so hard to propagandize—"that equals victory over the enemy. We had shown that we could organize an American army and operate it successfully. German morale was accordingly depressed, ours accordingly high. Our open-warfare training had proved its soundness by breaking through barbed-wire entanglements with unprecedented speed and facility."

With the German on the defensive, keep the jump! Follow blow with blow! Never mind the fall rains which had held off previous offensives! Hadn't Grant and Lee fought in winter mud in Virginia? Such had been the confidence of success at St.-Mihiel that already on September second a conference between Foch, Pétain and Pershing had agreed upon another offensive by the American Army—that which was to be known as the Meuse-Argonne.

"There was talk that we might have pressed on at St.-Mihiel instead," I suggested to the general.

"Possibly somewhat; but our plans took us elsewhere."

"At that conference of September second, did anyone suggest the possibility that the war might be brought to an end in '18?"

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"No—the contrary."

An important answer, this, in view of the now widely accepted view that the end was already in sight.

Between the initiation of the two attacks there were only thirteen days. The day after the St.-Mihiel attack we were already drawing off our artillery, which had supported the sweep of our infantry, for our second offensive as an independent American army.

The French suggestion was that it should be west of the Argonne Forest, but the determined aggressiveness of our divisions, veteran and new, which went into battle for the first time, warranted our asking, as our part in the general offensive, the sterner task from the western edge of the Argonne Forest across the Meuse, upon which the success of the whole depended. Here we faced defenses which were of four years' preparation and standing except for the fluctuations on the banks of the Meuse in the Verdun fighting. Here the Germans had always been granted impregnability. Here, driving our blade at the German heart meant uphill for from six to eight miles through a network of thoroughly prepared positions to the Hindenburg Line, which was the bastion to protect the German flank.

Beyond was the Carignan-Sedan-Mézieres railroad, one of the two great lines of German communication. Cut the railroad and you cut off the German armies in Northern France from supplies and from retreat. Cut it and the war was won, according to the plan. And every blow that threatened the railroad meant releasing pressure against the British and French Armies to stay our advance.

At least—I was thinking, on the morning of September twenty-sixth, as we went over the top for that action which was not to end until November eleventh—we would get forward positions for the jump-off in the spring of 1919, with our Army reorganized, reënforced, better equipped, the Service of Supply having built up reserves and completed its construction program, and officers who had proved that they could lead after battle's test would be promoted, and the whole hardened and profiting by veteran experience in winter training for the final campaign.

Our Greatest Battle

But words fail me about that Meuse-Argonne Battle. If I began using them I should write a volume about this climax of the plan. It was the greatest battle in numbers, in strain endured, in consistent driving effort, in our history. When our World War veterans are white-haired, to say "I was in the Argonne" should have the thrill of "I was at Gettysburg" from a Civil War veteran today.

Gettysburg lasted three days in the summertime, when men might sleep on hard earth. The Meuse-Argonne lasted forty-six days, in saturating cold rains, for men often short of food as they fought in the mud night and day. We had 1,200,000 men first and last, in the Meuse-Argonne, and Lee about 75,000 and Meade 90,000 at Gettysburg. The Argonne was a prodigy, a miracle in endurance and determination, which showed what a human being can stand in the hypnosis of war. After a sea voyage, horses have to be acclimatized; but our fresh troops, after being packed in the transports, often coughing already, with pneumonia threatening, were hurried by the first train to the Front. Battered divisions had hardly time to draw a long breath in rest billets before, ranks refilled by recruits, they were back wrestling in the mud.

"We must have it over as soon as possible," the general had said to me when we crossed on the Baltic. He said it again, I remember, in his headquarters at Souilly in the crux of the Argonne. A weaker will might have then hesitated. But at what future cost if he had hesitated! "We are in now! We have the bit in our teeth! We must keep going!" he said. It told much in those surroundings as the guns thundered. "The sooner to have it over" eventually became "to have it over in 1918."

The other day, when I read a comment by an American that our troops "were useful in the end," I felt the irritation that I have learned to control lest I break out in strong language, which veterans will understand, and on the subject of the Meuse-Argonne. The French had a saying at the end of the war that "The Americans gave the last *coup d pied*"—the last kick; but with the passage of time it is not surprising that the last kick becomes a gesture to our Allies, when some Americans share in the ignorance of what that business in the Argonne meant in ending the war in 1918.

While we were hammering our way yard by yard against those defenses manned by the Germans rushed to hold the flank safe, the world saw the map pins moving forward fast on the British and French fronts as we forced the withdrawal of the Germans in Northern France. It looked as if we were marking time while the others went ahead. So others got the cheers in the elation of victory at last beckoning; so the story of the Meuse-Argonne Battle is little known.

At Lowest Cost

The plan made in the offices in the Rue Constantine in July, 1917, had been carried through as the plan of victory by the man who made it. "At the least possible cost!" If we had lost 500,000 dead, even the American staff might have been more heroic as having commanded in a stupendous action. But the relatives of those who served over there will not see it that way. The Army lost 50,500 men, including 2215 officers, killed in action or who died of wounds, and 25,000 by disease, the other casualties being 193,000.

Back in the Rue Constantine days Pershing determined, as a part of his system of discipline, to control that scourge of armies, venereal disease. One division never reported a case in France. Lest any victim should carry the taint home, he was not allowed to return until he was cured. However, aftereffects of another kind from those terrible four months of action, and the driving in the fall rains, are still evident in veteran hospitals and felt by those out of hospitals. The strain endured in want of necessities in hastening the end under that stubborn iron commander is expressed in cold figures. Of the 3,072,000 tons of shipping called for as adequate for our needs in the months of July, August, September and October, 1918, we had only 2,112,015, or a shortage of 959,985 tons. The marvel was how America got that much to us within a year after our entry into the war.

"And when were you first convinced that we might gain the victory in 1918?" I asked the general.

"Not until well along in the Meuse-Argonne."

It will be a long time before the surviving veterans of the World War are as meager a group as the veterans of the Civil War, whose eyes brighten when you ask them if they ever saw Grant or Lee in battle days. Carrying on a nation's traditions, as the silver link of personal memory from generation to generation, were other white-haired men who saw Scott and Taylor in the Mexican campaign of 1846–7; further back, those who saw Andrew Jackson at New Orleans; and still further back, those who saw Washington.

The eyes that brighten now at the mention of Grant must have had a hard hollow look in the days of the Wilderness pounding, with its terrific casualties that led to Grant being called the Butcher. All the words about Andrew Jackson by his men on sour bacon during forced marches, and about Scott as his men toiled in parboiling heat through tropical jungle on their way to Mexico City, could not have been dripping honey. Hungry, ragged, unpaid patriots, with bleeding feet, must have taken far from a romantic view of George Washington as he stormed for still another mile

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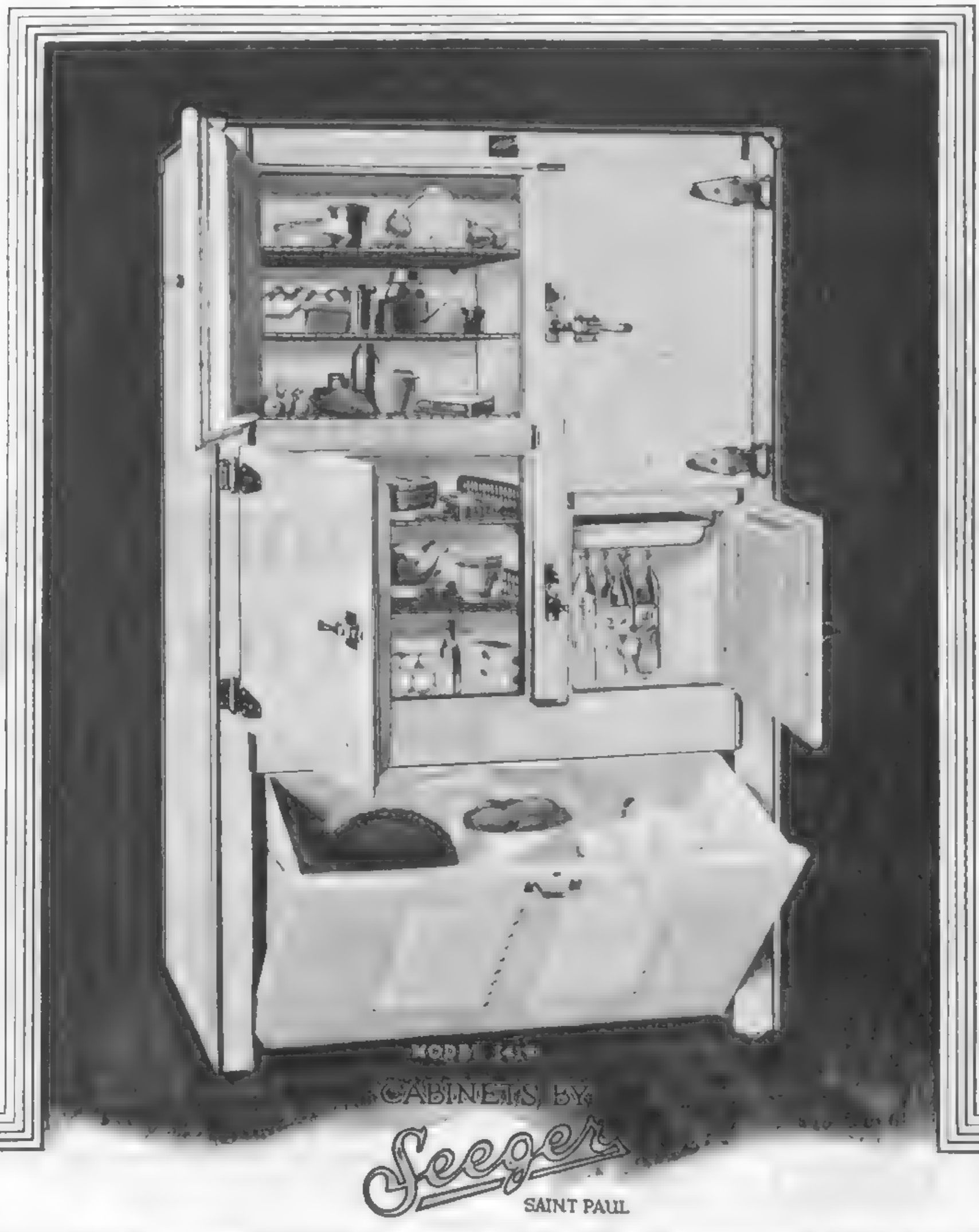

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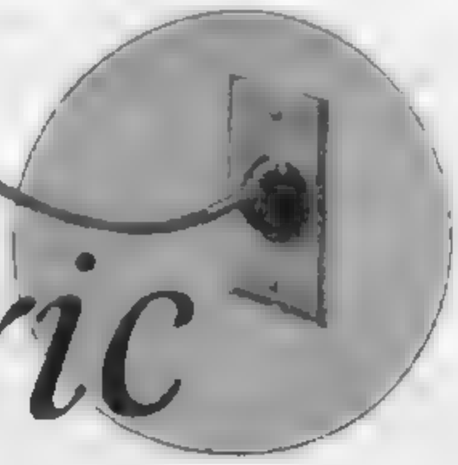

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(Continued from Page 206)

or kept them drilling under that hard-boiled drillmaster Von Steuben.

There is one World War veteran whose eyes I saw brighten at the mention of Pershing. He was an officer who was invited to meet Pershing several years after. "I hope I can keep my temper," he said. "I had to apply his regulations. I know him." But after the meeting he said what we used to say in Manchuria: "What a human fellow he is!" And there is another veteran whose eyes brighten. He is the doughboy who passed the observations I quoted early in this article. He says:

"I know now he was right. He was the man for the job, and it was some job! It was not his place to wait on the divisions, but the divisions to wait on him. I have a hundred men under me, myself, in my business. Maybe a lot of them can think better than I can, but I am running the business."

That brought the twinkle of very real satisfaction to the general's eyes. "We may forget the irritations and remember that we won," he said.

Europe, which had thought that we would send over some free-and-easy delegations in uniform who would approach the Front in wandering uncertainty, expecting to be led by the hand, saw a masterful disciplined army. The final act of the commander in chief as an ambassador was when he led his regiment of veterans in the Victory Parades in Paris and London. He was not playing for the diplomatic effect which that rigidly marching granite column made upon the onlookers. It was a great if silent embassy. It said that although we are a pacific people, when we do get going in a war, we keep on going.

THE NEW FOUR HUNDRED OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 23)

about all sorts of things—balls and clothes and women, certainly—were quoted with great respect. They were known to have made or marred the social career of many people. Are there any men who occupy such a position now? Certainly not! Women don't care a whoop for the opinion of any man in these matters. Then take these subscription dances. Each girl not only invites two or three boys but she pays for their tickets, and she or one of her friends gives them dinner beforehand and takes them to the party in her motor car. What could be more feministic? And why do you think the old-fashioned custom we all knew of having dance programs changed to the present-day fashion of cutting-in? It was done by girls. They've eliminated the wall-flower and given the girl who is popular a wonderful chance to prove it. It's positively polyandrous!"

He elaborated his theory that New York society, more than that of any other city, is under the domination of the modern woman.

"But that's because men won't take part in it," his wife insisted. "The old-fashioned society man has disappeared of his own volition. In fact, today the only men worth looking at who can be counted upon for balls and functions that are purely social are undergraduates! For by the time men have been out of college even a year or two they're too absorbed in business to play around much."

In this she struck the keynote which any discussion of contemporary society in our largest city must sound. For there is probably no place in the world where business assumes such tremendous importance in the lives of its male inhabitants. The economic position of New York is unique; it therefore draws to it men of ability and ambition as surely as a magnet attracts steel, and now that it has become the financial capital of the United States, its social structure is correspondingly changed.

A Tactful Omission

This does not mean that there are not still people of social prominence who bear names which have a distinguished place in the city's early history, but it does mean that their rôles of leadership can never attain the exclusive importance which they could in more stabilized communities such as Boston or Charleston. For New York is so much more than an old city built up by the Dutch, which acquired gradually a solid society of burghers, many of whom, according to their descendants, were both rich and cultured. New York is a place of such tremendous growth both in population and wealth that no standards can remain from one decade to another; scarcely, indeed, from one year to the next.

The influence of these swift transitions in customs and manners is felt all over our country, most especially in places where money is the yardstick by which eligibility is measured.

The communities which are least affected are those parts of the South and New England where families still live in the houses in which four generations of the same name have lived, and where debutantes may go to balls not markedly different from the balls which their great-grandmothers attended. But in these places the tempo of all life is slower and more regular; New York moves at a speed as zigzagged and sensational as if charted by the sky line of its gigantic buildings. Fortunes are made or lost overnight, and in many circles composed of the most powerful of millionaires the tactful guest will never speak of grandfathers.

Now there are a few people to whom society is a serious matter, and who will deny the power of this aristocracy of money?

"These new-rich don't count!" they will say. "They have money, yes, but they really don't count. They can never get into the inner circle."

Downtown and Uptown Success

But facts are against this theory. There may be a small self-contained group who consider themselves the most important social entity in Manhattan, and who hold out against the inclusion of all newcomers but as one of their own group said the other day, the newcomers really don't care much about being included, and would find the atmosphere rather stuffy if they were.

"That group doesn't constitute society in the modern sense," he went on. "They're just like a little island which thinks it's more important than the mainland, but which is so small the mainland doesn't even think of its existence. Besides, if you took each individual member of this set and went back far enough in his or her family tree, you'd find that some ancestor or other made a fortune in a commercial way and thereby laid the basis for the social exclusiveness which, after a generation or two, enables his descendant to adopt a superior attitude toward people who make fortunes in a commercial way."

His contention is that any man of sufficient wealth to be powerful downtown in New York can get what he wants socially uptown.

"There are two reasons why everyone goes to the parties which the new-rich give," he said. "The first is that they're apt to be wonderful parties. The host who isn't quite sure of himself if he has a dance will have two bands instead of one. Nobody knows or cares who's giving a big party anyway; if they think they'll have a good time, they'll go. That covers the reason why you see so many prominent names in the paper after a big ball or something. But the

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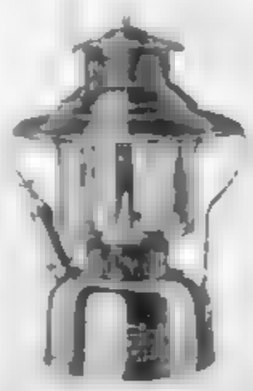

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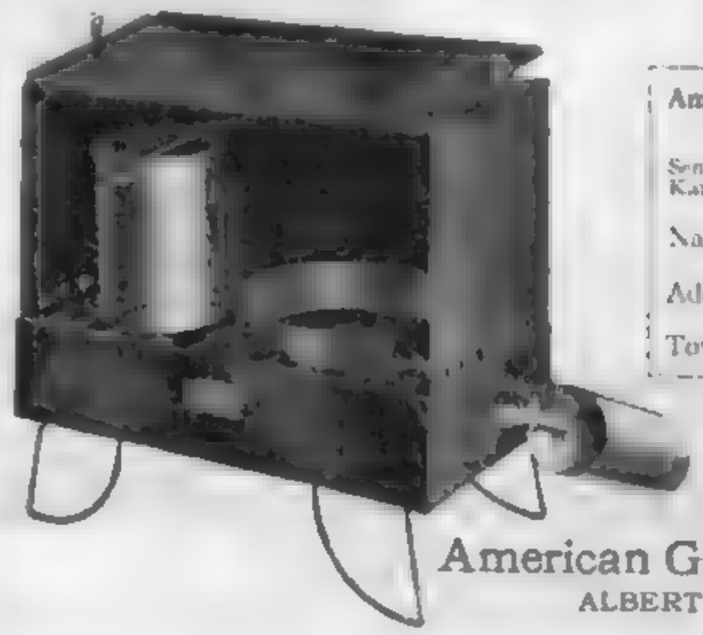

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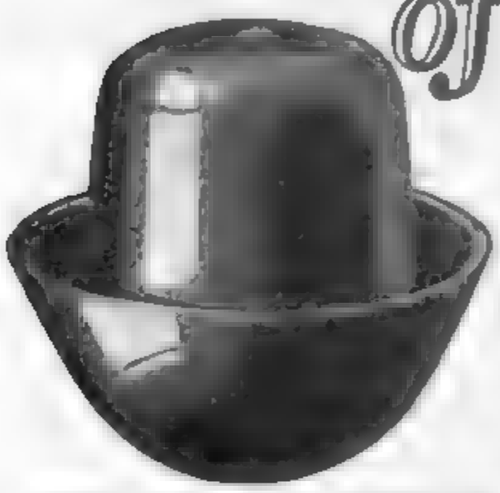

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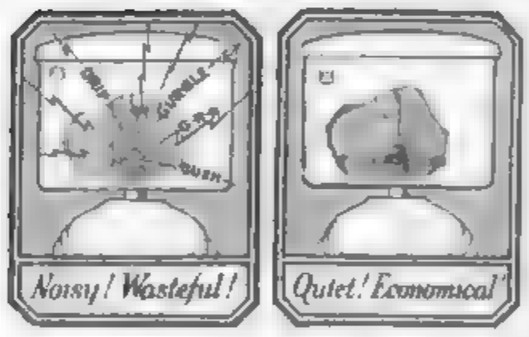

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Put an end to big water bills and the incessant racket with Mushroom Parabal, the one patented tank ball that is guaranteed to stop the leak and keep it stopped for a full three years. Note the inverted mushroom shape of this tank ball. It fits right down into the valve like a cork and makes a tight seal all the way 'round. Call a plumber at the first sign or sound of a leak in your closet tank and let him install a Mushroom Parabal.

Sold only by Master Plumbers—$1.25. Fully Guaranteed for three years

Stop the Leaking Faucet and Keep It Stopped

Dripping faucets and stained basins give proof enough that ordinary washers won't last. NEVER-DRIP—remember the name—is made to stop a leaking faucet and keep it stopped. You can buy a convenient half-dozen assortment package of NEVER-DRIPS at your plumber's for 50c.

W&W HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

WOODWARD-WANGER

Hard Rubber Tank Float

The duty of the float in your closet tank is to close the inlet valve when the tank is full. [illegible] rubbing against the sides of the tank either corrode or wear out the most durable metal float. Call your plumber and let him install an Enduro hard rubber tank float which is guaranteed for five years.

Woodward-Wanger Co.

Philadelphia

Oakland, California Chicago, Illinois Orlando, Florida

smaller affairs—dinners and week-ends, and so on—are usually arranged because of a much more important reason. And that's business. Lots of people who have been brought up in the old-fashioned way—to consider that society was based upon mutual interests and was an end in itself—find now that there just aren't any social traditions strong enough to hold out, once they get in competition with the struggle for bread and butter."

He spoke of the fact that the first move of a rich outsider who desired to break into society was to get around him as business associates several well-bred young men of secure position who needed the money which he could help them make, and who, in addition to the work for which they were ostensibly engaged, would put him up for good clubs and introduce him to the people he wanted to know.

"I think it's disgusting of them to do it," said his younger sister.

"Well, I don't know," he answered. "I think probably, by and large, the clubs are better off with these men as members than without them, and so is society. New blood and new ideas keep them from stagnating. And then, as we were saying, it's not going against the fundamental principles of New York society to admit the rich. They've always done it."

Where to Live in the Summer

Someone tried to disprove this contention by relating the story of a very wealthy Westerner who, with his socially ambitious wife, came to New York a few years ago determined to get into society, but failed so conspicuously that they went abroad to live. Then, to the surprise of everyone who had snubbed them in this country, they achieved a phenomenal success in one of the large capitals of Europe. It was said that they could persuade more distinguished and titled people to eat their food and drink their wines than any of the competing expatriated Americans, which to them meant the social position they couldn't achieve in New York.

"I hope you aren't trying to prove by that that New Yorkers stayed away from their parties just because they were newly rich! The truth of the matter is that, although she was unpopular because she was so pretentious, they could have had anything they wanted in New York if they hadn't waited until after he'd made his fortune. He should have moved here while he was actively engaged in business. After he had retired he had nothing to offer more than just another party, and as neither he nor his wife was very attractive, they couldn't get away with it. Now, if they'd gone to Washington, they would have been all right. It's the place for retired people. But New York is too alive and too changing for inactive people to make any impression upon it."

He spoke of the way in which today even the clubs into which entrance is most eagerly sought are not those dignified and exclusive institutions filled with men past middle age whose active days are over, but rather those composed of young men on the way toward success.

There is no city in which membership in the right clubs assumes greater social importance than in New York. This is because its tremendous growing population has pushed the boundaries of society into such vague limits that any clearly defined exclusiveness takes an exaggerated meaning. The names of the admissions committees are usually kept secret, so that too much pressure cannot be brought to bear upon individuals, for the decision to include or exclude may make a vast amount of difference. This is not only true of men's clubs but also of country clubs, in which to be or not to be a member may make or mar the socially ambitious.

An instance of this was seen last year when one of the most beautiful places on Long Island was put on the market at a comparatively low figure by its wealthy owner. At first no one could understand why he wanted to sell it, but the story eventually leaked out that when he had bought it he had assumed that by owning a place in an exclusive summer colony he had taken the first step toward entrance into society. He had been told, when he came to New York to live, that the important thing socially was your country place. There you saw men at their moments of relaxation, and in the atmosphere of leisure so necessary in development of personal relationships.

"Only his adviser got the cart before the horse," said the man who had bought the house at a bargain. "For in this particular section all activities center around a certain country club. If you don't belong to it you just don't see any of the people with whom he wanted to play around. As soon as he discovered this he got someone who wasn't a very influential member to put him up, but as the waiting list was long and there was no especial reason to admit him, he wasn't taken in. The result was that after a couple of pretty lonely years he sold the place and decided to spend the summers on his yacht."

He went on to say that he himself, during the years when he had been the adviser in legal matters of various self-made men, had been consulted many times about this sort of thing. He said that the most perplexing of all problems for the outsider who was ambitious was this question of where to live in the summer. His own belief was that it was extremely important, particularly for people who had children.

The solution which he had hit upon for his worldly clients was to advise them to have their names put up for membership for several fashionable country clubs before they even considered buying a house anywhere. He suggested, furthermore, that they get as their sponsors men of impeccable standing who were desirous of establishing some sort of business relationship with them, and would therefore push the matter of their membership. Then, if they were admitted into one good club, he thought the wisest course would be not to buy, but to rent a place in its vicinity for a year or two. This would give him time to find out how he and his family fitted into the community, and in the meantime, if he became a member of other clubs in other localities, he could later try them, too, before actually settling down in any one definite place.

He told the story of a shrewd Yankee who had bought a country place in the fashionable section of New Jersey before he discovered that from the social point of view you did not exist unless you belonged to a small hunt club. He was told that it was practically impossible to get into it unless you were known and liked by a certain number of its members.

The Gate to Friendship

As it happened he knew no one well in the neighborhood; he had bought the place because he was fond of riding and liked the country. After he learned of the importance of the hunt club, he rented his place for the summer, sent his family to Europe and began to devise ways and means. The next spring his name was put up and within a few weeks he was admitted to the club. Then he opened his house for the first time, and his family moved out into a welcoming and hospitable neighborhood. For in the meantime he had taken into his highly successful business three young men who had hitherto been more prominent on the hunting field than in the financial world, and these men had not only seen to it that he was taken in ahead of the waiting list of the club membership, but through the efforts of their wives and various connections, a friendly atmosphere was created for the newcomer's family, and before long they felt themselves an integral part of the community.

In this particular locality it would have been especially difficult to be an outsider, because most of the residents keep their

(Continued on Page 213

"ALAS, POOR YORICK"
He was a faithful brush!

LURKING in the bathrooms of American homes are millions like him—poor wraiths of tooth brushes that have long since outlived their usefulness.

Because they do not *look* worn out, we go on using them—blissfully believing that we are caring for our teeth. Actually, we are neglecting them just as surely as though we left them unbrushed.

That is the pernicious thing about using tooth brushes too long.

Why take chances with our teeth? After all, it is only a few cents' worth of extra wear that we are trying to wring from some poor old brush.

Let's pension off the old brush. Let's retire it from active duty. Get a new Dr. West's—the convex brush with firm, lively, vigorous bristles—special bristles that not only clean inside, outside and between the teeth, but *polish as they clean.*

Proper brushing with a Dr. West's—away from the gums—two minutes in the morning—two at night—is bringing to the teeth of millions a whiteness they never before believed possible.

And here's a secret! If you would *keep* your teeth brilliantly polished, never try to "wear out" your Dr. West's. So long-lived is this brush that it is often serviceable months after its special polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have fresh, firm, lively bristles always.

Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure yours is effective by getting a new one today!

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. The Adult's size is 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush—*a Biography*

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles. Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine *all* the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side. Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its nine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices. And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. Insist on Dr West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean *all* the teeth and *polish as they clean.*

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Every Dr West's Tooth Brush is Sterilized and Sealed for your protection. It is safe from Thumb Brushers. *Samples* of each type are displayed for examination in the handy cabinet on your dealer's counter.

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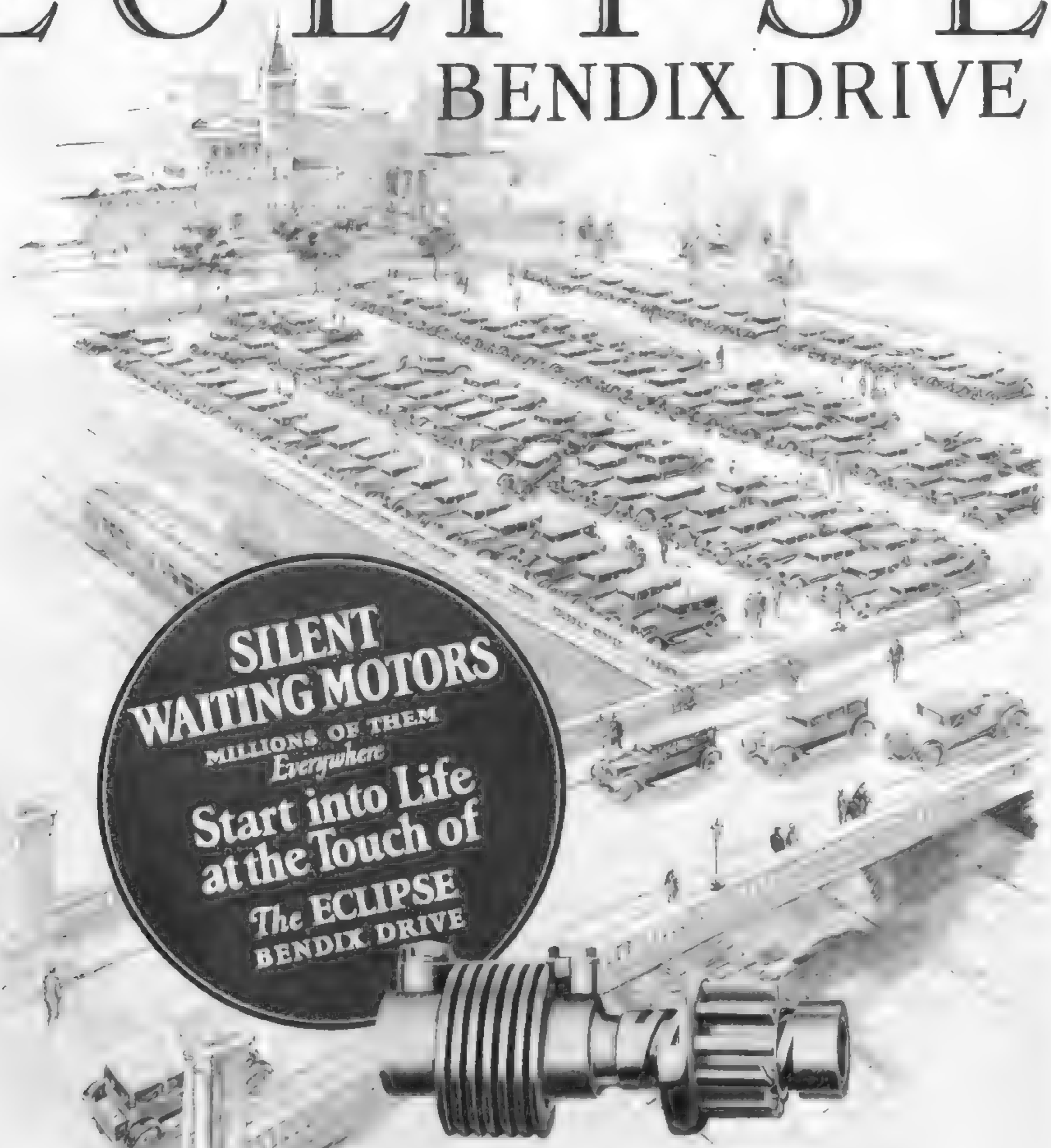
BENDIX DRIVE



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ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N. Y.

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(Continued from Page 210)

country houses open all winter, and thereby make them the real center of their social lives. To be sure they still consider themselves members of New York society; but so far as actual residence there goes, there is an increasing tendency to rent only a very small furnished apartment, usually in a hotel, which serves as a place to stay a few nights a week when attendance at dinners or dances or the theater has created the disagreeable alternative of boarding a late train in evening clothes.

But even people who move into their own houses or large apartments in New York in November, and stay there until May—with the exception of the weeks in the early spring spent in Bermuda or the Carolinas or Florida—are apt to separate into cliques and sets, according to the neighborhood in which they live during the summer. This is due not only to the phenomenal size of New York which makes numerical exclusiveness necessary and gives memberships in clubs such importance, but in addition, the city attracts to it people of very varied interests and tastes, and this automatically produces its own classifications.

It has been said that physically New York is composed of a number of small cities which bear little relation one to the other beyond the fact of mere geographical proximity. Certainly any stranger who climbs to the top of a motorbus at Washington Square and surveys quickly the slums to its south, the old-fashioned comfort of its dignified houses on the north, the pleasant small houses and the studios, large and small, of Greenwich Village to the east and west of his course, will have seen four definite sections before he has ridden four blocks. And he will be right in thinking that the social subdivisions are more complete in their isolation than the geographic. If he continues to ride up our greatest Avenue and will look east as he passes Twentieth Street, he may catch a glimpse of Gramercy Park, which a generation ago was almost surrounded by beautiful private houses in which lived some of the city's most distinguished social and intellectual leaders. Now most of the leaders and their houses are disappearing; huge apartment houses are rearing their impersonal heads.

The stranger will find that the Murray Hill section, just east of Fifth Avenue, in the Thirties, still contains the J. P. Morgan house, but that this monument to the days of the neighborhood's social prominence is all the more conspicuous because business has crept in and absorbed so many other private residences.

Everyone to His Taste

If his vehicle has continued straight up Fifth Avenue, he will find very few of the mansions of millionaires which were once the megaphoned delight of guides to the city. This does not mean that these very millionaires may not be living more or less on the same ground; only today, instead of having a private house, they live in a many-roomed apartment in a tall modern building in which other millionaires reside. And no guide could possibly list all the names of these new residents of the Avenue who pay such fabulous rentals. The fashionable section goes far north into the Nineties, and in certain sections, east as far as the river.

This tendency for everyone of approximately similar tastes to live in one section is a comparatively new thing in New York. A generation ago the addresses of the socially elect were much more scattered than they are today.

And there again, as in every consideration of the city's social life, the element of sheer size must be taken into account. It is more convenient to live where one's friends live; it is more convenient to be within walking distance of clubs and restaurants and schools.

New York, moreover, is primarily a city where business is king and society is at best a morganatic wife. It would be as absurd for its residents to cling to archaic and inconvenient modes of living as it would be for the citizens of a commercially unenterprising town to try to emulate its incessant movement. From the time of its founding, work has been respected, and successful work and its rewards have been regarded with awe. It is impossible, therefore, for social traditions in regard to neighborhoods, customs or family names to have the power which they attain in cities built upon a different foundation.

And yet with all its disregard for the conventions of the past when they get in conflict with the needs of the present, New York is just as ardent as any other city in its insistence that the society of the young shall be firmly organized.

"It has to be mapped and charted," said the mother of a debutante of this winter. "For after a girl's been out a year, she's not going to keep on doing all these conventional things any more than the rest of us do. She's going to find out little by little what people are congenial, and then she'll drift into a crowd of her own. But in a place the size of New York you have to make an effort for her to meet the right people when she does come out, so that she can eventually choose her friends."

Choosing the Right School

This may or may not be the reason behind the tremendous effort which the majority of New Yorkers put into their attempts to have their daughters make brilliant debuts. The fact remains, however, regardless of their motives, that big business itself is no more skillfully organized than these campaigns of parents. In other places it can be taken for granted that if a girl's parents have a secure social position she will step into it without much effort, or if, on the other hand, her family are obscure, they will only waste their time in attempting to make her successful.

"But in New York anything is possible," declared a woman who has made a profession of launching people socially. "You see, in a city the size of this, few debutantes can get very far on their own merits. In a smaller place it's quite different, but here, with the changing centers of social prominence and the constant influx of newcomers, a girl must be well advertised in order to attract attention. Yes, I mean advertised. Photographed and written up in the Sunday newspapers and the various periodicals. And if her family aren't sure of themselves, her name must be coupled as much as possible with the names of girls who are well known.

"After all, what does it mean today to say that people are in society in New York? It's the associating of their names with the smart world. That's all. Having social position here is not so much a thing one possesses as an individual, or even as a member of a certain family, as it is in Boston or Philadelphia, but it means, rather, that one has a certain stratum of acquaintance. That's why it's so easy sometimes to create it by advertising. Suppose, for instance, that Mary Jones and Sally Smith are the subdeb daughters of men so prominent that their names have significance. Then suppose that one time after another you see linked to their names a third. Whether it is in a list of guests at luncheon or a dance or on a committee for some good work matters very little; if you see constantly "Mary Jones, Sally Smith and Kitty Kelly," the name of Kitty Kelly will produce, after a year or so, exactly the same effect as the name of Mary Jones or Sally Smith.

"That's why ambitious parents are so keen on getting their children into the right schools. A woman whom I was advising professionally many years ago asked me to do all I could to get her seven-year-old daughter into a certain fashionable school. 'I don't know how much they learn there,' I said. 'Oh, I'm not interested in what she learns,' she answered. 'I want her to grow up knowing all those nice little girls who go

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PATENTED
FOSS-SET
GUARANTEED USE IN ANYTHING
If They're Worth a Can of Lacquer They're Worth a Decent Brush
When you lacquer, make sure of a job that's worth your time and effort. Buy a Wooster Foss-Set Brush. Guaranteed—Use in Anything. Foss-Set, the most remarkable setting ever developed, permanently holds the bristles in a Wooster Brush. When you buy lacquer, buy a Wooster.
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there.' Now this sounds revoltingly snobbish when it is expressed so crudely, but isn't it the reason certain schools have become so popular and others which may be much superior in equipment and scholastic standing draw few recruits from the socially ambitious? It's a sound principle, too, for, as I said, it's acquaintance that gives you position in New York."

She told in detail of the effort she expended trying to get the child admitted to the school upon which her mother had set her heart. The waiting list was long; there was no reason, so far as the head of the institution could see, why this particular little girl should be admitted and other little girls should be kept out. To be sure her father was very successful in business, but so were countless other fathers; moreover, so far as family went, there was one serious disadvantage: Her mother had been born in New York.

"Now if she had only had the good fortune to have been born in Wisconsin or Colorado or some distant place, it would have been so much easier," said her adviser. "She might have come from a family equally simple and equally obscure, and it wouldn't have mattered nearly so much. As it was, however, after her husband had made a lot of money they were invited out a good deal by his business associates, and she was just as complete a stranger to the socially elect, without the excuse of geography to explain it. Of course, as her husband's prominence downtown increased, she was taken up more and more, and as she had the quick wit and the thick skin of the city bred, she managed to climb several rungs of the social ladder without stumbling too noticeably.

"When it came to entering her girl in the exclusive school she desired, and to getting her into a certain dancing class, she found it more difficult. That's why she employed me, I suppose."

She smiled reminiscently. "I got a list of the trustees of the school and of the patronesses of the dancing class. And I took them all to the woman's husband. 'This is more your job than mine,' I told him. As a matter of fact, he had business connections with enough of the men—those on the board of the school, as well as husbands of some of the patronesses of the dancing class—so that he was able to swing it. And incidentally, there is no place where business can exert such powerful pressure on social affairs as in New York. And no one can deny that getting children into the right schools is more a social matter than an educational one. I shall never forget how pleased the child's mother was! Of course she had a complex about it, because she herself had gone to the wrong school. At any rate, this was in the days before she had learned that triumphs should be concealed as carefully as disappointments, so she told the first person she met how wonderful it was. This happened to be an Englishwoman who was visiting here, and she was nonplused. 'Has the school such excellent standing because it prepares the girls for college?' she asked. 'Oh, no!' my client answered with utter seriousness. 'It's because it prepares them for the Junior League!'"

Prepared for Competition

She then tried to explain to the foreigner the importance of this club, into which a limited number of debutantes are admitted each year. It was difficult at first for the other to understand that the new members, at the very time they are most occupied with their activities of coming out, must attend certain early morning lectures at the Junior League and must do some active work for worthy charities, and yet membership is eagerly sought, because it carries with it such definite social prestige.

"All the large cities have branches of the Junior League now," she said. "But in New York it's more important than anywhere else, because in a place so enormous as this, you've got to be identified with a group in order to be known at all."

The ambitious mother did not even halt her campaign after her daughter had started into the school she considered suitable. She and her husband had already bought a house on Long Island, so they had their neighborhood group there to draw upon, and slowly she built up the right acquaintanceship. But she and her adviser both believed that despite the importance of establishing the right group identity for the girl, they must see that as an individual she was equipped for the most competitive game in the most competitive city in America. And, although one may say that their motives were worldly and snobbish, nevertheless, one cannot deny that most of the accomplishments which she developed were excellent in themselves.

She learned to swim, to play tennis and golf, to dance, and to ride horseback; as she grew older her complexion and hair and hands and teeth were given special attention, and she acquired a style of her own in dressing. Her French was passable, and she was taken to symphony concerts and dog shows with perfect impartiality. Her mother was more insistent than most parents that her manners toward older people should be courteous, and she was able to keep her from either smoking or drinking.

"Girls whose families have been prominent for two or three generations can get away with lots of things you can't," she said. "Besides, it will spoil your looks."

The List of Prospects

At dinners in their own house they instructed the servants not even to pass cocktails to girls or to boys who were going to preparatory school. Some of their daughter's friends served no liquor at all and others served too much, so this was their compromise.

The coming-out ball was a great success. They had chosen, eighteen months in advance, a night after a popular football game, and engaged the smartest of the restaurants for a dinner of fifty and a ball for a thousand guests. For three months after that the girl dined and danced and lunched and teaed and did committee work for the Junior League. She was one of the eighty-eight debutantes, out of the season's total of two hundred, who were asked to the Junior Assemblies. She had a great success.

Early in February she went South to rest and to visit a school friend. The day after her trunks and bags had left and the house was quiet again, her mother asked her social adviser to come in to see her.

"I don't want to consult you on business," she said across the tea table. "In fact, I'm through with that kind of business forever."

"You mean you've given up society?"

"No, I've concluded there's no society to give up in New York. I did the job I started to do with my daughter. She knows everyone now, and everyone knows her. She can make her own social life from now on. But you know as well as I do that society in the old-fashioned sense doesn't exist here. I thought it did until I got in, but after twelve years of hard work I'm going to retire."

"You're quite right," the other agreed. "If you mean by society a well-organized, clearly defined group, no such thing exists after the debutante year. That's why their year is more important here than anywhere else—everything's got to be crammed into that short period, because after that it disintegrates. By the way, have you heard the reason another deb gave for your daughter's popularity? Someone else said that she was a great success because she was so pretty and so beautifully dressed and had such nice manners, and so on, when this girl said, 'That's not the reason at all. She went over big because she knew, personally, four hundred boys!'

"'Well,' said her mother wearily, 'they're the only aristocracy left in New York!'"

THERE are certain attributes of fine wearing apparel that are unmistakable to people who are used to real quality.

In households accustomed for generations to buy none but the best, Skinner's Satin is considered a fixed and inseparable part of good tailoring and good taste.

Pure silk, closely woven. Unequalled beauty and *long wear*. These are the qualities which make Skinner linings so necessary to complete the *perfect garment*.

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Linings for men's cloth [illegible] Women's Skirts, Waists and Furs

Crepes Satin Crepes, Dress Satins Messaline Satins Satins

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

A glass of fresh grapes *for* breakfast - -

SOUNDS GOOD for breakfast, doesn't it?

Plenty of men are making it the start of their good mornings.

They find it makes them feel better to take a glass of Welch's Grape Juice for breakfast. They began it perhaps for a change in the breakfast fruit juice. And now it's a regular thing.

Welch's has a mild, laxative quality, an anti-acid property, energy value and vitamins. That is why you can get it at the best hotels from coast to coast.

It does for you all the healthful services you expect of a morning fruit juice—food experts recognize that it holds all the important elements of fresh ripe grapes.

Try Welch's for a few mornings as a variation—you'll notice its beneficial results. Tell the family how easy it is to serve—all squeezed for you. Hotels serve it chilled, in a small glass.

At the soda fountain ask for a delicious Welch "ade" or straight Welch's. Mix Welch's at home with ice or ginger ale, charged water, or other fruit juices. Some of the recipes are on every label.

* * *

FREE: Booklet that tells how to mix fruit drinks and the reasons for Welch's at breakfast. Write for it to The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-32, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Grape Jelly and other Preserve Products. Canadian plant, St. Catharines, Ontario.

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From the Waldorf-Astoria in New York to the Palace in San Francisco, America's best hotels serve Welch's Grape Juice for the breakfast fruit juice. Among them—

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The Plaza	New York City
The Roosevelt	New York City
Hotel Pennsylvania	New York City
The Waldorf-Astoria	New York City
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The Drake	Chicago
Edgewater Beach	Chicago
La Salle Hotel	Chicago
Hotel Adelphia	Philadelphia
The Bellevue-Stratford	Philadelphia
The Benjamin Franklin	Philadelphia
Hotel Statler	Detroit
The Book-Cadillac	Detroit
Hotel Cleveland	Cleveland
Hotel Statler	Cleveland
The Hotel Chase	St. Louis
The Coronado	St. Louis
Hotel Mayfair	St. Louis
Hotel Statler	St. Louis
The Southern Hotel	Baltimore
The Copley-Plaza	Boston
William Penn Hotel	Pittsburgh
Hotel Schenley	Pittsburgh
The Alexandria	Los Angeles
The Ambassador	Los Angeles
Los Angeles Biltmore	Los Angeles
Fairmont Hotel	San Francisco
The Palace Hotel	San Francisco
Hotel Statler	Buffalo
The Mayflower	Washington, D. C.
The Raleigh	Washington, D. C.
The Willard	Washington, D. C.
The New Nicollet Hotel	Minneapolis
The Roosevelt	New Orleans
The St. Charles	New Orleans
Hotel Gibson	Cincinnati
Hotel Baltimore	Kansas City
Hotel President	Kansas City
Lincoln Hotel	Indianapolis
The Sagamore	Rochester
The Olympic	Seattle
The Brown Palace	Denver
The Deshler	Columbus
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Hotel Peabody	Memphis
The Maryland Hotel	Pasadena
The Ambassador	Atlantic City
The Greenbrier	White Sulphur Springs
Royal Daneli Hotel	Palm Beach
The Breakers	Palm Beach
The Alba	Palm Beach
Miami Biltmore	Coral Gables
Mt. Royal Hotel	Montreal, Can
Savarin Restaurants	New York City
	Philadelphia, Baltimore, Jersey City, North Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh

McNARY-HAUGENISM

(Continued from Page 5

As you would imagine, land values were inflated. Between 1910 and 1920, according to the census, the value of farm lands increased $26,000,000,000. That was more than 90 per cent, which is to say, as the prices of agricultural commodities doubled, so in a parallel manner the value of land increased, and this was a certain pledge to future disaster.

What happened exactly was that the fictitious wartime profits of agriculture were entirely capitalized in the price of land. Everybody seemed to forget that these war prices for food were impermanent. They were bound to fall. But the price you pay for land is a fixed investment on which you have to go on paying interest under normal conditions. The value of farm buildings increased 80 per cent. The value of machine equipment increased nearly twofold. There was a frenzy to put more land to use, more capital to this profit—and, as was inevitable in the case of human nature, the farmers enormously increased their indebtedness. That was to buy land, to buy more land, to put more buildings and more equipment upon it. Credit was everywhere for the asking. A farmer going into his bank to borrow $500 for a hog house was likely to come out with $5000 and a vision of grandeur. He was rich in borrowing power.

Then came the postwar deflation, here as everywhere else in the world, and there the trouble begins.

During the boom, agricultural commodities advanced even faster than industrial commodities, so that the farmer had been on top of the world, with this advantage as a buyer—that a unit of his product exchanged for more of other goods than was ever the case before. But when the collapse came agricultural commodities fell faster and farther than industrial commodities, leaving the farmer in the lurch.

In one year the average value of farm products declined to a point only 25 per cent higher than the prewar level; but industrial commodities stopped about halfway and stood at a level 50 per cent above the prewar average. This meant, of course, that the farmer as a buyer was at a disadvantage. It meant that it required, say, a bushel and a quarter of wheat to buy what one bushel had bought before. It is not so bad now. There has been some reduction of the disparity. But never has the purchasing power of farm products returned to what it was either before the war or during the boom.

A New World for Farmers

Naturally, the farmer was sore. To lose his dream of profit, to lose his advantage as a buyer, to see the great bubble depart out of the value of land, gave him a state of mind like that of the one who in a very bad crop year borrowed money to go to the state fair, having heard that one of the attractions would be a head-on collision of two locomotives. That was all he wished to see—something smash something.

All this had happened to him before. He had been just that sore before. The beginning of difference in this situation was that he had learned a new way of thinking old thoughts; he had learned a new language in which to state his discontent. The Department of Agriculture had taught him a lingo of economics and how to determine his status in the complicated scheme of exchange by a statistical method. It gave him an index number to represent the value of the things he bought and another to represent the value of the things he sold, and showed him how, when he had divided one by the other, he obtained a third figure to represent his relative purchasing power.

As you may or may not know, an index number is constructed roughly in this manner: You set down the prices, let us say, of thirty industrial commodities according to their importance, add these thirty prices together, divide by thirty, and the result will be the average price of those commodities. The relation of this average price to the average price of the same commodities in some arbitrary series of preceding years is the index number. There are many scientific refinements, such as to weigh the items, but we need not explore those difficulties. To get the average price of agricultural commodities and then the agricultural index number, you proceed in the same way. It will represent the value of what the farmer has to sell, to exchange or to buy with, as you choose to say it.

The distressed and brooding farmer, together with the demagogue, found a new world in statistics. They brought to it that zeal they once had for the abstract theory of money in the days of the silver delusion and the same strange gift for confusing the logic of emotion with the logic of fact.

A Difference in Dollars

Taking the figures of the Department of Agriculture for the year 1922, which was the worst year, it appears that the industrial index was 168 per cent of the prewar average; for the same year the agricultural index was only 124 per cent of the prewar average. Now divide the low agricultural index by the high industrial index—that is, 124 by 168—and you have .74, which, to use the department's own language, was a figure to represent "the relative purchasing power of the farmer's product."

What the farmer does with this statistical conclusion is interesting. He thinks in symbols. Relative purchasing power is a phrase. He cannot see it. What is his purchasing power? It is his dollar. Therefore, if his purchasing power is .74, his dollar is 74 cents.

So he says, "The city man's dollar is a dollar, but the farmer's dollar is 74 cents."

That is the fact inverted and symbolized. There is no such thing as a city dollar, no such thing as a country dollar. But that is the way his imagination works. Everywhere now among farmers you will hear it. His dollar, against the city dollar, is an eighty-cent dollar, or an eighty-one-cent dollar, or whatever the figure is that expresses the Department of Agriculture's latest calculation of the relative purchasing power of the farmer's product.

There are many pitfalls in the statistical method. For example, if you were going to treat dollars as having the value of the commodities for which they are received, you would have wheat dollars, corn dollars, hog dollars, dairy dollars, cotton dollars, and so on, and the purchasing power of each one would be different from the others because the exchange value of commodities is variable.

Then again, the Government's industrial index which is supposed to show the relative cost of what the farmer buys—that for which he exchanges his own product—is incomplete. It leaves out, for example, the cost of power—meaning all that modern machine power which is transforming the methods and customs of agriculture by enabling the farmer to produce more units with less labor. Motor trucks, gas engines, tractors, milking machines, multiple cultivators, harvester combines—the cost of these things has been falling; the farmer's power of purchase over them has been increasing. They are things he needs to buy more and more of in order to reduce his costs and improve his profit, and yet they are not included in the Government's industrial index.

However, with all reservations, it is still true that since 1920 the relative purchasing power of agriculture in general has declined. From familiarity with the statistical expression of this fact it was a short step to the great implication—namely, that the farmer's share in the total annual product of wealth is unequal, inadequate, unjust.

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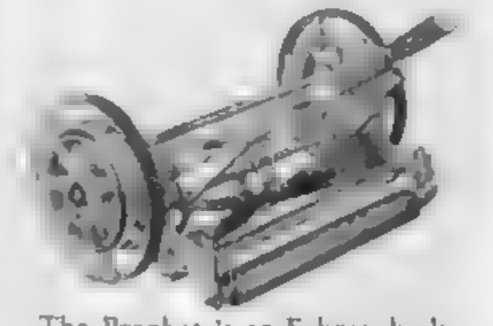
Write today for Free Booklet on the Care of the Lawn, containing valuable information every home owner should have. The Eclipse Line is sold by only one Hardware Store in each community, at $10 to $25, according to size and model. Hardware Dealers: Write for exclusive franchise terms.


The Prophet is an Eclipse-built machine of sturdy strength and dependable quality—with highly tempered crucible steel knives. All parts guaranteed for five years.

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This immediately became and is still the fundamental contention. And with it McNary-Haugenism was born. The farmer's share in the national income must be increased. That is the whole idea—equality for agriculture.

The late Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture from 1921 to 1924, was a high McNary-Haugenist. He wrote: "From all evidence it is clear that farmers as a group have not been receiving an adequate return for their labor and capital, nor a fair share of the national income." Again: "The farmer is clearly not receiving his fair share of the national income. This is plain for the years of depression; it is not so well known that it was true also before the war."

The McNary-Haugen majority of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, favorably reporting the bill, said: "We find that the percentage of the total national income which has gone to agriculture has steadily declined since 1920, from 13.8 per cent in 1920 to about 7.5 per cent in the last fiscal year, 1925–6. Whereas the percentage of our total population in agriculture today is 26 per cent or 27 per cent of our total population, this portion receives about 7.5 per cent of the total national income."

All these statistical statements are open to controversy. The figures for total national income are very imperfect; those for farm income are notoriously bad for two reasons: first, the difficulty of collecting them at all; and, secondly, the bias of the farmers' personal statements together with the practical impossibility of checking them. Moreover, the final average figure for farm income is greatly depressed by including many thousands of mule-and-shanty farmers—especially the colored farmers of the South. They are not representative of American agriculture. However, that is not the subject.

The Surplus Problem

The quest of the McNary-Haugenists from the beginning has been for a way—some plausible and politically feasible way—to redistribute the national income by law so as to give agriculture, as agriculture, a larger share of it. Some of them, like Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, went directly to the wish and demanded that the Government should guarantee agriculture as it had guaranteed the railroads, or that it should directly subsidize agriculture with enormous doles of public money, or that farmers' organizations should receive the right to issue their own money against their own crops. Others, like George N. Peek, Chester C. Davis and Hugh S. Johnson, sought first to identify the cause of the decline in the purchasing power of agriculture. They identified primarily two—the surplus and the tariff.

As to the surplus, they said, there was no controlling it. The farmer, in spite of himself, produced it; moreover, for the safety of the nation he should produce it. But, of course, he could not be expected to produce it at a loss. Therefore the question of price—a profitable price. The trouble was clear enough. The surplus quantity of basic agricultural commodities such as wheat or cotton could not be segregated from the total and sold separately at an export price, like the surplus quantity of industrial goods, such as steel rails, sewing machines and motor cars. Both the domestic quantity and the exportable surplus quantity of the great agricultural staples had to be sold at a world price. What determined the American price therefore was what determined the price in Europe, Asia and Africa—namely, world-wide supply and demand.

True, there was a tariff on many basic agricultural commodities. It is 42 cents a bushel on wheat, 15 cents a bushel on corn and oats, 20 cents a bushel on barley, $2 a head on sheep, half a cent a pound on swine, 2 cents a pound on bacon and hams, 20 cents a pound on fresh meat, 8 cents a pound on butter, 8 cents a dozen on eggs. It is a long list. But as to such a commodity as wheat, what was the good of a protective tariff wall when you could not separate the exportable surplus from the domestic supply, and were obliged, because you had a surplus, to sell the whole at a world price? If there was no surplus, or a deficit instead, so that we should have to import a little wheat, then, of course, the tariff would become automatically effective; the American price would be the world price plus the tariff of 42 cents a bushel.

Industry, on the other hand, with power to limit production to demand and with means besides to treat its exportable surplus separately, had always two markets one the high American market protected from outside competition by the tariff wall, and the other the world market for what it was worth.

Conflicting Interests

It was for these reasons, the McNary-Haugenists concluded, that the industrial index, meaning the relative value of industrial commodities, declined less than the relative value of agricultural commodities in the deflation period. It would follow logically that the decline in the farmer's buying power was owing to this—that what he sells he sells at a deflated world price, whereas what he buys he buys in the highly protected American market, the dearest in the world.

Such symphonic exposition turns upon debatable material.

There is nothing new about a surplus of basic agricultural commodities. We have always produced a surplus, and formerly much more. The trouble is not the surplus; it is the high cost of producing it. That is why so many farmers can no longer afford to sell it in the open markets of the world. Their problem is simply this—either to reduce the cost of production or stop growing wheat to sell abroad in competition with Canada, Australia and South America. They can reduce their costs. Means and knowledge to that use are abundantly available. Proof is that farmers who have undertaken to do it are making money.

Then there is the assumption that the tariff works generally to the disaster of the farmer. Here is a very complicated subject. No scientific study of how the farmer is affected by the tariff as it stands has yet been made; to make one would be a work of enormous difficulty, because almost no two farmers are affected alike. It depends on where they live, what they buy, what they sell and where they put their money. The Secretary of Agriculture in his last annual report said: "It is usual to declare baldly that industry gets everything and agriculture nothing out of the tariff. This is obviously not the case. Many farm commodities enjoy effective tariff protection. Among them may be mentioned spring wheat in years when we have a short crop, flax, sugar, wool, butter, and even certain classes of livestock. It is incorrect, moreover, to say that everything the farmer buys enjoys the advantage of protection. Many articles bought by the farmers are on the free list. This is true of agricultural implements and machinery, harness, boots and shoes made chiefly of leather, cattle and horses imported for breeding purposes, rough lumber, fertilizer materials, gasoline, binder twine and numerous other commodities."

When you begin to examine the tariff you stumble into one clear bit of light. It is that the farmers' economic interests are in themselves conflicting. The cattleman is a farmer; he wants a duty on hides to help the price of cattle. But a majority of farmers are more interested in cheap leather

(Continued on Page 221)

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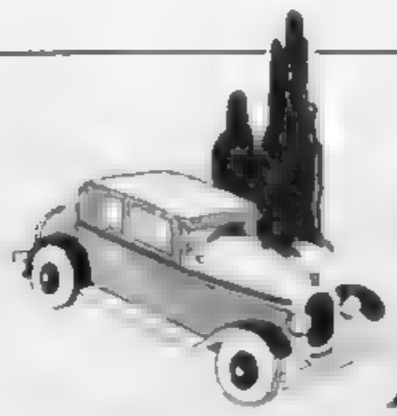

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They are, as one automobile company expresses it, "Constantly Improved." Important style features like the metal dial are soon incorporated into the various models of the line.

For instance, note how the new metal dial of the Midget with its dainty new figures gives it a sprightly, stylish look.

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Even the Old Reliable, the famous Yankee, which you buy for $1.50, now has an antique bow and crown, is more closely cased and has the air of a higher priced watch.

And so on through the entire line of 15 models, five of which are illustrated above, and all of which are carried by most stores that sell Ingersolls.

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The watches illustrated are: the Yankee, $1.50; the Junior, $3.25; the Midget, $3.25; the Wrist Watch, $3.50; and the Waterbury in a rolled gold-plate case, $8.00. Prices in Canada slightly higher.

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(Continued from Page 218)

than in dear cattle, and so demand that hides shall be imported duty free. There is a tariff on wool for the sake of the sheep raiser, who is a farmer; but that makes clothes dearer to all farmers. Farmers themselves are large consumers of agricultural commodities and the products thereof. Nine-tenths of them buy bread. All of them buy bacon and hams and cotton goods.

And finally, in the McNary-Haugenist conclusion, there is the assumption that the reason why industrial prices declined less than agricultural prices in the deflation period was that industry had a highly protected American market to exploit. But there were other reasons even more important.

Industry was quicker to take its losses and start again. It could not reduce costs by cutting wages. What it did in that dilemma was to improve its methods. It increased the productivity of the worker, thereby sustaining his wages while at the same time saving its own profit.

The McNary-Haugenists have never been interested in ways and means to reduce the cost of producing the surplus, which is the core of the matter. That is none of their business. They have been intent to show only that the average cost of producing it is high, in many cases higher than the price, and rash to assert that these costs are inevitable because of the tariff. This must rest on assertion; it has not been proved. They have never been enough interested in the tariff really to make an intensive study of its bearings upon agriculture. They have generalized about it.

What they have wanted was a plausible argument for redistributing the national income. The surplus, hitherto a national asset and still properly a national asset, they have represented to be a national calamity. The tariff they have represented as the hide of a beast that devours agriculture. The beast is industry. They have implanted in the farmer's mind thoughts of destruction and revenge, telling him the Government has guaranteed industry a profit, has guaranteed the railroads a profit, has guaranteed high industrial wages by restricting immigration, and yet is unwilling to guarantee agriculture a profit, preferring rather to oppress it, force it down to a plane of peasantry.

The basic idea of McNary-Haugenism passed through several phases. First it was proposed that the Government should flatly guarantee agriculture a return to represent cost of production plus a profit. That was not feasible, being so bald; they put it aside. It was then proposed that the Government should form an export corporation to buy up the surplus at a fair price—a price satisfactory to agriculture—and sell it away for what it would bring in foreign countries. That also was too bald. No way had been thought of to conceal the loss. The United States Treasury would have to bear it openly, and the public would not stand for that.

Behind the Tariff Wall

Gradually, from much thinking, they evolved the extraordinary and ingenious device set up in the McNary-Haugen Bills, of which there have been three. The first provided that the Government, by means of that device, should establish prices at any level necessary to give the farmer his prewar buying power. In short, equality for agriculture. That bill was defeated for the reason, among others, that it disclosed the act of price fixing.

The second bill provided that by the same device the Government should establish prices by the tariff yardstick, meaning by that a domestic price level that should be the world level plus the American tariff. This, of course, left out cotton, for which there was no tariff yardstick. They said this was not price fixing; it was only to fix a ratio between agricultural and industrial commodities. But their opponents said fixing the exchange value of a thing was, in fact, fixing its price, and this the McNary-Haugenists themselves admitted when, having lost that bill in 1926, they brought in the third bill, boasting that the price-fixing feature of the others had been made invisible in this one. The third bill—the one that passed—had the grand merit of silence as to any measure by which prices were to be determined. The basic commodities specified to be operated in by the Federal Farm Board were wheat, corn, rice, swine, tobacco and cotton. As to the commodities on which there was a tariff, it was to be assumed that the American prices would be as high as the tariff wall—that is to say, world prices plus the tariff; and as to cotton, it was to be assumed that the Federal Farm Board, in its discretion, would establish a price no higher than was fair.

Now the device, or the mechanism, by which the ends are to be achieved: The Federal Farm Board, nominated by agriculture and responsible to agriculture, having $250,000,000 from the United States Treasury to begin with, is charged to make away with the surplus in order that the domestic supply shall equal only what the American public will be able and willing to consume at higher prices. Then there will be two prices—the high American price and the lower export price. The Federal Farm Board, through its agents, will buy the surplus at the high American price and sell it at the lower world price outside. It is obliged to do this.

Buying High and Selling Low

There is in that case obviously a large loss from buying high and selling low. Who will pay the loss? The theory is that the farmer will pay it. There is laid upon his product an excise tax, called an equalization fee, to create a fund out of which the Government shall reimburse itself for the loss.

Then what will the farmer get? He will get for his whole crop the high American price less the tax he has paid to meet the Government's loss in the export trade.

Take wheat for the clearest illustration Suppose the crop is 800,000,000 bushels. This country will require for food and seed 600,000,000 bushels. The quantity to be exported—the surplus, that is to say—will be 200,000,000 bushels. The prevailing world price is one dollar a bushel—Minneapolis, Chicago or Liverpool. The tariff is 42 cents a bushel. If the farmer sells his whole crop here and abroad at the world price, he will receive for it only one dollar a bushel, or $800,000,000. But now appears the Federal Farm Board, bidding $1.42 a bushel for the surplus. That will cause the price of the domestic supply also to rise to $1.42 a bushel, for obviously if the surplus is removed so that the quantity of wheat remaining in the country is only what is required for food and seed, or a trifle less, and no more can be had unless it is imported, the price of the domestic quantity must rise, in theory anyway, to $1.42, which is the world price plus the tariff.

So now, by reason of the operations of the Federal Farm Board, the price of the entire wheat crop—the whole 800,000,000 bushels—is 42 cents a bushel higher than it would otherwise be. But when the Federal Farm Board sells abroad at the world price of $1 a bushel the surplus for which it has paid $1.42 in the United States it loses 42 cents a bushel. On 200,000,000 bushels that is $84,000,000. This it charges to the farmer by collecting on the entire crop of 800,000,000 bushels a tax of 10.5 cents a bushel. That also is $84,000,000. Therefore what the farmer receives for his entire crop, more than he would otherwise have received, is 42 cents a bushel less the tax of 10.5 cents—net gain to the farmer 31.5 cents a bushel. On 800,000,000 bushels that is $252,000,000.

Does it sound complicated? It is extremely complicated. Its clumsiness is owing to the political necessity of concealing the ultimate fact. It is possible by all this

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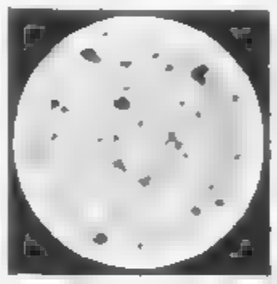

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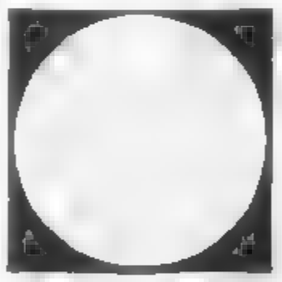

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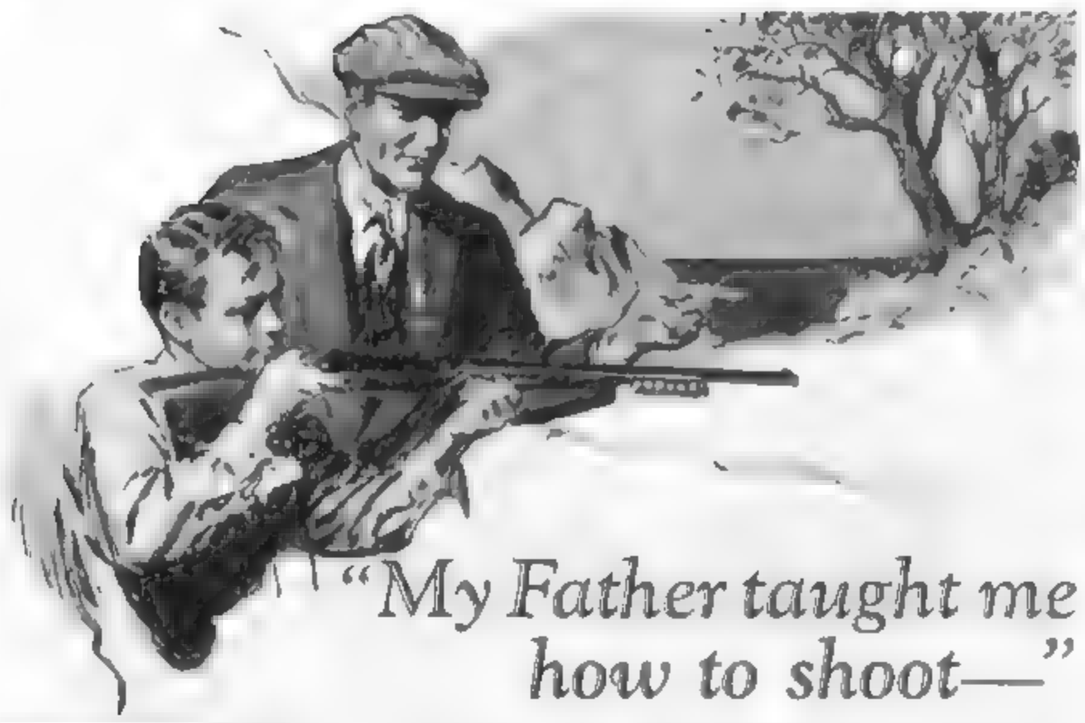

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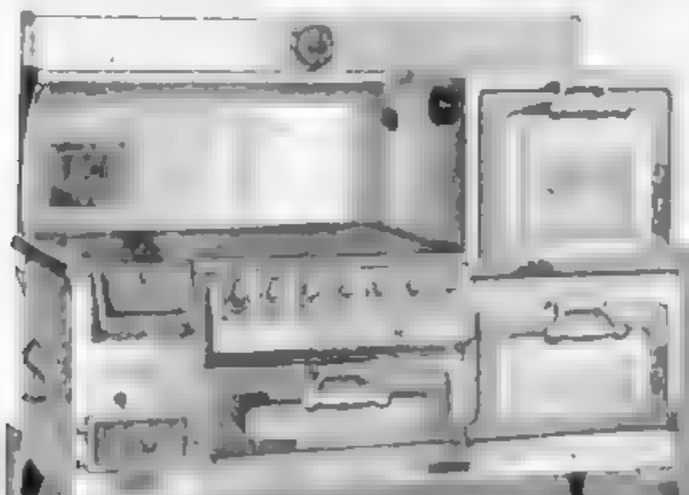

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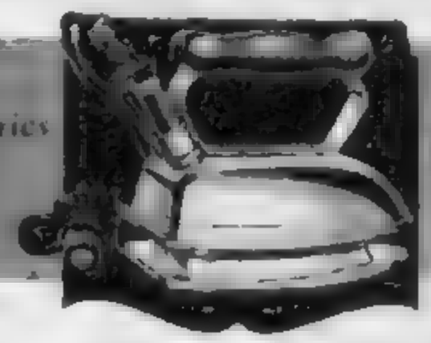

Heats up [illegible]

antfractuosity to create the suggestion that the farmer pays for his own benefit.

Take the nude result. The cost of wheat to the American consumer is increased $252,000,000. That is the amount of national income transferred from the consumers of food to the producers of it, on account of wheat alone. Then you add corn, swine, rice, tobacco and cotton. You add also flour, and then pork products, such as bacon and hams and lard.

What to do with these products was for a long time a very troublesome question. Much of the wheat surplus is exported in the form of flour. Nearly the whole of the corn surplus is exported in the form of pork products. If the Federal Farm Board undertook to sell away the whole wheat surplus as wheat and the whole corn surplus as corn, the export trade in flour and meat products would be ruined; flour millers and meat packers could not pay the high American prices for wheat and hogs and still compete in the foreign trade.

First it was proposed that the Federal Farm Board itself should go into the milling and packing business. That was put aside in deference to the prejudice against the Government engaging directly in trade. In the bill as it passed it is provided that the Federal Farm Board shall treat the products of agricultural commodities as it treats the commodities themselves; specifically, that as it makes contracts with the exporters of grain to guarantee them against loss, so in the same way it shall contract with the millers and packers to pay them all "losses, costs and charges arising out of the purchase, storage or sale or other disposition" of the surplus. That is to say, when the miller has paid $1.42 a bushel for American wheat to make flour to sell in foreign markets in competition with foreign millers who pay only $1 a bushel, he will get back his losses from the Federal Farm Board. The board does nothing directly; it acts through agents under contract.

If it were a question merely of making tariff protection effective on agricultural commodities, then how much simpler it would be for the United States Treasury to pay a bounty on exports equal to the tariff, or to pay directly to the exporters of agricultural commodities and the products thereof a drawback exactly equal to the tariff.

That would produce the same effect as to prices. Domestic prices would rise above the world price as much as the tariff is. But this would not be politically feasible. It would be too obvious.

Will the Idea Work?

It is not merely a question of making tariff protection effective on agricultural commodities. There is no tariff on cotton to be made effective, and it would be absurd to put a tariff on cotton in a country that produces seven-tenths of the world's total supply. Yet cotton is included in the plan. As to cotton, it is simply a sheer price-raising scheme.

It may be that food is too cheap. Who shall say it is or it is not? Certainly it would be unfair to leave the answer to consumers. McNary-Haugenism—the McNary-Haugen Bill, specifically—leaves it to the farmer.

It may be that as a social ideal the population should be balanced, urban and rural, in about equal proportions, with equal political authority; it may be that the growth of cities should be checked at any cost and that to check it a subsidy to people on the farms is necessary. But these are questions that have not been even debated, much less answered.

Will McNary-Haugenism work? That is the question. Will the idea work?

The idea is not killed when the particular bill that embodies it is voted down or vetoed or declared unconstitutional. It will live politically until it is disproved by experience or reason, or until death overtakes it from natural causes. That might happen, as in the event of a natural fall in the industrial index or a natural rise in the agricultural index, or a meeting of them from both movements together.

The fallacies of McNary-Haugenism are of reasoning, assumption and judgment, all three.

Reasoning by analogy is the favorite method of the McNary-Haugenist. His fertility in providing the analogy is astonishing. The one he most doggedly draws is from the fact, as he states it, that the Government fixes freight rates and guarantees the railroads a profit; therefore why shouldn't the Government fix agricultural prices and guarantee the farmer a profit? They all employ this argument. The majority report of the Senate Committee on Agriculture contains it. The word "guarantee" is irresistible. They speak of a tariff that has guaranteed industry a profit, which by no means it does; and of the immigration law that guarantees the industrial worker high wages. They have no notion really of what a government guaranty implies.

Consider what it means in the case of the railroads. It is inexact to say the Government guarantees them a profit. What it does in fact is to limit their profits. First it takes control of their rates. When it undertakes to say how much they may charge for transportation, it must say also how much they may earn. If one earns more than 6 per cent, the excess must be surrendered for the benefit of all and particularly for the benefit of the weak. And having gone to this point, the Government is obliged to go further and take control of the supply of transportation.

Exploding an Analogy

No more can you go out with your own money, buy land for a right of way and build a railroad. It is not permitted. You have first to go before the Interstate Commerce Commission and prove there is need for another railroad, that it will not hurt existing railroads, that there will be traffic enough to support it—or, in short, that you will not produce a surplus. Having proved all this you may have a certificate of convenience and go ahead.

Suppose agriculture were guaranteed as the railroads are—calling it a guaranty. What would it mean? It would mean first that in excess of 6 per cent the efficient farmer would be obliged to hand over his earnings for the benefit of the inefficient. It would mean that no man would be free to go and make himself a farm. He would first have to prove that there was a market for what he proposed to grow and undertake to grow only so much in order not to create a surplus; for unless the Government in this way controlled supply at the source, as it controls the supply of transportation at the source, everything else would fail. It would mean that a farmer could not break open a new field or change the character of his production without a permit. All for the reason that if the Government guarantees you a profit, it is obliged also to limit your profit, limit your production and limit your freedom of action.

The fallacies of assumption are mainly these:

1. That the Federal benefit could be confined to certain commodities. On the contrary, the clamor to make it comprehensive would be irresistible.

2. That prices can be raised enough to satisfy the farmer without serious complaint from the consumers of food. It is forgotten that less than seven years ago, when the railroad labor organizations were threatening to strike again for higher wages to meet the increased cost of living, President Wilson sent a message to Congress, saying: "What we can do we should do at once and there is a great deal we can do. . . . Wheat shipments and credits to facilitate the purchase of our wheat can and will be limited in such a way as to . . . lower the price of flour."

3. That it is possible to control prices and at the same time let production run free.

(Continued on Page 225)

Give a joyous little song bird as your gift for Easter

A living, singing bird best expresses the Easter spirit

IF a sunbeam could sing, or a golden flower could turn to you with love, a little canary might have a rival as an Easter gift. For a bird has all the grace and loveliness of a flower, its cheerfulness has the tonic effect of sunshine, yet it responds to your voice with intelligence and learns to greet your approach with song.

For this reason a living, singing bird, more than any other gift, expresses the Easter spirit of returning joy and renewed life. Outside your windows the daffodil nods a friendly greeting to the returning robins and the purple crocus marks the footprints of the Spring. A little bird's clear song at sunrise, its rapturous trills at sunset, will bring this Eastertide of joy into your house as nothing else can.

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The remarkable thing about a bird is that it appeals just as much to the very old as to the little child. Probably no other pet amuses and delights a child so easily, and

Appeals to the very old and to the little child

yet it is always the favorite companion for the shut-in, or nervous invalid. The bird is the most easily cared for of all pets and can be kept in one small room in a city apartment as easily as in a big house in the country.

A Hendryx Bird Home Adds Distinction to Your Easter Gift

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The favorite companion for the shut-in

the old favorite in brass to the smartly modern effects in colorful Pyralin or Duco finishes. The Hendryx name assures you that you are getting the best from the standpoint of sanitary construction and modern design.

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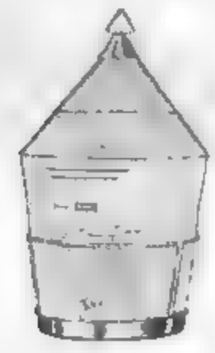
In the Bird Store

"Cheer, cheer, cheer-up!" sang the Littlest Bird merrily to all the other birds in the bird store. "I know why you are so happy," said the Wise Old Bird. "I just heard that charming lady say that she was going to buy a bird, for it wouldn't be Easter morning without a bird's song to waken her, so she has bought a lovely green and white Hendryx cage to have among her Easter lilies."



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(Continued from Page 222)

4. That with production already excessive and running free, you can raise prices without increasing the surplus. At prices complained of on the ground that they do not return the cost of producing wheat and corn and cotton, the problem is surplus—what to do with the surplus. But what will the surplus be if prices are increased by law, with no restraint whatever on production?

The fallacies of judgment are various. Passing the administrative difficulties, which might easily be greater than those of enforcing the Volstead Act; passing altogether such naïve verdicts of opinion as the one from Senator McNary that because the machinery is completely under the control of farmers, it will be innocent of politics and bureaucracy, you come to the fatal fallacy, which is that of supposing that the industrial index will obligingly stand still and let itself be overtaken.

All McNary-Haugenists agree in the first premise that the secret of industry's advantage lies in its power of organization. This advantage is so great that agriculture requires the aid of the Federal Government to meet it.

The industrial producer can pass his costs on, and does. He adds them to the price of his product. That is what he does with high wages and high taxes. He passes them on to the consumer. The buyer pays. The farmer cannot pass his costs along, because he is unorganized. That is his ground of grievance. He is asking the Government to do it for him.

Well, but if this is true about industry—and as a generalization it is true—the great idea is doomed. For what will happen?

As the Federal Farm Board—the farmers' own agency, succeeds in transferring a billion or two a year of the national income from the industrial part of the population to the agricultural part, the food cost of living will rise. As that rises, the industrial workers will demand higher wages; and they will get them, since now it is a working principle that if and as the cost of living rises, the industrial wage earner for that reason is entitled to higher wages. The industrial producer will add the cost of higher wages to the price of his product, and lo! the industrial index will rise until its relation to the agricultural index is the same as before. The Federal Farm Board may then establish higher prices, but the same thing will happen again and again, and the result will be a delirious inflation of all prices.

In such dilemma the Government would be obliged either to abandon its adventure with McNary-Haugenism or to go very much further and take control of all prices, all production, all giving and taking of wealth. Because ——

Short of government by economic dictatorship, it is impossible actually to redistribute the national income by law.

DRAMAS OF THE DINNER TABLE

(Continued from Page 50)

So that the little food-learner's total list of words that he can spell, by the end of the first year, is about seven or eight foods. Which rate of conquest will safely land him way over toward the back of the book of food knowledge by his twelfth year.

There is no need to rush the mourners, or forcibly hasten his progress, especially in the face of an emphatic "don't like it!" which often means "can't digest it." Just expose him to a good variety of wholesome foods, attractively cooked and served, and let him catch them one after another. His instincts are, in the main, sound; he likes or easily learns to digest and like most of the real foods—milk, cream, butter, meat, sugar, toasted bread, cake, potatoes, sweet fruits, crunchy salads and vegetables. So long as he has solved and mastered from five to seven food problems for each year of his age, there is little need to worry if he doesn't yet care for some of your own favorite dishes or pet delicacies, which you are quite sure must be so good for him.

It is well worth while to consult your family doctor frequently and freely in regard to the expansion of a child's diet. His ability to relish and digest without mishap a liberal and varied list of food fuels and vitamines is an education and an accomplishment of high and vital importance for health and for success in life.

Problems in Gastronomy

Poison foods, or to give them their impressive technical title, anaphylactics, are to be regarded, in large part at least, as unsolved problems—tasks not fully mastered by childhood and youth. Part of this failure is due to the chemical make-up of the foods themselves, part to unhappy eccentricities of our own chemical make-up. We may call it an originality, a gift if we please, but it is hardly one to congratulate ourselves on or be proud of.

Digestion is a more complicated process than we supposed; not only does it break down foods into simpler, more soluble forms for absorption, but it must also neutralize any poisons or irritants which they contain. Figuratively speaking, it must see that none of the fragments are cross-grained or scratchy, or the splinters sharp-pointed and dangerous. In short, digestion is a process not merely of dissolving but of unpoisoning, of detoxication, and each new food is a new problem.

Disappointing Experiments

Our first clear light upon this unpoisoning action of our digestive juices came from attempts to inject liquid foods, such as soups, meat juice, milk, wine, into the veins of patients whose alimentary canals were blocked or otherwise put out of commission by cancers or inflammations. To our disappointment and dismay, not only did these injections fail of any restorative results, but many of them were followed by grave discomfort and even by alarming symptoms, such as shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, itching eruptions upon the skin, often ending in faintness or collapse.

Completely puzzled, we repeated the injections upon animals, and again found that even such mild and nourishing liquids as milk, gruels, malted porridge, soups, fruit juices, and so on, which would have been readily digested by the stomach, acted not as foods but as poisons when injected directly into the blood.

These disappointing results have been confirmed hundreds of times since; and to this day almost the only food which can be injected into a vein and digested promptly without difficulty or danger is sugar—glucose—which is now one of our most highly valued remedies and restoratives in many toxic, or poisoned conditions of the blood, such as uremia, diabetes, collapse under ether or chloroform, vomiting in pregnancy, and convulsions of all sorts. Only our priceless stomach and faithful liver stand between us and food poisoning a dozen times a day.

There appear to be two great forms of food poisonings, one due to the crooked or splintery breaking down in digestion of perfectly wholesome, harmless foods, like milk, bread and butter, meat, cereals, puddings, apples, and so on. This is, luckily,

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far and away the smallest and least frequent group.

The other form is caused by difficulties in dealing with the trimmings of foods, such as tannin, husks, chaffs, skins, rinds, cores, seeds, shells, bitter extractives, toxins, and so on, which account for the overwhelming majority of food poisonings. Ninety, yes, 99 per cent of us can digest straight, standard, staple fuel foods with little difficulty; it is the bitter in the cucumber, the fly in the amber, the wormwood in the honey, that trouble our peptic peace.

This raises the question: Why, under heaven, should we, in endeavoring to masticate even the plainest and simplest of foods, find ourselves confronted by such a *chevaux-de-frise* of spikes, husks, rinds, barley beards, and even thorns?

It is as if the Adamic curse pronounced in the Garden of Eden, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake . . . thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee," had been extended to grains and fruits. Practically not a single staple, substantial food is fit to eat just as it stands on stem or branch. Unless we have the patience and industry to peel and core our fruits, and husk, thresh, grind between stones and sift all our grains, we would be obliged, like the Prodigal Son, to fill our stomach with the husks that the swine did eat in order to get a few spoonfuls of food of real fuel value.

But worse is to come. Husks, chaffs and fiber are mostly external wrappings and coverings, which can be got rid of by threshing, grinding and sifting, leaving the flour almost pure starch and gluten. But not a few of our most valued foodstuffs are saturated to their very marrow with bitter extracts, astringents like tannin, and even with dangerous poisons, like prussic acid and manioc juice.

What can Nature mean by setting traps for us like this, mixing up the medicine bottles in her prescriptions, putting strychnine in the soup and castor oil in the jelly cake?

Perhaps it would be better to reverse the question and ask why has Nature provided us with all these priceless little prize packages of starch and gluten in grains and roots, of sugar in saps and juices, and of oil in nuts? Then the answer comes of itself.

It is only good manners on our part to be grateful to the dear old lady for providing such treasures for our use; but the cold, rock-bottom fact of the matter is that she never intended them for us at all! They were piled up as deposits in a savings bank for the next generation of the plants themselves; and in strict morality, when we grab and devour them, we are stealing the pennies out of a baby's bank.

Guarding Nature's Treasures

The husks, barks, shells, bristles, and so on, that we literally make such a sputter over, are simply wrappings to protect the young seed and its package of infant's food from the weather and the attacks of marauding birds, beasts and insects, human and otherwise.

The bitters, puckerers and poisons do yeoman guard duty in discouraging roving foragers from coming back for a second helping. While, on the other hand, the delicious sour-sweet pulps of fruits and berries are most useful baits to attract bird and animal foragers, who may perform the duties of carriers and distributers of the precious seeds. Typhoid Mary is not a modern instance, but a backward reversion to a far-distant type.

It should be a wholesome setback to our self-conceit to discover that from a cold, biologic point of view we are by no means the only pebble on the beach, or entitled to more than our share of Nature's favor or consideration; unless, perhaps, to the protecting tenderness usually shown to the baby of the family.

An interesting side light is thrown on our troubles by the experience of our one domesticated insect, beside the silkworm—the busy bee. Flowers are plain vampires; they and their perfumes, their colors and their honey, are simply baits for the bee. If they can only lure him to drink long enough to get his back and shoulders well sprinkled with their pollen, or to shake off some of the precious grains which he has brought from another flower, they don't care a rap what sort of a tipple, or even knock-out drops, they may give him.

Some fill him up with a nectar so heady that he can hardly fly straight, and has to hunt a quiet place in which to sleep it off before he can go back to the hive. Others like the Old World Laurels, let so much prussic acid leak through from their leaves into their flowers that, though the bee can manage to stagger home with his literal load, the human exploiters who extract, or sling, the hive are made quite ill by the honey. Is it any wonder that honey, delicious as it is, is occasionally one of our porcupine foods?

More Food, Fewer Poisons

And what is true of definitely poisonous blossoms, holds equally good of those which are disturbing to only a few of us. For instance, buckwheat cakes are to most of us a luscious breakfast appetizer, the mellow delights of which are seldom so fully appreciated as by the roaming American who cannot get them in a foreign clime. But since to some people buckwheat is an explosive it is only natural that they should be affected by honey made from buckwheat blossoms. We should remember that the bee has been piling up that honey for the use of the next generation, not for the delectation of a set of cradle robbers like ourselves.

So if we occasionally get more kick than we were looking for, we can't blame the bee for it. If we did, we would be like a good lady of Mexican birth who lived in a border town in Texas. Her son delivered meat from the local butcher shop to an outlying ranch house; and regularly, she would swipe a few chops or a steak for her own use. So regularly, in fact, that she finally complained to the butcher when the meat was tough!

Our whole great problem of food supply, both present and future, is a most complicated one. The huge improvements in our foods, both by richer cultivation and by selective breeding, have achieved both increase in calories and decrease in toxins—more food, fewer poisons. So successful has been our fight during the era of modern science, that though the population of the civilized world has more than doubled in the past century, the teeming millions of today are twice as well fed as they ever were before in history.

It is really encouraging to take a look backward occasionally and see how far we have come. Broadly speaking, very, very few wild plants in their native state are either fit or safe for human food, at present standards, even with the most careful preparation.

Take, for instance, the noblest and most priceless of our great grains—wheat, the king of cereals, the staff of life, the dietetic backbone of modern civilization. One of the most profoundly interesting sights of my life was the gay dance of the slender spears of the wild wheat waving in the wind on a flower-gemmed Sicilian hillside.

I turned to the graceful wild wheat with keenest interest, almost with reverence. But a grievous disappointment was in store. The curving stem was scarce taller and thicker than meadow grass, the slender heads chiefly chaff and beards, the slim grains little larger than hayseed. The graceful ears looked hardly more nutritious than the proverbially famous wild oats. It was a mere shade, a fairy ghost of its tall and sturdy modern descendants.

It had the eerie grace of a wild thing; but any hungry savage who tried to make a meal of it would have swallowed husks and beards enough to stuff a pillow.

(Continued on Page 229)

Stein Bloch
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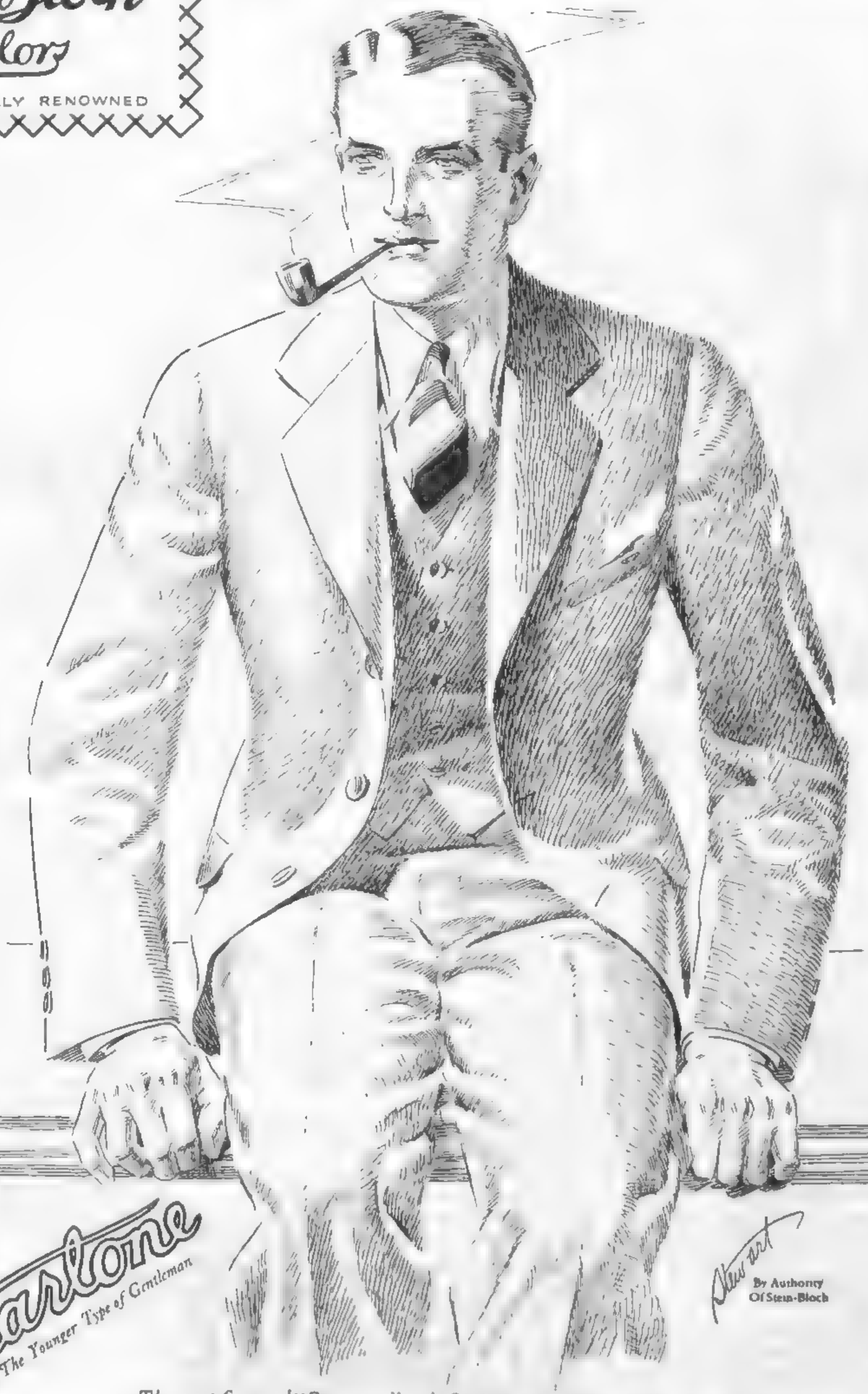
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED



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NATION'S BUSINESS

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 226)

A champion, modern, bread wheat, beardless, thin chaffed, has heads as heavy as even its reedlike stems can support. It yields as many bushels to the acre as its Sicilian ancestor did quarts; but it is not fit for human food as it swings golden in the sun.

After it has been reaped, threshed to get rid of its protecting husks and chaff, sifted, washed and ground to finest powder, it must be passed through bolting cloths to get rid of from 5 to 10 per cent of its bulk, in the form of the outer skin of the wheat berry, known as bran and shorts.

But worse is to follow. For now comes Doctor Mellanby, the children's food expert of Sheffield University, and announces the discovery in our very best and most trusted grain friends, such as wheatmeal and oatmeal, of what he terms *toxamins*. These are toxic, or poisonous, proteins, in contrast to the life proteins—the famous vitamines—and are accused of being the cause of rickets and other malnutritions of children.

And it seems probable that some of our preventives and cures of rickets, such as butter, egg yolk, cod-liver oil and even the ultra-violet rays, act by neutralizing, or breaking up, these toxamins. But these rickets toxins pile up in dangerous amounts only when children are fed too exclusively upon one grain, or cereal, in addition to their sheet anchor—milk.

So that the discovery, if supported by control tests, simply emphasizes in a striking manner the vital importance of a liberal variety in our menus and the danger of trusting any food friend too far, or relying blindly upon any one foodstuff, no matter how nutritious and wholesome in moderate quantities.

It also promises to throw most valuable light upon the great group of deficiency diseases—pellagra, scurvy, rickets, leprosy—so much in the spotlight at present. All these are associated with one-food diet—rice, potatoes, corn, cassava—as well as a shortage of one or more vitamines. And if Doctor Mellanby's most interesting findings should prove well founded, and to paraphrase the once-famous chorus, "Every little foodstuff has a toxin all its own," it may open up an entirely new line of attack upon several of these maladies of monotony.

Nature never permits us to lay our brains on the shelf and say, "Here is the one best food; I will live on it the rest of my life." A one-food race is a stagnant race.

Belladonna's First Cousin

An interesting illustration of the other and rarer type of porcupine food is furnished by buckwheat—which isn't a wheat at all, but claims the dignity of a dietetic backfire of its own. This is a pity, because buckwheat is the griddlecake's crowning glory.

Recently a new light has been thrown upon the nature of this buckwheat poisoning. An eminent research worker has investigated the subject, and found that the characteristic itchy skin eruptions seldom appear unless the susceptible one has been out in the open sunlight soon after partaking of the prohibited pancake. In other words, the toxic substance sensitizes the skin to light, so as to produce painful sunburns.

So he humorously suggests that those whose love for buckwheat cakes is not returned, shall eat them in the evening and thereby avoid discomfort.

The original ancestors of our domestic fruits, such as apples, pears, plums, grapes, are incarnations of concentrated sourness, bitterness and astringency. Witness our wild crab apples, seedling apples, wild plums—except a few scattered species—wild cherries, sloes and currants. Our ancestors must have had ravenous appetites and copper-lined stomachs to tackle them in the first place. Possibly, however, some of them were first eaten for the same reason that the Civil War soldier ate the green persimmons—so as to shrink his stomach down to the size of his rations.

Our vegetables, greens and roots have an even more shady past. In addition to half to three-quarters of their bulk being waste material, many of them were originally so irritating as to be actually poisonous. Witness the potato with its poisonous solanin—first cousin to the belladonna of the deadly nightshade—which is deposited under the skin of the tubers when the latter are green from growing above ground. The wild cucumber with its bitter purgative colocynthin, a kick of which still crops up occasionally in our favorite salad today. The manioc—manihot—or cassava root, which must be crushed and squeezed dry of deadly juice before the bland and nutritious tapioca—the daily bread of the tropics—can be safely extracted from it. Or, again, cabbages and turnips and radishes, which in their wild state are too hot in the mouth for any but savages to eat them.

A stroll through any tropical market, or Chinatown, will reveal a dozen vegetables and roots, eagerly bought by the regular customers, which are not merely hot but so fiery as to taste like red-hot pokers in the white man's mouth.

Down to the Sea

One of them, for instance—the great bulb root of our ornamental caladium, better known as elephant's-ear—is so crammed with needle-pointed spicules of calcium oxalate, as to be simple torture to our Western lips and tongue.

Even the sacred bean, the brain food of Bostonian culture, was in its primitive, illiterate state more of a mortification of the flesh than a source of nutriment. Even today, in the full glory of its Phi Beta Kappa rank, it is still charged with enough bitter extractives to upset many delicate stomachs and to render it unsuitable for use in substantial food amounts oftener than once or twice a week. The Scandinavian custom of peas or beans and pork on Thursday, the English routine of beans and bacon on Saturday, and the solemn Bostonian rite of Beans, which means Saturday night on Beacon Hill, have a sound toxicologic basis.

And so it goes all down the line. Our trustiest, most valued, most useful food friends are liable at any moment to stab us in the gizzard. The Scripture may be right in declaring "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith!" But the bitterness of the herbs may sometimes prove as deadly as the hatred appended to the stall-fed ox.

Is it any wonder that our tiny twentieth-century caveman, groping his way up through the ages, following the trail of his fathers, moves with a slow and cautious step—learning gradually to know his friends, but not to trust even them too far; to recognize his enemies or half friends, and either boldly face and conquer them or avoid their company?

Many of his adventures with poison foods will be little worse than comedy, but the comedy may turn to tragedy at any moment, if he be not forearmed. "Better be at the end o' a feast than the beginning o' a fray" is a true proverb. But if your pet poison food happens to be concealed on the festal board, it may be only a choice between a sporting chance of dying with your boots on and what our old Norse ancestors contemptuously termed a "straw death."

Voracious humanity is not content with what it can rake in off the surface of the earth; it has gone clawing and scooping into the depths of the sea, hauling forth the finny and shelly denizens thereof to grace our festive board. And, though these submarine sojourners, according to the biologists, haven't seen us since we clambered out onto dry land several aeons ago, they haven't forgotten how to kick us in the dietetic shins with force and accuracy when we drag them out and devour them.

Sea foods can be porcupine foods even more frequently than those which grow on

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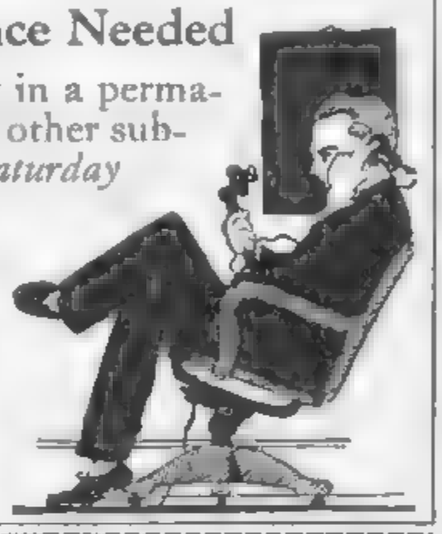

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land, and curiously enough, it is the group which lives between the dry land and the depths which is most liable to start an insurrection. There are, however, certain rather unexpected variations in the rank list of marine dynamiters. As might have been imagined, the plump and placid oyster is seldom an explosive, though he may be an accidental carrier of other afflictions, such as typhoid; but the proverbially antisocial crab is a frequent offender.

But the austere and uncommunicative clam, that emblem of silence and reserve, is especially prone to go forth to battle in our interiors; while the florid, high-living, armor-plated lobster is dietetically a most peaceable person. Of course there are a few to whom the lobster is a poison food, no matter how it is served; but his reputation as a disturber of the peace is based largely upon the circumstances which usually surround his advent. Unlike the modest mutton chop or the sturdy sirloin steak, the lobster is not our constant companion; he is an aristocratic, not to say snobbish, visitor, who condescends to appear only as the guest of honor at special feasts. Thus he is too frequently associated with unseasonable hours, heavy, high-flavored sauces and ill-advised liquid refreshments—for the consequences of all of which the lobster is made the goat.

A Refinement of Taste

The addition of a new real food to our menu is as exciting and interesting as the discovery of a new comet, and far more important. It is another nail in the coffin of some deficiency disease. But sure-enough new edibles occur only about twice as often as the century-plant blossoms, which is actually about once in thirty years. In the last half century there stand out prominently, chocolate, the tomato and the banana—all tropical contributions. Chocolate has certainly made up for its late arrival in our midst by its astounding growth in popularity. From a rare bonbon and exotic beverage of sixty years ago, it has become one of our great staple food products, manufactured and devoured by the ton.

But every rose has its thorn, and for a small percentage of both children and adults chocolate is a poison food, a porcupine food of sorts, and will produce headache, nausea, depression and even itchy hivelike eruptions on the surface of the skin. So that it is well to bear this risk in mind when urging children to drink cocoa, and to be on the lookout for symptoms of discomfort and food poisoning, especially if the youngsters dislike the taste of the drink.

The same thing is true of that other tropical delight, the banana, which we now consume by the shipload. It is a valuable addition to our rather limited list of inexpensive sweet fruits, and to 99 per cent of us is wholesome and digestible when properly ripened. But to the luckless lost sheep it is a dangerous explosive, especially in children, whose sensitive little skins it may cover with torturing eczemas.

Unluckily, both these delicious foods are as ardent lovers or as fierce haters as the passionate zone from which they come. If either chocolate or bananas disagree with you, they are your enemies for life, and no immunity baths or patient persistence in repeated small doses is likely to prove of much avail; though occasionally the fierceness of your mutual dislike may be cooled by the passage of the years.

Another sweet stuff, much beloved of children—pop-corn balls—is sometimes blamed for causing explosions in their small interiors, as well as the snowy, crackling outbursts in the popper. But this blame is really undeserved, and whatever upsets may follow indulgence in this crisp and crunchy delight must be credited to cheap sirups or half-rancid butter or oils used in its making, or to careless handling.

Now supposing that we, having arrived at years of dietetic discretion, take careful stock and find ourselves endowed with three or four of these food touchinesses, these tendencies to blow up whenever certain innocent-looking little food bombs are pitched into our interior. What is to be done?

If the explosion foods are comparatively unimportant, mere trimmings and flavorings, or coarse, vulgar vegetables like cabbage or turnips, we may choose simply to regard them as proofs of the delicacy of our perceptions and the correctness and refinement of our tastes. Like the famous Georgian dandy, Beau Brummel of Bath, king of the pump rooms and arbiter of elegancies and fashion, who was once abruptly asked by a coarse and tactless individual, "Mr. Brummel, are you fond of vegetables?" After a prolonged silence, of evident endeavor to recollect, the great man replied slowly and very gently, "I believe I once tasted a pea."

And one meets scores of *malades imaginaires*, who enjoy ill health, who actually delight in boasting how extremely careful they are obliged to be of their diet, because there are so many things which they cannot eat, which simply will not agree with them, though they are readily digested by the coarse average stomach. They actually glory in their weaknesses and regard them as hall-marks of the fineness of their organization and the blueness of their blood.

But if we face the matter practically, it is best to pick out those explosives which either seldom come upon the menu, or are of little food or æsthetic value, and drop them from our calling list. It is well, however, to taste them occasionally to see if their rancor against us has diminished with years. For, luckily, we have found by practical experience that poison foods are most numerous in childhood and incline to diminish with advancing age. And relatively few new antipathies of this sort develop after maturity.

But if some of our food enemies are important nutrients, or so delicious and attractive that abstinence from them is a real hardship and disappointment, such as strawberries, melons, chocolate, honey or clams, we may consult our doctor. He can send us to a specialist, who after identifying our suspects by scratching a few drops of a solution of each into our arms and watching for a wheal-like nettle rash, can usually immunize us against them.

Enemies That We Swallow

This sounds strangely familiar at once, to anyone who has a hay feverite in the family. And it is a strikingly parallel case. The intolerable nose itchings and furious sneezes, the scalding tears and agonized asthmatic wheezings and gaspings of hay fever are simply airplane food poisonings. They are due to clouds of flower pollens floating through the summer air and drifting on balmy breezes, making their way directly into the system through the delicate mucous membrane of the eyes and the nostrils, thus side-stepping the trained and vigilant filters of our stomach and liver.

If these fleets of hostile aircraft sail into our mouths, as they certainly do in large numbers, for most of us walk with our lips parted, in the open country, especially if chatting in company, they are swallowed at once by the active mechanisms provided for food and probably digested or unpoisoned promptly by the stomach. If our eyes are protected with goggles and our nostrils gently stopped with absorbent cotton, we may walk unharmed through a perfect bombardment of these deadly pollens.

Just why the sweet breath of the flowers should upset some of us so disastrously and make us feel as if, like the poet's butterfly, we were going to "die of a rose in aromatic pain," was long an utter puzzle. But now we know that it is a case of another exploding and prickly cross-splitting and splintering in our systems, of vegetable proteins or nitrogenous substances, with their big, complicated molecules.

But all that sneezes is not goldenrod; there are other dusts and powders which

(Continued on Page 234)

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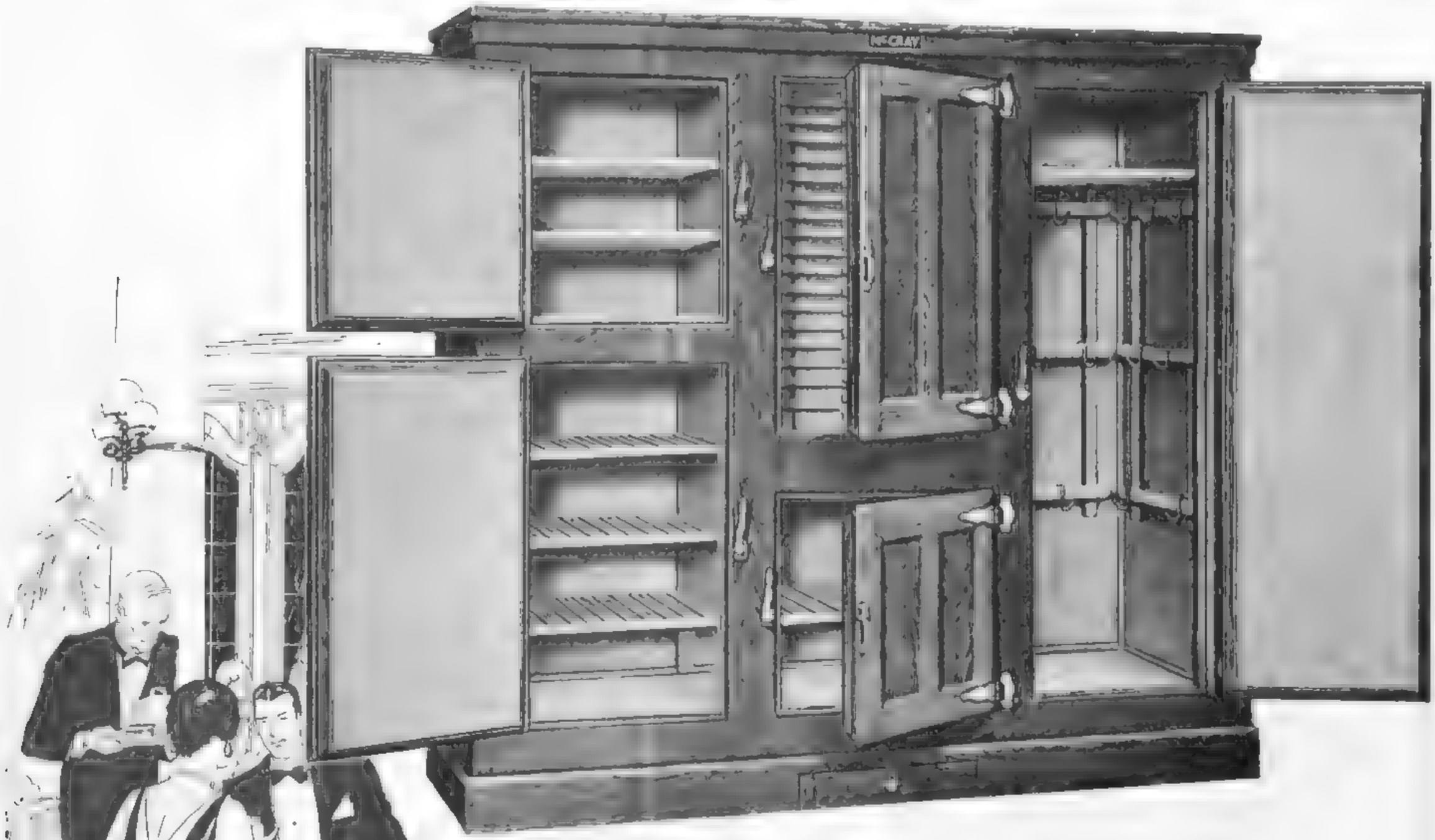

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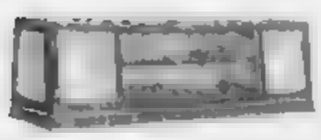

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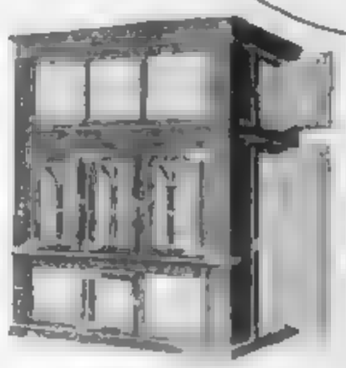

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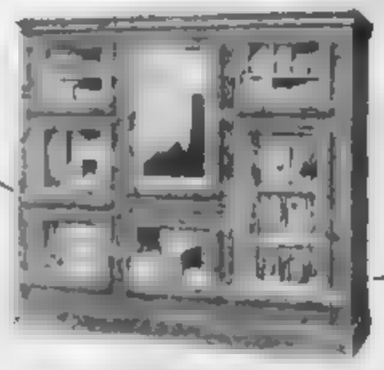

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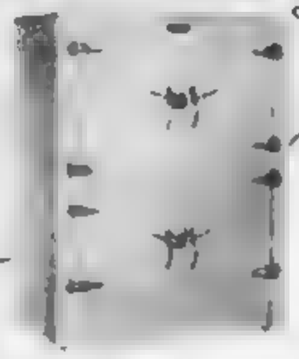

New Model for Homes

For Florist Shops

38 Miles To Buy a Coat

THE following paragraphs are taken from a letter written by the wife of a retired farmer living in Yates Center, Kansas, a town of 2036 people. Iola, mentioned in the letter, has 8513 population and Chanute 10,286. It is about 18 miles from Yates Center to Iola and approximately 20 from Iola to Chanute. "Florence" is a young farmer's wife living about six miles out of town.

"Florence drove in early Friday morning and we went in her car to Iola. She wanted to get some new spring clothes, especially a nice coat. We couldn't find anything that suited her in Iola so we drove on down to Chanute. She found what she wanted there and I got some things that looked better than our stores have here at home.

"We got back about dark and Florence went on home. It is certainly a lot different than it used to be when it took us nearly all day just to drive into town here and do our trading and get back home by night."

Different—yes. Farm people are different in their desires and purchases—and *The Country Gentleman* is different too. Just how different will be told in this space next week.

They live in the country,
but they shop in town.

The Country Gentleman

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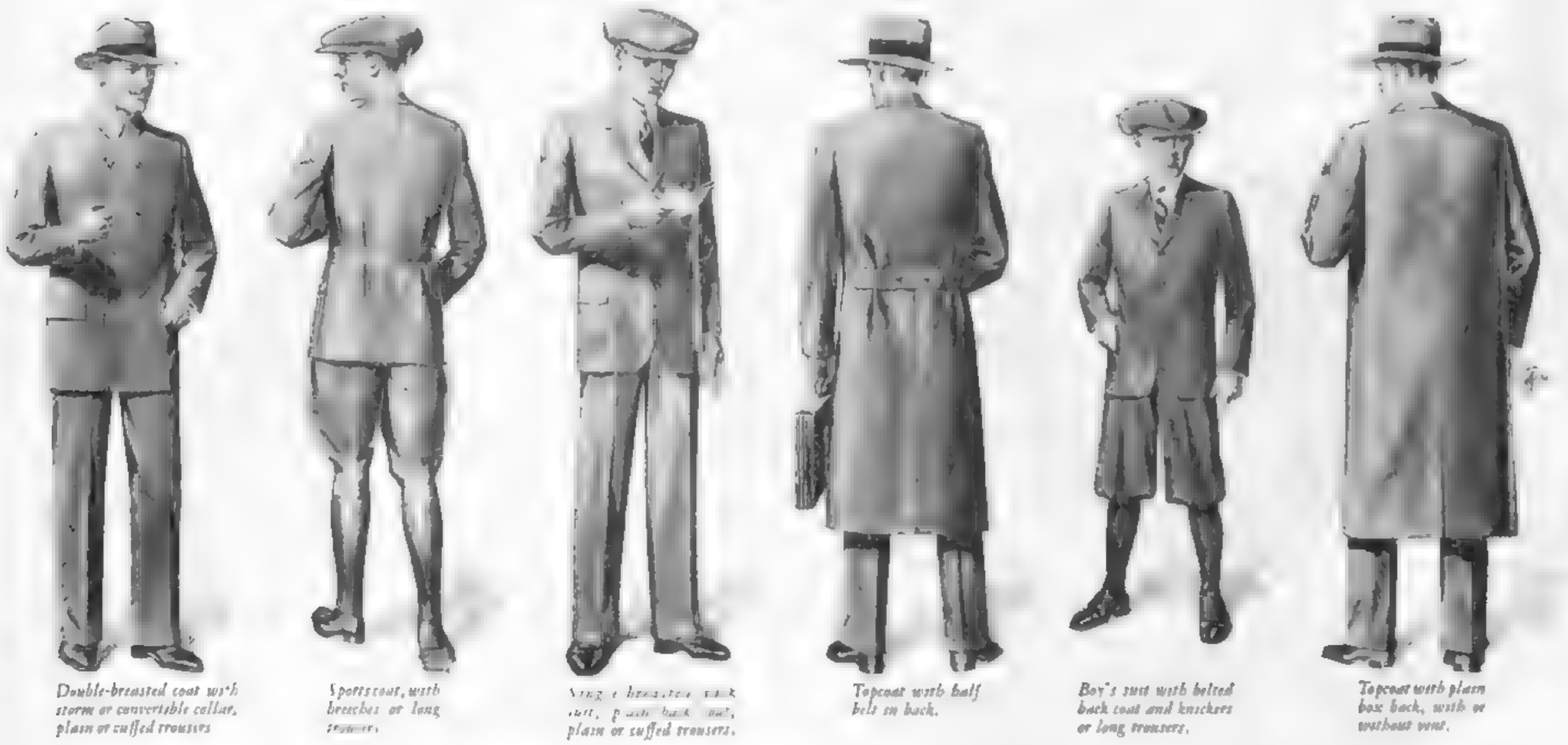
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

These are the celebrated NOGAR Utility Clothes

which created a new type in men's clothing by filling a long-felt want



Double-breasted coat with storm or convertible collar, plain or cuffed trousers

Sports coat, with breeches or long trousers

Single-breasted sack suit, plain back coat, plain or cuffed trousers.

Topcoat with half belt in back.

Boy's suit with belted back coat and knickers or long trousers.

Topcoat with plain box back, with or without vent.

FOR years, men wanted work clothes that would not only stand the hardest usage but look well on the street. And business clothes in which they could do hard work.

NOGAR answered both demands by originating Utility Clothing, and the popularity of this type of garment has been enormous. More than a million satisfied wearers can testify to the amazing strength and good appearance of NOGAR Utility Clothes. Every workingman, or *any* man who is hard on clothes, needs a NOGAR Suit or Topcoat.

In order to make garments that would set a new standard for service, it was necessary to produce a special cloth. Thus was originated the famous NOGAR Cloth, the strongest fabric used in clothing. It is almost tearproof and resists sparks and water.

There is *only one NOGAR Cloth* and we make it. Only garments shipped direct to you from our factory at Reading, Pa., are made of genuine NOGAR Cloth. NOGAR garments are sold only through our Authorized Representatives and by *nobody else*. Look for the NOGAR label in the coat, to make sure you are getting the real thing.

New styles please everyone

The 1927 styles of NOGAR Clothes have made a big hit. Coats have cling-fitting collars and roomy shoulders; large inside bellows pocket; flaps on outside pockets; no linings to wear ragged and conceal poor workmanship. All NOGAR garments are double sewed; seams *can't* rip; pockets of same material and guaranteed to last as long as the garment.

Mail coupon below for further information.

Suits & Topcoats
$12.50 & $13.50

Hunting Suits $15.50

Boys' Suits
$9.85 & $10.85
Slightly Higher in Canada

AUTHORIZED NOGAR REPRESENTATIVE

By this button you can identify the NOGAR Authorized Representative. He will gladly show you a copy of your order, stating plainly the conditions of the sale.

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa. *Branch Offices in Principal Cities*

Nogar

CLOTHES

MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

SALESMEN—
the sky's the limit!

The money you can make in selling NOGAR Clothes is limited only by the time and energy you spend. Even part time work pays well. Prospects everywhere you turn.

Back of you is the leading and largest manufacturer of utility clothing—a company of high financial standing and a nation-wide reputation for fair dealing. A rapidly growing organization offers opportunity for advancement to executive posts and a real future.

Mail coupon at once to secure territory.

Mail this coupon today

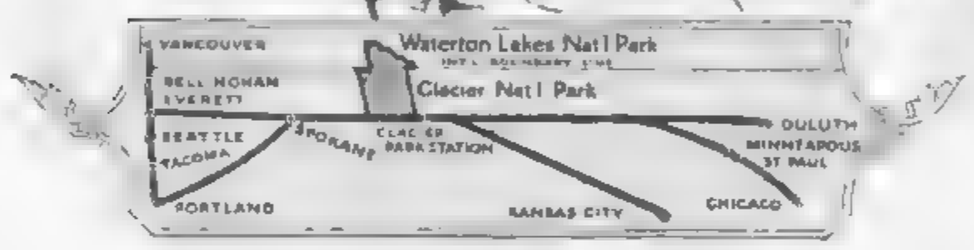
NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.
Dept. S-4, Reading, Pa.

Please send me further information about NOGAR Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐. Check which you are interested in.

Name

Address

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐



COME *ride the Romance Trails of*

Glacier National Park

Open June 15 to Sept. 15

Thrilling rides over woodland trails once trod by intrepid Blackfeet warriors—mountain climbing with competent Swiss guide—fishing for famous cutthroat trout—restful loafing in flower-carpeted valleys—magic moonlight nights—enchanting tours in motor coaches and motor launches—all make your trip to Glacier National Park a new and romantic adventure.

Come out this summer for the happiest, most exhilarating vacation you have ever had. You can ride right up to the gates of the Park on the NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED—de luxe service, but no extra fare—or other fine Great Northern trains. Choice of go-as-you-please tours or Burlington Escorted Tours. Special low round trip summer fares reduce the cost of the trip. Mail coupon for free books and information.

Ready during the 1927 season—the new Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton Lakes National Park, virtually an extension of Glacier National Park across the international boundary into the Canadian Rockies.

GREAT NORTHERN

a dependable railway

GREAT NORTHERN

Mail the Coupon

A. J. Dickinson, Room 712, S.E.P.—4-2
Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.
Send me free books about Glacier National Park and cost from this point of a ..... day stay in the Park for a party of ..... . I am particularly interested in
☐ *General Tour of Park* ☐ *Burlington Escorted Tours* ☐ *Alaskan Tours*

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 230

are equally explosive in some unfortunate noses. The active principle in most cases is a protein which is wafted into our nostrils and splits the wrong way. And though flower pollens are the commonest form of powdered protein, nearly every living substance contains that disturbing ingredient. So, if such a substance exists in pulverized form, it can do the dynamite act well-nigh as enthusiastically as the ragweed or the rose. There are animal dusts of skin and hair, feather dusts, carpet dusts, lints of wool, of silk, of cotton, house dusts, factory dusts, street dusts—mild pathologic imitations of the terrible explosive dusts of mines and mills.

But, fortunately, all these very different types of protein disturbance can be controlled to a considerable extent; for now there is balm in Gilead and a physician is there. Skilled injections of the hair of the dog that bit you will markedly relieve about 75 per cent of the unfortunate noses to which proteins and pepper are synonymous.

But the dust detesters can, at least, feel that they are suffering in a worthy cause. According to eminent scientists, dust is one of the most valuable things in the world; for, if the atmosphere were absolutely devoid of dust, there would be nothing to reflect the light of the sun. The rays of the latter would strike on an object and bounce bleakly back into space without any diffusion; everything would be in blazing light or blackest shadow, like an old-time revivalist's picture of the next world.

It is certainly to be hoped that the theory is correct, for it offers some consolation and partly justifies the existence of an otherwise unmitigated and all-pervasive pest. Dynamite foods we can usually avoid with but little effort; pollens do not keep us sneezing the whole year through; but dusts, like the poor, are always with us.

Now that we know our enemies and how to short-circuit most of them, the outlook is bright. Poison foods to the vast majority of us are now but little more than annoyances, thorns in the flesh to keep our wits from rusting.

Our superb modern food supply is not only far more abundant than ever before in history, but more varied, better balanced, freer from irritants and wastes, more wholesome in every way, as evidenced by our rapidly falling death rate and rising length of life.

With our already launched campaign against dusts of all sorts, both as enemies of comfort and carriers of disease, we shall continue victoriously to:

Ring out the old, ring in the new . . .
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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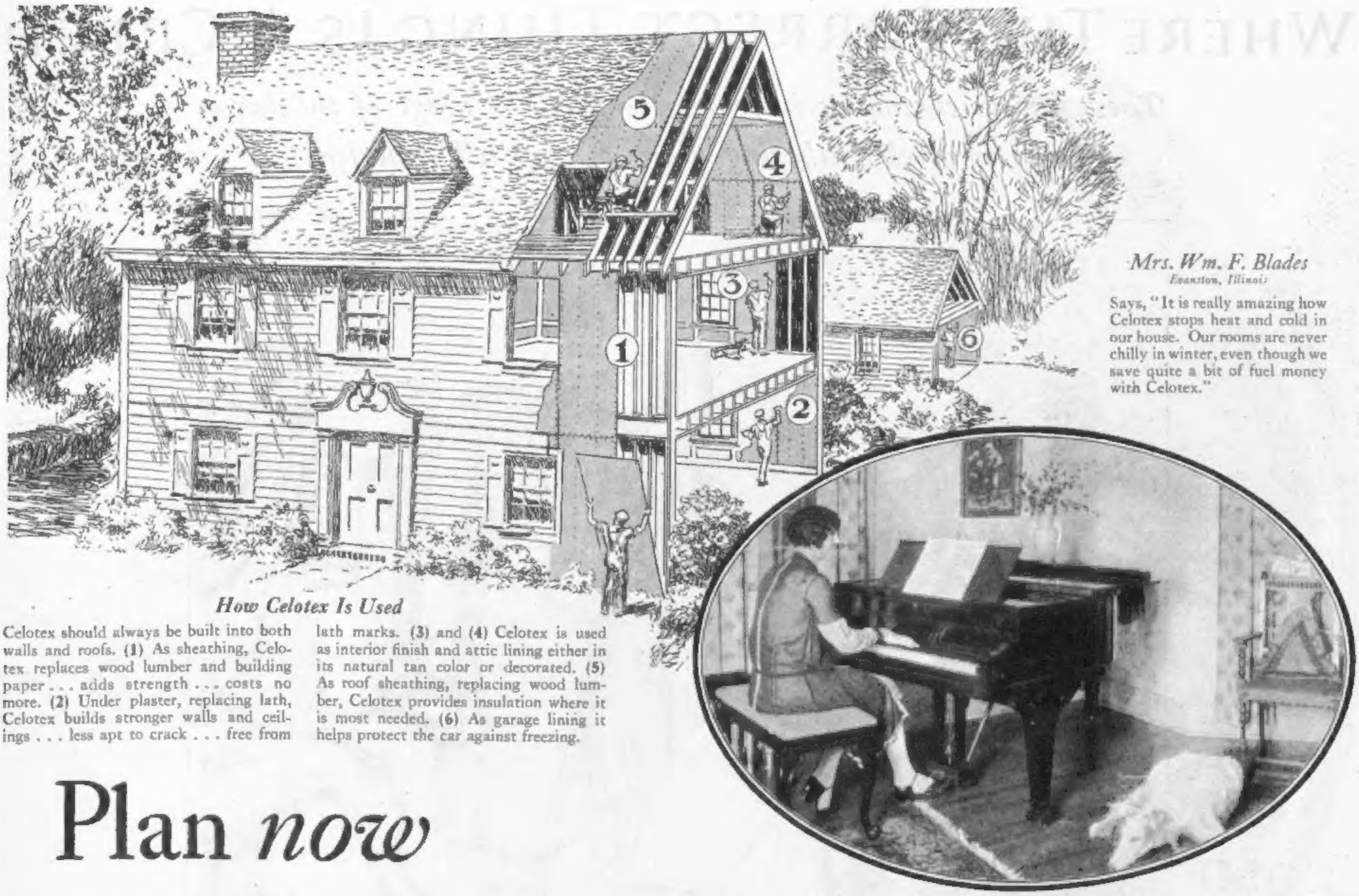
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Mrs. Wm. F. Blades
Evanston, Illinois

Says, "It is really amazing how Celotex stops heat and cold in our house. Our rooms are never chilly in winter, even though we save quite a bit of fuel money with Celotex."

How Celotex Is Used

Celotex should always be built into both walls and roofs. **(1)** As sheathing, Celotex replaces wood lumber and building paper . . . adds strength . . . costs no more. **(2)** Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex builds stronger walls and ceilings . . . less apt to crack . . . free from lath marks. **(3)** and **(4)** Celotex is used as interior finish and attic lining either in its natural tan color or decorated. **(5)** As roof sheathing, replacing wood lumber, Celotex provides insulation where it is most needed. **(6)** As garage lining it helps protect the car against freezing.

Plan *now*
to outwit summer's heat··winter's cold!

Build comfort *into* your home with Celotex . . . Save about ⅓ fuel

NOW—*before* you build or buy—is the time to make sure your house will be comfortable and saving of fuel. You can paint or remodel later . . . but *comfort* and *fuel saving* must be *built-in.*

A special heat-stopping or insulating material is needed to keep your home snug and warm in winter . . . refreshingly cool on sweltering summer days and nights . . . easy to heat. For without such a material your furnace-heat will leak *out* and sun heat will beat *in . . . through solid walls and roof!*

That is because the usual building materials (wood, masonry, hollow-tile, building paper, wallboard, plaster and roofing) *alone* offer too little resistance to the passage of heat. They are good materials for their purposes, but do not mistake them for insulators.

Six years ago an amazing lumber was produced to meet the great need for low-cost house insulation. This lumber was Celotex . . . already used in more than 119,000 modern homes.

Celotex is not cut from trees but manufactured from the toughest fibre known. It offers you properties never before available in one material.

EFFECTIVE INSULATION *plus added strength.* For Celotex *combines* effective insulation with great structural strength. Walls sheathed with Celotex are stronger than wood-sheathed walls and Celotex is many times more effective in stopping heat and cold than any of the usual building materials. Celotex also shuts out wind and dampness. It is sterilized and waterproofed.

Unlike other insulating materials, Celotex replaces wood sheathing, lath, building paper and wallboard (see the illustration above), *adding insulation as it builds* at little or no extra cost.

ACTUALLY *saves money.* Celotex has made house insulation a downright economy. A smaller, less expensive heating plant is required with Celotex in the walls and ceilings or roof of a house . . . and year after year, Celotex will *save you from 25% to 35% of your fuel money.*

No wonder that people everywhere have eagerly accepted Celotex . . . that men who know building and building problems intimately urge the use of Celotex in *every* home. They have put this amazing lumber to many tests and approved it beyond all question.

GET ALL *the facts.* So important are the advantages Celotex offers that it would be most unwise to build or buy without full knowledge of this amazing lumber. Today's building standards demand insulation . . . and Celotex gives it most economically.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

And mail the coupon below for the Celotex Building Book. Its 32 pages are filled with interesting pictures and facts that will mean more comfort in your home and more money in your pocket.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Mills: New Orleans, Louisiana
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, Dept. M-284
645 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send the Celotex Building Book

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

S. E. P. 4-3-31

WHERE THE CORRECT THING IS A CREED

These famous chocolates interpret the accepted usage of the day—
in smartest gathering places of smartest America

The Easter Parade at Atlantic City, where fashion goes to the seaside for the first warm days of Spring. Here will be seen the latest styles . . . the smartest frocks and hats . . . worn by leaders of America's smart set.

YET—*Obtainable, to meet all social "emergencies," at a neighbourhood store no more than a square or two from you, no matter where you are!*

The Choice Box, in holiday mood, for your Easter gift. Also, specially packaged, the Triad and Quintette assortments.

JOHNSTON'S Chocolates present two unmistakable advantages —they *are* Johnston's, therefore correct; —they are obtainable in your own neighbourhood at a moment's notice.

For Easter, Johnston's is impeccable as a gracious holiday gift to one whom you would please.

Accepted everywhere as unmistakably the correct and proper thing in candy, either for one's home or for the most careful giving, they typify the accepted social usage of the day in all places where gentle folk foregather, and especially in the smartest places of smartest America.

The world-famed Johnston's Choice Box, gayly packaged for Easter, is suggested as a never failing solution of the candy problem—22 different kinds in one box.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Yesterday
perhaps a thimble
for a gift

Today~imagine it!~a shower of Silverplate~~

For the bride-to-be, silverplate is the choicest of gifts. A shower of silverplate in selections adapted to the needs of the day is no more extravagant than an assortment of commonplace presents. ¶Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate offers many lovely patterns to choose from—an endless variety of pieces to give. Useful ones for every day, like Tea Spoons—Forks—Knives with blades of stainless steel or the service of essentials, the "Pieces of 8" set illustrated. Special ones for the more elaborate dinner, such as Oyster or Salad Forks, Serving Spoons or a Carving Set. ¶And you will have the satisfaction of knowing that in Wm. Rogers & Son you are giving silverplate of high quality, guaranteed without time limitation, at a cost surprisingly low.

6 Tea Spoons $1.75 **6 Butter Spreaders $4.40**
6 Table Spoons $3.50 **6 Salad Forks $4.80**

The New "Pieces of 8" set, 34 pieces in a Glass-Bottom Serving Tray, contains 8 Tea Spoons, 8 Table Spoons, 8 Forks, 8 Solid-Handle Stainless Steel French Blade Knives, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Shell $24.25

6 Dinner Forks $3.50 **Two-Piece Carvers $6.60**
6 Hollow Handle Dinner Knives (Stainless Steel) $9.80

Popularly Priced Silverplate~Quality Guaranteed by INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Invite Paul Whiteman to play for your party

"It gives a new and delightful definition to the bass, so desirable for dancing."
—PAUL WHITEMAN.

THINK of having America's greatest dance-organizations at your beck and call! Orchestras that would cost a small fortune to engage for a single evening! Through the new Orthophonic Victrola and the amazing new Orthophonic Victor Records, you can bring these self-same orchestras right into your home. Exactly as you would hear them at the smart supper-clubs and hotels!

Listen to that crooning saxophone carrying the melody . . . the plinkety-plank of the banjos underneath beating a rhythmic accompaniment. Now the clarinet with its toe-teasing cadences. Now the guttural "bong" of the bass sax or the mellow "oomp" of the big brass tuba. Who can resist dance music like this?

The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. Model Four-forty (above) is $165, list price

The music you want, whenever you want it

Not only dance music but *all* kinds of music are yours whenever you wish through the Orthophonic Victrola . . . reproduced with a clearness and fidelity to the original that is simply unbelievable. Voice has all the inflections, the mannerisms, the personality of the singer. "Matched impedance," the new, scientific, Victor-controlled principle of smooth sound-flow, is responsible for Victor's matchless tone.

The new Orthophonic Victor Records are an achievement comparable to that of the Orthophonic Victrola itself. They have a new fulness, a new depth and power. They are recorded by microphone, and made from an improved material which eliminates all foreign noises. They play on *any* instrument . . . and vastly *improve* its playing quality!

Until you hear the new Orthophonic Victrola play the new Orthophonic Victor Records, you cannot have the remotest conception of the thrill this amazing combination will bring you, day after day, year after year. See the nearest Victor dealer today. There are many beautiful models of the Orthophonic Victrola, from $95 to $300, list price. Silent electric motor ($35 extra) does away with winding. You play . . . and dance!

The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.